Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
NOVEMBER 1979 $2.00*
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD?
HOW THE U.S. PUSHED HEROIN INTO AUSTRALIA
JACK EGERTON ON THE DEATH OF DEMOCRACY
MELBOURNE CUP– RITES OF SPRING
EXPOSED: CHEATING DOCTORS
PLUS
OUR ENERGY OPTIONS
SUMMER FASHION
PLEASURE ISLANDS

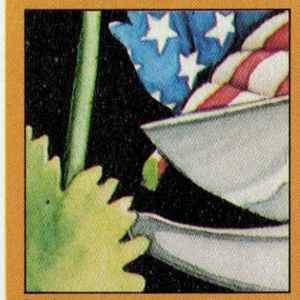
Come to Marlboro Country.

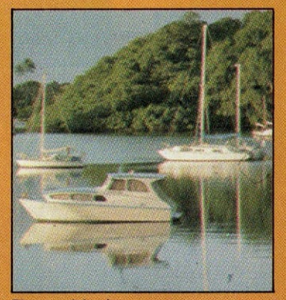
Come to where the flavour is.

LEO BURNETT 2.0566

Australian
PENTHOUSE®
The International Magazine for Australian Men/November 1979

CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Joanne Latham	Photo by Bob Guccione	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FORUM	Correspondence		6
CAN YOU MAKE A DECISION	Quiz		19
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel		25
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment		33
SCENES	Where the action is		34
THE GREAT MEDIBANK RIP-OFF	Article	Timothy Hall	42
TRIBAL RITES	Article	John Hepworth	52
SUGAR AND SPICE / JOANNE	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione	57
THE WILD COLONIAL BOYS	Article	Peter Brennan	70
SUN, WIND AND SURF / JULIE	Pictorial	Photos by Peter Carrette	77
DEREGULATE THE ARROGANT AIRLINE SYSTEM	Advice and Dissent	Bob Ansett	92
THE SUMMER OF '80	Fashion	Vitek/Photos by Ross Honeysett	94
THE CHINESE CONNECTION	Article	Alfred McCoy	100
SCENE STEALER / MARUSCHKA	Pictorial	Photos by Peter Caine	109
THE VICTIMS OF TERRORISM STRIKE BACK	Article	Craig S. Karpel	120
SIR JOHN EGERTON	Interview	Mark Day	128
REVIEWS			
FILMS		Alex Anthony	137
TV		Neal Akerman	138
SOUNDS		Phil Jarratt/Carol Ashdown/John Clare	140
WORDS		Edited by John Hampshire	143
SQUEEZING THE ENERGY BONANZA	Article	Damien Phillips	146
PLEASURE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC	Travel	Colin Simpson	151
COMMANDING PERFORMANCE	Motoring	John Hampshire	160
KEEPING OUT OF THE RED	Service		163
OH, WICKED WANDA	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	164
MINI IS NOT HA-HA	Sound	Wayne Elmer	172


The Chinese Connection


Pleasure Islands

Tribal Rites

Joanne Latham

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 233 7000. Printed by ADM-Paramac, 252-266 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, and John Sands Pty. Ltd.; Herbert and Fredrick Streets, Artarmon NSW 2064 for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men. © Copyright 1979 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia $2*. New Zealand $2.45*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.

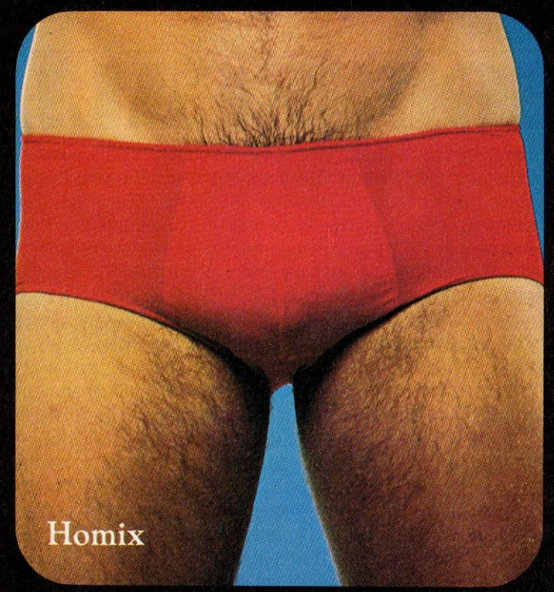
If the brief fits...wear it!

No matter what shape you are, Hom has a design, a size, and a colour for you. And Hom, unlike most other underwear, has a unique pouch designed specially to lift, hold, and support even the most active man.

Super Minislip

String

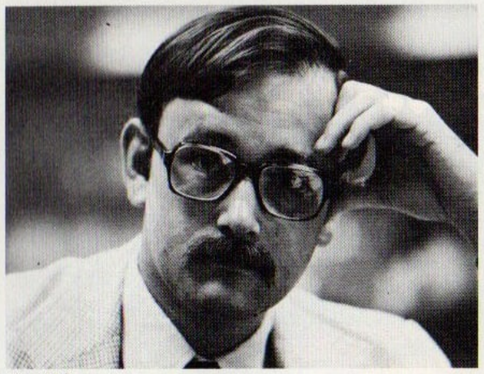
Bi-Color Minislip


Homix

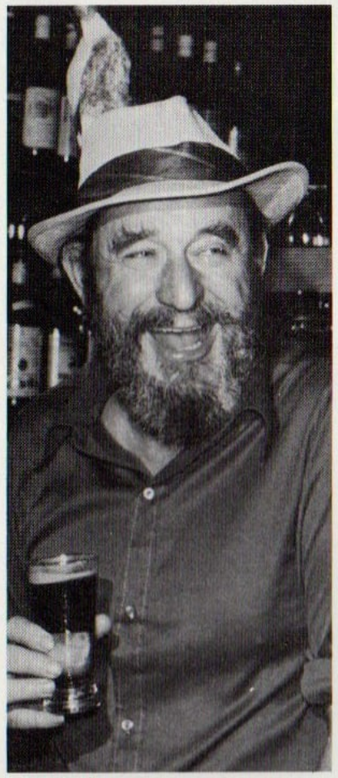
HOM

Hom imported from France for the Australian Man. Available at better Menswear stores.

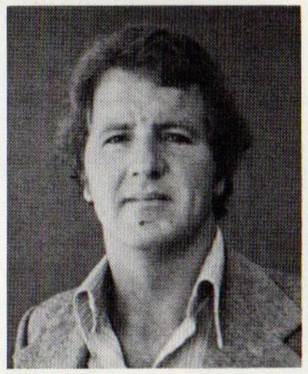
HOM 3845



Alfred McCoy

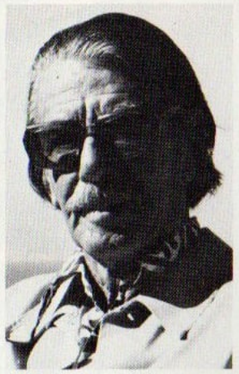


John Hepworth



Peter Brennan

Timothy Hall



Colin Simpson

Bob Guccione

HOUSECALL

We mentioned on this page last month the quality of paper used to print *Australian Penthouse*. Our aim is to give you the best, but we are prevented from doing so by the inflexibility of the Australian Government, which imposes 20 percent duty on imported paper over the weight of 67 grams per square metre. We have sought to buy Australian-made — and therefore duty-free — papers of weights up to 80 gsm (as used by US *Penthouse*), but have been told none is available until next year, if then. We have secured a top quality Italian paper of 68 gsm for use in future issues at a cost considerably higher than we would pay in Australia, and we are paying shipping costs on top of this. We applied for an exemption from the 20 percent duty for this paper, *one* gsm over the arbitrary limit, and had our request rejected because the Australian manufacturer makes it a policy to object whether or not it can supply comparable paper. If the stupidity of this is not immediately obvious, try this: If we shipped the Italian paper to New Zealand, the cost to us would be the same as we face now, but without the 20 percent duty; if we printed in NZ instead of Sydney it would cost us about 25 percent less, and we could import the printed magazine without paying any duty. All that would be lost is the work for, say, 100 men and women in the Australian printing industry. Thank you Malcolm Fraser, and thank you business minister Wal Fife.

All this may lead you to fear for the future of a country governed by intellectual giants. May we suggest you now turn to our interview with former union giant **Sir John Egerton,** who not only says what he thinks about our politicians but also paints a frightening scenario for the death of democracy in Australia. On guard, everyone. 1984 is closer than you think.

Two other articles in this issue may stir you to question established tenents of our society. In an exclusive extract from his forthcoming book on *White Collar Crime* (Harper and Row), **Timothy Hall** exposes the doctors who cheat the government, and ultimately their patients, the taxpayers. Hall, a freelancer who has written dozens of articles on crime, is currently preparing a new book on shady lawyers. **Alfred McCoy,** a lecturer at the University of NSW is an authority on drug trafficking. His book, *The Politics of Heroin in S-E Asia,* is a world-wide standard reference work. In this issue he puts the thesis that the successful American strangulation of the Vietnam-US heroin link led to a massive increase in heroin availability, and use, in Australia. The ramifications of this as they affect government and police policy in Australia, are enormous. Dr McCoy is currently writing another book for Harper and Row, *Drug Traffic: Heroin and Organised Crime in Australia.*

And on a lighter note: The second Tuesday in November is — you got it — the Melbourne Cup. **John Hepworth,** writer, humorist, man-about-Melbourne and one-time columnist/dreamer for *Nation Review,* explores the psyche and sex of the greatest horse race in the world. It may not help you back a winner, but good luck, anyway.

If **Steve Dunleavy** and **Neal Travis** were Australian movie stars their doings in jet-set New York would be on the front pages of our newspapers. But because the print media outlets of our nation tend to ignore the activities of their own, these knockabout journos, legends in their industry, are largely unknown by the public. **Peter Brennan,** who wrote our article on the wild men from Sydney, could have included himself. A former assistant editor of the Sydney *Daily Mirror,* he has hit the high spots with Dunleavy and Travis and has had two books published in the US.

Colin Simpson is one of Australia's best known travel writers. In this issue he passes on tips and traps about travelling to our nearest foreign lands — the pleasure islands of the South Pacific. We went to one ourselves to photograph our lovely Pet of the Month, **Julie Press. Peter Carrette** and assistant **Andrew Dean** shot Julie in Tahiti, while **Peter Caine** photographed **Maruschka Slavich** in Melbourne, and international editor/publisher **Bob Guccione** created a delightful photographic essay of the sumptuous Miss **Joanne Latham** in London. That's what an international men's magazine is all about.

The very cool Gin and Tonic.
Very dry. Very Gilbey's.

GILBEY'S
SPECIAL DRY

LB4.0969

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THE CORPORATIONS

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE/ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

LLOYD D. BOND
Publisher

EDITORIAL
Editor: Mark Day; *Senior Editors:* Carol Ashdown, John Hampshire, Phil Jarratt; *Art Director:* Lyle Nagel; *Creative Designer:* Bruce Morgan; *Photographic consultant:* Peter Caine; *Writer:* Martin Riordan; *Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager:* Georgene Brown.

ADVERTISING
National Advertising Sales Manager: Michael C. Merrick; *Advertising Sales Executive:* Rodi Wells; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Wendy Thomas; *Victorian Representative:* Screid Representations; *SA Representative:* Hastwell Media.

ADMINISTRATION
Chief Executive: Lloyd D. Bond; *Marketing Manager:* Christopher Gibson; *Financial Services:* John Jones; *Publisher's Assistant:* Gerri Ward; *Marketing Assistant:* Betty Koutouzis; *Office Communications Co-ordinator:* Margot Sangster.

PRODUCTION
Production Manager: Ralf Lassen; *Production Assistant:* Lynette Harlen.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney 2001. Telephone 233 7000.

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon and Gotch (A'asia) Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman and President)*
Irwin E. Billman *(Executive Vice-president)*
Kathy Keeton *(Senior Vice-president)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer)*

EDITORIAL
Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Editorial Director:* James Goode; *Managing Editor:* Heidi Handman. *Foreign Editions Manager:* Suzanne Locatelli. *VP/Art Director:* Joe Brooks; *Associate Art Director:* Claire Victor

ADMINISTRATIVE
Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; *Vice-president/Advertising Director,* Marianne Howatson; *VP/Promotion Director,* Alma Moore; *VP/Administrative Services,* Jeri Winston; *VP/Production Director,* John Evans; *VP/General Counsel,* Joseph Kraft; *VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion, Bob Guccione, Jr.*

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel (213) 652-8070. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin:* Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Rio de Janeiro:* Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest:* Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb:* Cedomir Komijenovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

We want to hear from you. And we have a panel of experts standing by to help with the problems you face in today's society. The material published in this issue will be replaced by the home-grown variety as soon as your letters start rolling in.

Two-year rerun

I had had a fairly active sex life, and then I met Helen. She was "the one" I had been looking for — or so I thought. She had a great personality, was always trying to better herself, and most of all she was beautiful.

About a week after we had met, we went parking. She hadn't objected when I suggested it, but when I shut off the engine, she clammed up. I pulled her close and kissed her, but with almost no response. I started to caress her when all of a sudden she looked up at me with tears in her eyes. Needless to say, I stopped and asked her what was wrong. She said "Nothing", and asked if I'd take her home.

We kept seeing each other as though nothing had happened, but the next time we were alone, it was almost an exact rerun of the first time. Now, two years later, we're still going together and nothing has changed for us. On many occasions, I've thought of sitting down and talking about it with her, but then I think of some things that could be behind it and I freeze. Any advice on how to go about getting her out of her shell would be deeply appreciated. — *J. T.*

You have already answered your own question. You will never find out what your girlfriend's behavior is all about or what she is feeling until you sit down and talk about it with her. It is very possible that your girlfriend would very much like to be open with you about her feelings, but is scared you won't listen or be supportive.

Don't let your own fears stop you from bringing up the problem. Many times our imagination fills in where we lack knowledge, coming up with explanations that are much more complicated and difficult than the reality turns out to be. Of course, there could be some deep, dark reason for your girlfriend's behavior, but it could also have a fairly simple cause. Maybe she had expectations of bells ringing when you caressed her and when that just did not happen — and it rarely does, especially at first — she started to worry that there was something wrong with her.

Maybe she just doesn't know what to expect and is frightened. Perhaps she thinks that sex is the only way to keep a man's attention, but does not really want that right now. It could be that she is not ready to lose her virginity and is worried that if she relaxes she will be put in a state of seige and pressured to go "all the way". It is also possible she is trying to live up to your image of the perfect girl — being somebody's dream girl can be quite a burden.

If you really care about Helen, and you seem to, then by all means sit down and talk with her. Begin by telling her how you feel about her and how hard it is to talk with her about all this. Tell her that you care. And be ready to listen to her and to try to put yourself in her shoes. It may blow your idea of the perfect girl, but it will be the beginning of a real, growing *relationship.*

Wants a child

Could you please tell me the best way to get pregnant? I really don't like to go to the doctor unless I have to.

I was on the pill for a year while I was married. When my marriage started going from bad to worse, I stopped the pills and we hoped for a baby. Finally the marriage broke up and we got a divorce. I was glad we didn't have any children because we were able to part without any hassles.

Now I have been living with my fiance for six months. I am 21 and he is 35. He was married for 12 years and had two boys. His former wife got the children. We love each other very much and nothing

How to write to Australian Penthouse:

Address your letters to:

Australian Penthouse
G.P.O. Box 4084, Sydney NSW 2001

All letters should be signed and carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request or at his discretion.

OPTIMUM.
Philips Sound Series 80 High Fidelity System.

From Philips, the very latest in advanced, fully-integrated, high-performance High Fidelity gear. Sound Series 80.

A superb combination of rack-mounted, slimline components in a perfect balance of sophisticated style and technology. All matched to create a High Fidelity System that brings you yet another step closer to sound perfection.

AF 977 Turntable
Featuring Philips revolutionary Direct Control system, with quartz digital readout for precision speed adjustment and regulation, stylus force readout LED display, and touch controls.

AH 180 Tuner
A remarkable AM/FM digital tuner with a built-in quartz-controlled central processing unit, push-button. Digital display for clear, exact tuning on both FM and MW bands.

AH 280 Pre-Amplifier
Precision-calibrated rotary controls for bass, treble, volume balance and source selection. Plus controls for tone-defeat, muting and loudness. And switchable filters to counteract hiss, scratch, and rumble. All amplifier stages are direct-coupled for exceptionally flat frequency response.

AH 380 Power Amplifier
Rated at 100 watts RMS per channel, this high performance power amplifier has a frequency response of 20 to 20,000 Hz, at less than 0.01% distortion. Equipped to handle 2 speaker systems, it incorporates 4 safety circuits for overload protection. And twin meters for independent channel adjustment.

N 2537 Cassette Deck
Front-loading damped cassette with Dolby and MPX filters, and separate bias and equalisation switches. Large VU meters and chrome/ferro-chrome and ferro tape level selection switch.

Rack
Studio-style racked unit with locking wheels – finished in silver satin and matt black.

Philips Sound Series 80 is without doubt one of the most sophisticated Hi-Fi Sound Systems of the decade – a masterpiece of innovative technology that promises optimum performance for the most discerning Hi-Fi "buff". Take a good long look and listen at your Hi-Fi specialist.

Philips Sound Series 80
High Fidelity System.
A step closer
to sound perfection.

PHILIPS

We want you
to have the best
PHILIPS

Can a 66" blonde find true happiness with a 5'2" chartered accountant?

There was a time when people thought a sports car had to perform, handle yet still be safe. But it also had to be cramped, draughty and uncomfortable, otherwise it just wasn't a true sports car.

Times change.

The TR7 is a true sports car. It performs, it handles and it's safe. But it is not cramped, draughty or uncomfortable. It has more headroom and legroom than the massive Ford LTD, the car billed as "Australia's Luxury Limousine."

What's more, the inside looks as good as it feels. To quote "Car and Driver": "the TR7's cockpit remains one of the best combinations of purest purist fantasies and superb control locations. Every one of the controls is logically placed. The stubby shift lever is placed just where you want it. And you don't need a map and compass to find fifth gear."

If your tastes do run to 6'6" blondes, a TR7 definitely won't cramp your style. In fact, it'll probably improve your chances.

Triumph TR7.

Someday you'll settle down.....Someday.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer, contact **Sydney:** Mr. G. Kendall, Triumph Cars, 82 Parramatta Rd, Lidcombe. 2141. Phone (02) 6485411. **Melbourne:** Mr. T. Cavanagh, Triumph Cars, 2161 Princes Highway, Clayton North. 3168. Phone (03) 5476611. **Adelaide:** Mr. P. Jones, Triumph Cars, 575 South Road, Regency Park. 5013. Phone (08) 2683333. **Brisbane:** Mr. J. Morgan, Triumph Cars, 1709 Ipswich Rd, Rocklea. 4108. Phone (07) 2774111. **Perth:** Mr. J. Mills, Triumph Cars, (L.D.3361) 535 Great Eastern Highway, Redcliffe. 6104. Phone (09) 2771611.

LA4905PH/MCR

would make us happier than to have his child. We both love children very much. We are getting married in January.

I can't understand why I haven't become pregnant yet. I have been off the pills for a year and a half. I'm the baby in my family and my brothers and sisters have children. It can't be because I'm not exposed enough. We are very active in bed and do it whenever it strikes us. We never miss a night, and sometimes we make love two or three times in one night.

I hope you can help us. We would really like to have a child. — *Miss R.D.*

Studies show that at least 10 percent of all couples are involuntarily childless. In about 60 percent of the cases the woman has a medical problem which causes infertility; in about 40 percent of the cases it is the male who is infertile. In some instances, both are at fault, and in a few, no reason for infertility can be found.

It is impossible to speculate about why you are not becoming pregnant on the basis of information given in your letter. Without knowing your medical history, we have no way of knowing whether you are healthy and normal, whether you are ovulating every month, whether you have ever had or now have some pelvic infection, or any other physical problem which might interfere with conception. Occasionally women are a bit slow in getting pregnant after getting off the pill, but this effect usually lasts only a few months after discontinuing the medication.

Your fiance might also have some medical problem which is affecting his fertility. The fact that he has already fathered children is encouraging. However, some time has apparently elapsed since then, and it is always possible that he developed a medical problem in the interim. In any event, if you do not become pregnant after about a year of trying, both of you should see a doctor to find out what your problem is and to get help in solving it. You may not like going to the doctor, but it is sometimes necessary.

Air problem

My problem is not serious physically, but psychologically it really bothers me.

I am almost 35, enjoy sex, and have two sons. Since having my last child, I developed my embarrassing problem. During intercourse, air pockets in my vagina make noises which are quite loud. The sounds continue even after relations, when I get off the bed. The noises continue until I have stood on the floor for a couple of seconds.

These vaginal sounds make me want to crawl under a rock. Since I developed the problem, I haven't been looking forward to relations — and this is not like me at all.

I have confidence in my regular gynaecologist, who told me he hasn't heard of such a problem. He examined me and said everything was in place. I saw a woman gynaecologist for a second opinion and told her my story. She had never heard of this problem, either. She also told me I was normal. She said my womb was slightly enlarged but that shouldn't cause this "air problem". She said that most women have slightly enlarged wombs after childbirth, but in 20 years of practice, no one had mentioned a problem like mine.

Can someone please tell me what's happening? Is this just a freak thing? — *Mrs J. B.*

The problem which you describe, vaginal air pockets, is probably not as rare as you believe. It is probably a fairly common phenomenon in fact — but it is not usually perceived as a problem.

It is easy to see why such noises occur. Some air inevitably gets into your vagina during coitus. Any time you have air in a closed space which is then released under pressure, it is bound to make a noise. Each time your husband enters you during intercourse, air is released this way. Actually, the fact that you make these noises shows that you are enjoying your sex life. If you were totally passive and didn't respond to lovemaking by contracting your muscles, it is unlikely that the air would be pushed out so sharply.

There is still some air left in your vagina after you finish each sex act. This can escape slowly, with very little noise, as the walls of your vagina come back together, or it can escape more suddenly, making the sound that you describe.

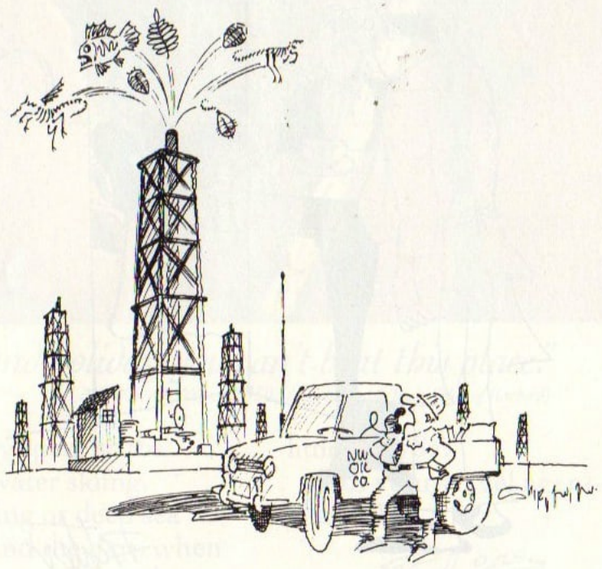
The fact that you are noticing the noises now and didn't before is also easily understandable. The vagina of a woman who has never had a child is much tighter than the vagina of a woman who had had one or more babies. A certain amount of stretching of the vaginal muscles must occur for delivery to be possible. Once stretched, the vaginal tissues never quite regain their earlier elasticity and, as a result, it is easier for air to enter the vagina during sexual relations.

In short, there is nothing abnormal about what you are experiencing. Many people find vaginal noises quite exciting. You should be happy that your sex life is so rewarding and get over this hangup about being a freak. Relax and enjoy it!

Sudden impotence

My sexual drive from the age of eight to the age of 50 was very intense. With a willing partner I would have no difficulty achieving two or three orgasms daily. While at a rest centre in Paris during World War II, a French captain's daughter and I managed to make love 33 times in a week.

I married a woman almost the antithesis of my French friend. She was reared under the guidance of the church and a domineering mother, who taught



"It's finally happened. Well number 34 has run out of fossil fuel and is now pumping fossils."

her that sex is something you only do missionary style and in great moderation, or you will be punished. My wife is very pretty and, even at her present age, she attracts many men's eyes as she walks down the street. She is faithful, considerate, and very kind, but sex still has a nasty meaning for her.

My problem is that at the age of 58 I suddenly became impotent. At that time I underwent a minor prostate operation. The gland was not removed; the procedure simply involved enlarging a passage that had become constricted. The doctor assured me that this would not affect my sex life.

Immediately after recovery, however, I found that my sexual desires had lessened. Overnight I went from being a man who could be turned on by looking at Whistler's Mother to one who has difficulty maintaining an erection, especially after insertion. When the urge is great, the erection is elusive. Sometimes my penis will get hard with no foreplay. Often, despite extensive foreplay, nothing will happen.

I do not attribute the problem to my wife's attitudes toward sex, although her thinking is not conducive to recovery, either. Thinking that an aggressive partner might be a positive aid, I discreetly arranged to spend an evening with a lady wise in the ways of sex. The evening was a disaster; I had the urge, but not the erection. What is my problem? How is it possible for a man to be 100 percent potent one day and 25 percent potent the next? Could it just be that old age is finally catching up with me?

I have tried going without sex for a few days, but when I tried again I still couldn't get an erection. I have never smoked and I do not drink. I also have no guilt about sex. I didn't change my life-style in any way at the time of the operation. I am taking vitamins A and E, which seem to help, but only slightly. Please help me figure out what is wrong. — *Mr R.C.*

There is seldom a single, simple cause of impotency; usually the condition results from a number of factors working together.

There is no doubt that age plays a role in sexual decline; sexual function is no different from any other. Though some men remain sexually active until an advanced age, there is generally a progressive decline in virility during the older years.

Your prostate operation could also have precipitated or contributed to the problem. Prostatic surgery often plays a role in impotency, even if the role is only psychological. In general, patients who are potent before a prostate operation continue to be potent afterward, while only a small portion of the patients who are impotent before surgery become potent after the operation is performed. For those who were still potent, but were going "downhill" before the surgery, the operation is often the final event bringing about impotency. Yours may be one of those cases where surgery accelerated a progressive decline in sexual function caused by age or other factors.

Your wife's lack of interest in sex could certainly contribute significantly to your problem. The need for an interested, cooperative sexual partner is basic to one's sexual function, especially as one gets older. It has been clearly shown that men who have a good sexual partner do much better than those who have no partner or whose partner has a negative attitude toward sex.

Coitus, however pleasurable, is not the only means of attaining sexual pleasure, either for you or for your partner.

There's also the possibility that your impotence is psychological, i.e., caused by an unconscious fear of losing your potency as an aftermath of your prostate surgery. The fact that you still have erections confirms that you are not totally impotent. As you may know, anxiety and fear of one's potency often result in the confirmation of the fear. The best way of breaking this vicious circle is to find a co-operative partner who understands your problem and who is willing to share sexual pleasure other than coitus with you.

"This is no ordinary complaint. This one seems to know what he's talking about."

Foxy clothes

I am a 19-year-old woman. I love to be dressed up. I want to be able to be dressed up and look like a sex symbol and put temptation in every man's eyes. What kind of sexy clothes do men like? Your suggestions would be welcomed. — *K.H.*

What turns on one man may leave another cold, but we think it's safe to say that the majority of men respond enthusiastically to any garment that reveals an attractive female body.

Clothes can reveal the body in many ways. Some garments actually expose the body; short shorts, for example, show the entire leg, and in some versions we see nowadays, even the underslope of the buttocks. Clingy garments reveal body contours. For example: satin blouses, especially when worn without a bra, show the shape of the breasts. Garments like jeans are not clingy, but when pulled tight around the crotch, they show the shape of the buttocks and thighs. And last, but by no means least, are the see-through garments of all descriptions; they're certainly revealing.

Some men, of course, prefer mystery — billowy blouses, heavy skirts, an absolute minimum of flesh showing. Judging from sex surveys, however, the more men see, the more turned on they get. Assuming that your circumstances at the moment warrant it (one does not, obviously, wear see-through blouses at the office

"If you want a tropical island holiday you can't beat this place."

Phil Woodney, Yagoona NSW. (seen here with Trudy Tobin of Harbord).

"I don't know what time it is or even what day it is. I guess one day they'll tell me to pack my bags and I'll have to leave."

If you want to know what Club Med is really like ask someone who's been there. They'll tell you about the days they spent scuba diving, water skiing, snorkelling or deep sea fishing and the days when they just soaked up the never-ending sunshine.

An all-inclusive holiday costs from as little as $782.

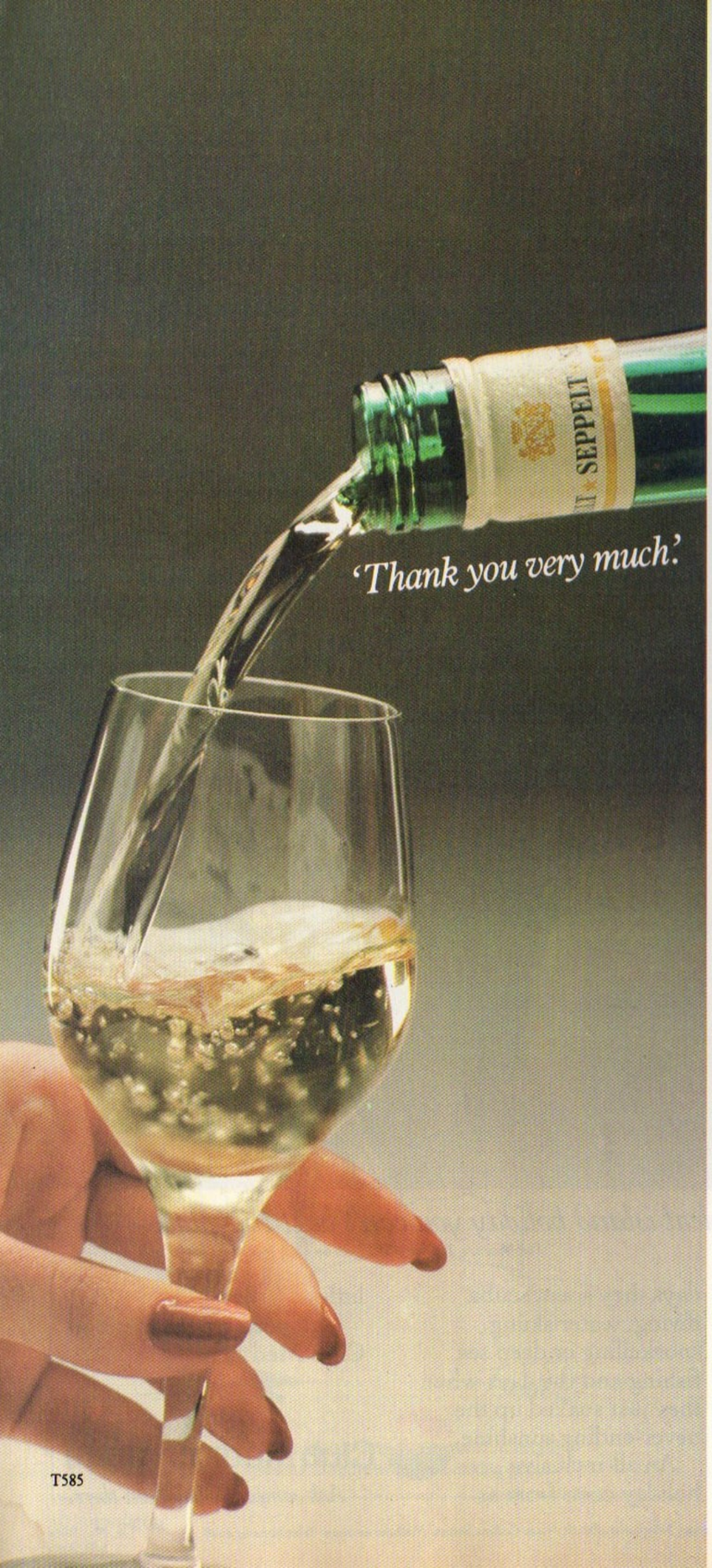
Call your travel agent or Club Med.

Tahiti Club Méditerranée

Ask someone who's been there.

38-40 Martin Place, Sydney 2000. Telephone 231 1811 • 440 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Telephone 67 4048

Lic. No. B612
SSB.CM/45



or bathing suits to dinner parties), show all you dare. You may be confident that you will indeed look like the sex symbol you aspire to be! But be prepared for the consequences.

Muscle control

I have heard that a woman can learn to control her vaginal muscles, expanding and contracting at will. Supposedly, this vaginal action is very stimulating for men.

I know it would please my partner if I could do this. Could you tell me where I can learn the exercises? — *Miss L.D.*

The exercises you read about were probably those devised many years ago to aid women who, after many childbirths, were having trouble retaining their urine under certain stresses. The vagina itself has no muscles, but the exercises aid in strengthening the tone of the para-vaginal muscles (the muscles around the vagina) — particularly those related to urination — and teaches a woman to expand and release.

The exercises consist in voluntarily releasing and then tightening the muscles of urination which surround the vagina. The woman is instructed to pretend she will urinate, then constrict and hold back before she actually permits urine to flow. She does this 10 to 15 times, which lasts several seconds; she can repeat the procedure as often as she wants.

These exercises will strengthen the interior muscles of a woman's pelvic region and so allow her to control the size of the vaginal passage.

Whether or not a woman works specifically to develop these muscles, if she is healthy her vagina will automatically contract or expand to adjust to the size of her partner's penis. This process is called accommodation. It is not learned but part of a natural function

Climax critical list

I am 19, and cannot achieve orgasm when having sex with my boyfriend, but can by myself. This is causing a problem between us. Could you please give us some advice? — *Miss N. J.*

Many women share your problem. In fact, a number of sex researchers have suggested that it may be normal for a woman not to orgasm through intercourse alone. Since having orgasm with a partner can be a very enjoyable and binding experience, sex therapists suggest that couples combine intercourse with simultaneous direct clitoral stimulation and encourage women to accept this as a perfectly good way to have orgasms — just as good as the more rare, "no hands" kind.

Since you are orgasmic with masturbation, the first step is for you to show your partner how you reach orgasm alone. This is very difficult for some women to do, especially if they have residual guilt about masturbation. Many women feel that if they have a man, they shouldn't have to masturbate. The fact is that a large number of women involved in relationships still continue to masturbate.

When you have shown your lover how you turn yourself on, ask him to try to imitate your movements.

When you have been able to have an orgasm with your partner this way, you can then begin to have intercourse in a position that allows either you or your partner to stimulate you at the same time.

However, if you find that no matter how you try, you just can't have orgasms during intercourse, don't feel you have "failed" or are "inadequate" in some way. Please realise that most women require direct clitoral stimulation to climax.

When you and your partner stop demanding that orgasm occur during intercourse, you will find that you are more relaxed and can enjoy each other more.

Concentrate on the warm, intimate feelings you can have together.

Friendship fears

I am a woman of 27 and I am married with a small family. I have a double problem: although my husband is good to me and is fantastic in bed, I'm afraid I'm becoming a lesbian. I'm also afraid that I will lose the woman friend I love if she finds out about my tendencies.

I met this woman about a year ago, and she quickly became my best friend. I soon found out that I missed her terribly on the days I didn't see her. I've since realised that my feelings for her have grown deeper than I ever imagined they could.

I've never felt this way about a woman before. To my knowledge, my friend has no idea that I feel this way, and I don't know how she would react if she found out. There have been times when I felt that the desire was mutual, but I can't be sure. I'm afraid that I wanted it to be true so badly that I imagined it. I'm scared to tell my friend how I feel and take the chance of losing her. I'm also scared of the idea of becoming a lesbian. Please tell me how to deal with this problem. — *Mrs D. W.*

Most modern definitions of homosexuality/lesbianism stress that a homosexual is someone who in his/her adult life prefers sexual encounters with members of the same sex. Several of your comments indicate that you would not be considered a lesbian by that criterion.

You say that you not only have a good general relationship with her husband, but that your sex together is also good. You also state that at the age of 27 you are experiencing erotic feelings for a woman for the first time. Although it is quite common for adolescents and pre-adolescents to have homosexual/lesbian experiences, even though their predominant orientation in later life is heterosexual,

SEPPELT
Arawatta
RIESLING
1979
A soft, delicate Riesling of good quality with a fruity bouquet and a delicate clean finish.
BOTTLED BY B. SEPPELT & SONS LIMITED ADELAIDE SA
PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA 750ml
'It's a pleasure!'
Arawatta
RIESLING
There are some nice things to say about Arawatta Riesling: soft, delicate, fresh, balanced, a fruity bouquet and a clean finish. A pleasure it is.
THE HOUSE OF
SEPPELT
T585

A touch of gold.

When only the best will do.

© The Benson and Hedges Company Pty. Ltd. 1979
CC226/79 016.P.053.4.79

you apparently never engaged in any such activities.

It is also very common for women of all ages to have fantasies about other women, as you are having now. Fantasies, no matter what their content, are absolutely natural and normal. Perhaps if you had had some experiences or fantasies previously, you would not be so fearful of the warm feelings you now experience with regard to your friend.

You say that you are scared of the idea of becoming a lesbian. Perhaps you have the idea that if you had an encounter with someone of the same sex you would automatically become a dyed-in-the-wool lesbian, losing your husband and possibly your children. As indicated above, some sexual feelings for members of the same sex are quite normal and common among people whose predominant orientation remains heterosexual.

It is also possible that you are really afraid of having a mental disorder, since homosexual impulses were for a long time regarded as symptoms of mental illness. The label "mentally ill" is just one example of the social stigma these people have suffered.

If your fantasies are extremely compelling, it is quite possible that you are imagining that your friend desires the same thing you do.

Fantasies may be acted on or not. But do bear in mind that should your husband learn you are having a relationship with your friend, he may not have a very open-minded view of the situation. If you are happily married, as you imply, you may stand to lose a great deal.

Energy drain?

I am a man in my mid-60s and I've found that holding on to a reserve of seminal fluid seems to give me more pep and drive. However, I find it hard to hold back when I'm in the throes of passion. I would like to know if any scientific studies have been done demonstrating that energy is drained by ejaculation. — *Mr B. S.*

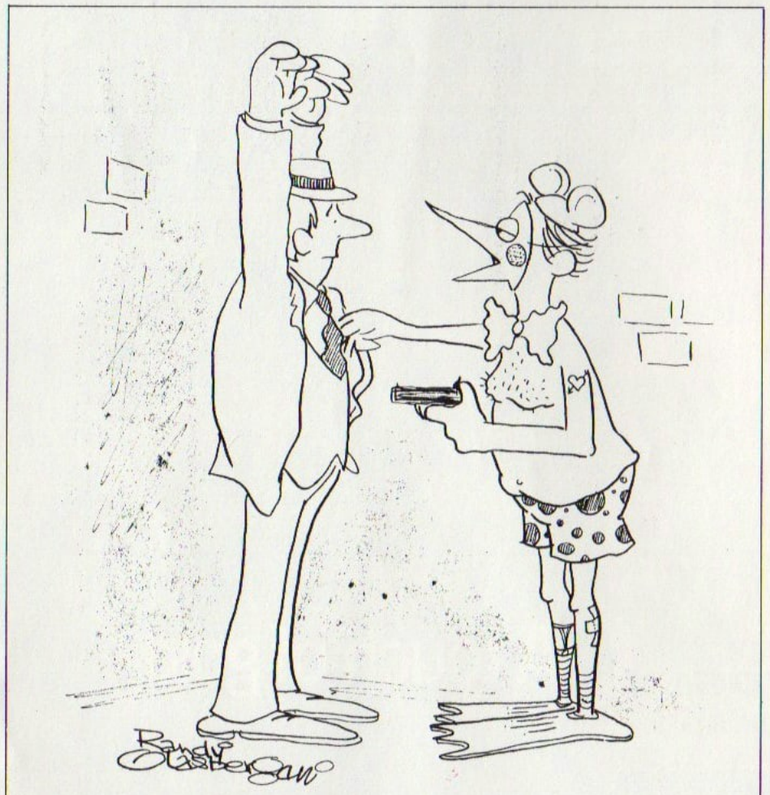
The idea that each ejaculation involves the loss of some of the body's "vital energy" is an ancient and pervasive superstition. We know of no scientific data to substantiate this statement. (The term "vital energy" itself is not scientific. A person feels energetic because his/her organs are all functioning properly; the fuel with which the organs function is the food we eat, burned through oxidation.) Semen does not contain any material, either protein or trace metal, that is rare or difficult for the body to replace.

It is unlikely that the loss of this substance would deplete the body's supply of anything it needs. There is nothing magical about semen.

Sexual relations are a physical act and require the use of many muscles not exercised by other ordinary activities. After sex, a man often feels relaxed and tired enough to go to sleep. For this reason he may think he has lost some of his energy.

Quite possibly, if you have sex frequently you will be more tired than if you space your encounters, indulging in them less frequently and in more relaxed fashion. The same thing could be said of any form of exercise. Having a so-called reserve of seminal fluid will not give you more pep and drive, but engaging in a strenuous activity will tire you out.

By today's standards, mid-60s is not very old and you should certainly be able to enjoy sexual activities fully. Probably the best way to find out what frequency of intercourse will most contribute to your feeling of well-being is to do what comes naturally. Don't force yourself to have relations if you're tired, but don't restrain yourself if you're in the mood.



"Someday you'll look back at this and laugh."

In search of older women

I am a 22-year-old male and I am sexually attracted to women 35 to 55 years old who keep themselves in shape. I have been out with younger girls and I find them all narrow-minded and boring to talk to. The older women I come into contact with in the course of the day are very interesting, but either they seem happily married or they wouldn't be caught dead having an affair with a younger guy. An affair like that would not be socially acceptable in the little community in which I live.

There must be some organisation that could help me get into contact with older women. Maybe a bridge group might like to try some games, or a civic group might decide that it's done enough good for the community and should start taking care of its own needs. Seriously, can you give me any suggestions about how I could go about finding older women who would be interested in me? — *L. N.*

Your problem, it seems to us, is not psychological but geographic. In a small community, many older women who might otherwise be eager to have an affair with you will hold back for fear of what "people will think". In a large city, not only would you have access to a greater number of older women — thereby increasing the likelihood of your being exposed to some who are attracted to younger men — but you would also benefit from the social openness and anonymity which would make it easier for the woman to behave as she pleases.

We know of no organisation that could help you get into contact with older women other than the obvious possibilities that you have mentioned.

Remember, of course, that many older women find younger men undesirable for the very same reasons that you find younger girls undesirable.

YOU EVER HEAR OF TAKE HOME DISCO?
You've got it, and for a lot less than you think, wherever they sell Sony. ☐ Stereo. Big and brutal from 50 watts of music power right between the ears! Or soft and sweet, the beat. ☐ Whatever you're into. Four band radio brings it in like you're there, from your favourite station, FM or AM. Off the record, and for a little more, even your cassettes. ☐ Sony's FR-212 Audio Formula. The Rage Cage. We've seen it advertised for as little as $599! ☐ Take one home.
SONY AUDIO
Recommended retail price $729. The TC-U2 cassette deck is an optional extra.
AP 3264

Created from as many as 80 fine Cognacs to achieve unique style and quality.

Petite Champagne Portet. Grande Champagne Mazotte. Petite Champagne Desaubes. Grande Champagne Cailleteau. Grande Champagne La Bataille. Grande Champagne Bouqueville.

Petite Champagne Chevalier. Petite Champagne Cadiot. Petite Champagne R. Yvon. Petite Champagne Deletoille.

Grande Champagne Buzin. Petite Champagne Pissot. Grande Champagne Le Ménis. Petite Champagne Roullin.

Grande Champagne Chez Barré. Grande Champagne Ch. Yvon. Grande Champagne R. Filloux. Grande Champagne Hauteneuve.

Petite Champagne Fontanières. Grande Champagne Fauveau. Grande Champagne La Sauzade. Petite Champagne Savarit.

Cognac Hennessy VSOP Fine Champagne

Created from the largest reserves of fine old brandies in the cognac region of France.

COGNAC Hennessy

JHG3647

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty-five questions to answer if you, er, worry about, um, making a decision — maybe.

Some men climb mountains because they're there; other guys are afraid to get out of bed in the morning. Some spend their lives taking on ever more extravagant challenges while others plod along on the treadmill, wondering whose arse they're going to have to kiss today.

It all has to do with risk. The prospect of taking a chance, of making an important decision, excites some men and scares the shit out of others. Both types may view life as a tightrope without a net, but the former group relishes its balancing act while the latter feels nothing but dread.

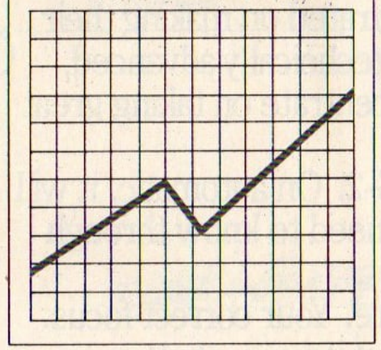
We all have different risk-taking styles. We may take chances in one part of our lives but will be conservative in another area. A deep-sea diver, one of the world's riskiest professions, may, when he gets into his car to drive home, poke along like a little old lady.

On the other hand, a grand prix race driver may get seasick when he steps into a bathtub. Different people also take different types of risks. One man may take only calculated risks over which he feels he has some control; another may plunge into chancy situations where the outcome is unpredictable but the payoff (or loss) is enormous; and a third may go through life avoiding risks whenever possible, seeking instead a predictable, secure day-to-day existence.

This quiz is set up to give you an idea of how radical a risk-taker you are. Is it the excitement of the unknown or the comfort of security that makes you happy? Do you take a moderate, rational middle road when you're faced with a risky situation?

If you answer the questions honestly, you may arrive at some insights that could come in handy when you're faced with crucial decisions: should I quit this job? Should I marry that woman? Should I move to this city? Should I do this quiz?

CAN YOU MAKE A DECISION?



1. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Ideally, I would like my job to be something so uniquely suited to my talents that no one else could do it as well"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

2. Would you say you're stubborn?
   (a) yes, very much so
   (b) no more than most people
   (c) no, I'll usually give in when somebody else wants something

3. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "We have too much big government these days. There's too much coddling of people who don't deserve it"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

4. Should people be promoted primarily on the basis of (a) seniority, or (b) ability?

5. If you were going to bed with a woman for purely recreational sex, would you refrain from climbing into the sack until you were sure that at least one of you had taken contraceptive precautions?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. If you lost your job today, do you think it would be (a) very difficult, (b) quite difficult, (c) moderately difficult, (d) not difficult at all to find another one?

7. If you're driving a car and a traffic light turns yellow as you are approaching an intersection, are you more likely to
   (a) slam on your brakes so you'll stop before the light turns red
   (b) speed up and run the light just as it changes to red

8. Which of the following statements comes closest to your attitude?
   (a) I follow my hunches most of the time
   (b) I'll act on a hunch only when I feel my background, knowledge, and expertise form a firm base for my intuition; I won't follow a hunch in areas I know nothing about
   (c) hunches are bullshit; it's stupid to act on impulse

9. Which of these statements best describes your serious, long-term relationships with women?
   (a) any serious relationship I have with a woman usually runs on a fairly even keel
   (b) no matter how serious I am about a woman, our relationship is filled with fights, reconciliations and separations
   (c) I shy away from serious relationships with women. The

How to succeed in 35mm photography without the mumbo jumbo.

It's a lot easier to talk someone out of 35mm photography, than into it.

But then, technical jargon never took a great photograph.

With a Minolta, you fill your mind with pictures, not just features.

Minolta have concentrated on making their 35mm SLR cameras so technically advanced, all you have to do is concentrate on taking great pictures.

Take the Minolta XG-2. On automatic, it will tell you everything you need to know through the viewfinder.

Your correct exposure. Your correct focus.

The camera will select its own shutter speed, from one second, to one thousandth of a second. All you do is point it and shoot.

"Well of course the new 28mm-f/2.8, which replaces the older, larger and slower f/3.5 wide angle is nearly ½ stop faster 4 oz. lighter, ½ in. shorter and has a maximum diameter at the aperture ring..."

Once you get to know the camera you can switch to manual, and have full control over aperture and speed to express your own style.

PMA 049

You don't have to know all the mumbo jumbo to take great shots. Just one word, Minolta.

For colour brochures, write enclosing two 20 cent stamps to Photimport (Australia) Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 35, East Brunswick, Victoria, 3057.

Minolta

Imported, distributed and serviced by Photimport.

commitment causes more trouble than it's worth

10. If you could choose any job, would you prefer to work
    (a) in a civil-service position
    (b) for a large corporation
    (c) for a small company
    (d) for yourself

11. If the pay was equal, would you choose
    (a) a relatively dull job with an organisation that provided good benefits
    (b) an interesting and exciting job in an organisation that provided poor benefits

12. When you want something from another person, are you more likely to phrase your desire
    (a) as a wish or an indirect statement ("I wish you'd give me a call," "It would be nice if I got more money for this job")
    (b) as a direct question or statement ("Will you give me a call?" "I should get more money for this job. "How about a raise?")

13. Would you say your decisions are usually right?
    (a) yes
    (b) most of the time, but not always
    (c) sometimes
    (d) just about never

14. If you were at university and were forced to choose between liberal arts or science, which would you select?
    (a) liberal arts
    (b) science

15. Would you say the job you do is crucial to the organisation you work for?
    (a) yes, very much so
    (b) they could get along without me, but they wouldn't find it all that easy to replace me
    (c) I'm sure they could get along without me
    (d) no, not at all

16. Looking at yourself as a player in the great game of life, would you classify yourself more as
    (a) a winner
    (b) a loser

17. Do you have trouble resisting a dare?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Do you think solutions to most problems can be found by studying similar situations in the past?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Do you worry about what other people think of you?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) quite a bit
    (c) not much
    (d) not at all

20. When you're a pedestrian in a busy city, do you usually
    (a) jaywalk and cross against the traffic lights
    (b) cross with the traffic light

21. Would you rather have
    (a) a job where you're the final authority on your work
    (b) a job where there's a supervisor who will check your work and catch any mistakes

22. Would you rather work for a boss
    (a) who gave you general instructions about what he wanted and then left you alone to work out the best approach
    (b) who gave you highly detailed, step-by-step instructions so that all you would have to do is follow them

23. Would you say you're at least a moderately religious person?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

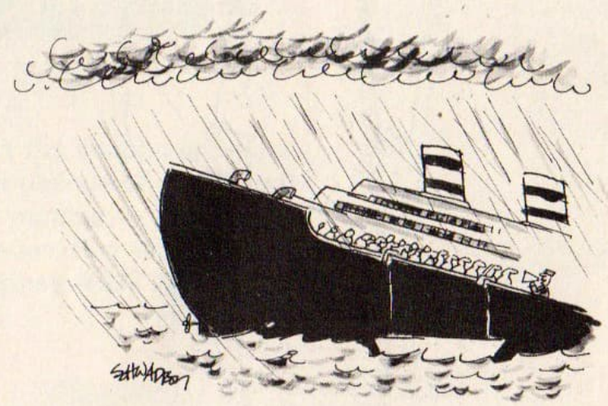
24. In our private lives, in school and at work, we have to deal with all types of situations. Which of the following most appeals to you?
    (a) situations where I can be sure that my abilities will enable me to perform well
    (b) situations where I feel as if my abilities are pushed to their limits
    (c) situations where I have relatively little chance of success but if I do pull it off, it will give me large monetary rewards or boost my standing in the eyes of other people

25. Are you more likely to (a) agree or (b) disagree with this statement: "Rules should be followed, even if their purpose isn't clear"?

SCORING

Each possible answer on this psychograph has been assigned a point value as follows:

1. (a) 4, (b) 1
2. (a) 5, (b) 3, (c) 1



"Women and children first, except for advocates of Women's Lib."

3. (a) 4, (b) 1
4. (a) 1, (b) 5
5. (a) 1, (b) 4
6. (a) 1, (b) 2, (c) 4, (d) 5
7. (a) 1, (b) 5
8. (a) 5, (b) 3, (c) 1
9. (a) 2, (b) 5, (c) 1
10. (a) 1, (b) 2, (c) 3, (d) 5
11. (a) 1, (b) 4
12. (a) 1, (b) 5
13. (a) 4, (b) 3, (c) 2, (d) 1
14. (a) 4, (b) 2
15. (a) 4, (b) 3, (c) 2, (d) 1
16. (a) 5, (b) 1
17. (a) 5, (b) 2
18. (a) 1, (b) 4
19. (a) 1, (b) 2, (c) 4, (d) 5
20. (a) 4, (b) 1
21. (a) 4, (b) 1
22. (a) 4, (b) 1
23. (a) 2, (b) 3
24. (a) 1, (b) 3, (c) 5
25. (a) 1, (b) 5

To calculate your score, add up the points of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 112; the lowest is 25.

If you scored 91-112 points:
You are a risk junkie. Without the continual stimulation of chance taking, you'd find life boring. You approach risky situations with an enthusiastic ferocity that would make the Charge of the Light Brigade look like a Sunday outing. Men with this characteristic tend to be the great successes or the abject failures of our society. You are likely to be highly extroverted, with a consuming interest in new things, new people, new places. You are hypnotised by the big payoff; yet in reality the payoff isn't as important to you as the thrill of the challenge. It's men like you who can break the bank at Monte Carlo one day and end up having to pawn their shirts the next. Taking a risk, not winning, is the important thing.

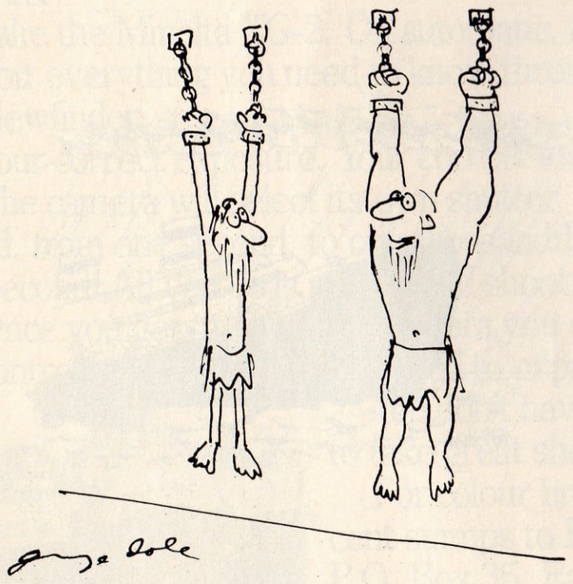
At work you probably feel that you are highly valuable to your organisation, but fellow workers may view you as expendable. Your flagrant independence disturbs them. You may be an innovator, but unless you have a constant flow of creative ideas to back you up, you may be seen as just a loudmouth. Your compulsive risk-taking may be a way of hiding the fact that you feel anxious and insecure. We could advise you to watch out, but you probably wouldn't heed our caution; so the best we can do is wish you good luck.

69-90 points:
Men in this category take risks, but they are calculated ones. You view life as a poker game (over which one has some control) rather than as a round of Russian roulette. Men in this group — especially those who scored between 69 and 80 points — tend to have a high need for achievement. They are likely to be successful, respected men: corporate executives, statesmen, university administrators. Men in this group invariably seek moderate risks and choose tasks of moderate difficulty. They want life to be hard enough that conquering it gives a strong sense of satisfaction but not so hard that it continually defeats them. They are practical people who get things done.

47-68 points:
You're not the most daring man in the world, but you're likely to be the backbone of most organisations and businesses. Men like you tend to function effectively as planners, expediters and teachers. You enjoy working with ideas (either your own or others'), but you are reluctant to go out on a limb and push for creative change. You often show a strong need to be liked and to fit in with the group. You can usually be depended upon to carry out any tasks you take on. If you scored in the upper half of this category, you are likely to have a relatively high need for achievement. In that case you probably share many characteristics with those men described in the category above and will probably be successful in whatever you choose to do.

25-46 points:
You probably haven't climbed Mount Everest lately. To an outsider your cautious approach to life may look like unrelieved boredom. Yet your conscientious avoidance of risks may make you one of the most contented men around. You're not looking to conquer the world; you just want a sane, orderly life free from pressure. Men like you often find their greatest satisfactions outside work. They put in their eight hours and then leave the job and its troubles behind to go fishing. It can be a secure, rewarding way to live.

On the other hand, if you are afraid of taking *any* risks in life, it may be making you miserable. Men at the bottom of this category often exhibit the same sense of insecurity and inadequacy as do men at the top of the risk-taking scale. You cover this up by running from any situation in which you may have to prove yourself, while the guy at the other end of the scale grabs at every risk that comes his way in the hope that it will make him feel like a big man. If you want to become more comfortable in the face of risky situations, you might join up with an organisation whose purposes interest you. The important thing is to join a group, *any* group. The reason is simple: people in groups take more risks than people acting alone. Psychologists call this "the risky shift phenomenon". In any group the highest risk takers are also the most intransigent. They carry along the more malleable, less risk-prone members. If you join a group that shares your interests (hiking, sports, etc), you'll probably end up doing things you wouldn't on your own. It may build your confidence, and that's what you need.



"How do I keep fit? Isometrics!"

Australian Penthouse, the sophisticated men's magazine, is renowned for its graphic excellence and its quality editorial package of fiction, non-fiction, humor, fashion, new product information, cartoons, investigative journalism and political exposes — not to mention its exposure of the world's most beautiful and tantalising women.

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO FILL THE SPACE BELOW?

Complete the coupon and post with your cheque or credit card account number to Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney NSW 2001.

For my year's subscription to Australian Penthouse.
Enclosed is my cheque for $24.00 ☐
Please charge to my ☐ AMEX ☐ BANKCARD
☐ DINERS CLUB CARD — Account No.
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____
_____
POSTCODE _____

The best things in life are hard to come by. Krondorf Wines . . . one of the best.

Whoever said the best things in life are free, obviously hadn't tasted the rewards of effort. The finer things in life . . . such as a Morgan and Krondorf Wines.

The Morgan. A handbuilt British sportscar in the classic tradition. A thoroughbred built around a handcrafted Belgian Ash frame. The first and last sportscar. One of the best things in life . . . and hard to come by.

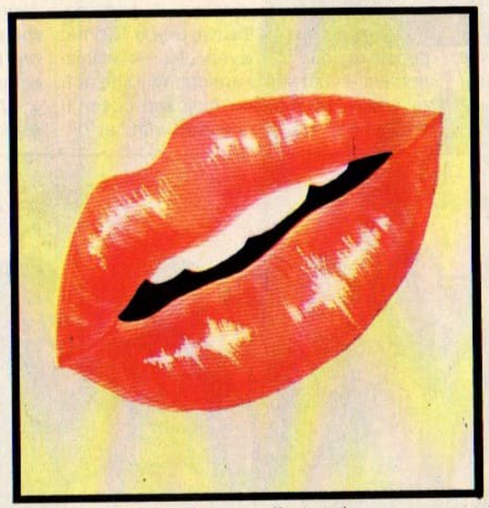
Burge and Wilson, the Krondorf winemakers. They adhere to this belief. Their rewards? Fourteen gold medals in '78-'79. The Stodart Trophy . . . awarded to the best of the 1 year old dry red gold medal winners at the '78 Brisbane Wine Show. The coveted title of Bushing Festival King at the '77 McLaren Vale Bushing Festival, and the Dan Murphy Trophy.

Burge and Wilson. The specialists. At their small 150 year old winery, nestled in the Barossa Valley, they produce only small batches of premium quality table wines . . . You'll find them at select outlets.

Your reward? Krondorf. A simple, inexpensive pleasure . . . and one of the best things in life!

"Focus your whole attention on the sensations you are experiencing."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM



I am 27, married now for the second time, and I have one child, but I've never experienced an orgasm. Although sex is beautiful to me, I've often wondered why I never feel what I'm supposed to feel. I have read everything about sex I can get my hands on. I have gone to doctors and I have eagerly done all the exercises. I also went to a psychiatrist, who told me I need to be loved for what I believe in and to be accepted the way I am. I am not beautiful, but I'm far from ugly. I do tend to be shy at times, but in a way that makes me mysterious. I still get glances and even invitations from other men. From the start, I found myself faking orgasms just to please my husband. It became easy and then so habitual that I sometimes forgot I was actually pretending. My first husband hit the roof when I told him the truth. It went from bad to worse till our divorce. I am now married to a fine man who knows everything about me except for my faking in bed. I will not chance losing him. I can't understand why I do not climax with my husband. We truly love each other and he treats me the way I want to be treated. We try everything that can aid our sex life, but nothing has worked for me. I like to make my husband happy, but it's getting to the point where I'm bored by pretending all the time. I need help, but the professionals seem to have failed in their advice. Could it be that I'm incapable of orgasm in some way? I really would love to feel what it's like to climax at least once. Your help would be appreciated. — Mrs H. L.

A woman may enter sex therapy without her partner because, like you, she is terrified that her man will fall apart if he discovers that she has been faking it all these years. Since you were honest once and your first husband was in fact terribly upset by your revelation, I can appreciate your reservations about taking another risk with your present husband. You don't want to have to get your wedding dress out of mothballs for round three! The psychiatrist who told you that you needed to be loved for yourself and accepted the way you are was right, of course. But accepting yourself, and having others accept you for what you are, doesn't mean giving up efforts to become orgasmic. Orgasm is a wonderful, extremely pleasurable release, and it is your birthright. You shouldn't feel that you have to have orgasms to be worthy of love, but you shouldn't feel that you can never change, either. You say you have gone to experts and that you have done all the exercises, but you don't say what those exercises were. I think one of the most useful exercises for a woman with your problem is to learn to enjoy sexual feelings, alone or with a partner, without worrying about whether or not she will have an orgasm. You may be so concerned about pleasing and protecting your partner that you are cutting yourself off from fully experiencing the sensations of the moment. It is impossible to be fully sexually turned on to the point of letting go and having an orgasm if part of your mind is wondering if you've gone on long enough and if it's time to start pretending. Go slowly. Touch your whole body, massaging yourself with a lotion. Focus your whole attention on the sensations you are experiencing. When you discover something that feels good, try to make that feeling grow. Experiment with fantasy. Let your own

mind go. Don't be put off if some of your thoughts strike you as odd; remember, they are only thoughts. In short, learn what turns you on and take responsibility for your own sexual response. No man can *give* you an orgasm. You have to learn how to allow orgasm to happen.

Once you have discovered what activities arouse you sexually, you should risk telling your partner that you would like him to try something new. I say "risk" because you describe yourself as shy, and so it may be difficult for you to share your desires with your partner. Once you are able to open up, however, it will become increasingly easy for you to take a more active role in seeking pleasure, and in taking responsibility for your own orgasms.

CAN'T DECIDE

I am a 29-year-old executive. In my business I meet many people, especially females. About a year ago I met a woman and her husband as potential clients. The woman is 24 and very attractive. Since the initial meeting I have visited their home several times.

Once when I dropped by on business, the husband was not home. His wife told me that I was the only person, besides another woman, with whom she felt she could talk openly. She told me that she had a fantasy that she wanted to act out. I admit I was mildly shocked.

This should have been the introduction to a successful exploit, but I couldn't bring myself to tell her I was willing and still am. I was held back because I just don't know how to proceed with a married woman. I still want to let her know I'm willing. I just can't forget her.

After I tell her I'm willing and she agrees, how do I proceed discreetly? I have known single women, but that is a different situation. Besides, I have a good business and social relationship with both of them which I don't want to harm. — J. J.

Obviously, the answer to your question is: be discreet! If you want to have an affair with a married woman, it would of course be safer to confine yourself to those whose husbands you don't know and with whom you have no business relationship. If you decide that it is very important to you to have a relationship with this particular woman, you'd better do it without her husband finding out.

Let's face it: her husband would probably be quite upset and jealous if he discovered that you were having an affair with his wife. Very likely you would lose out on your business relationship as a result.

How much can you trust this woman? Will she really be discreet if anything transpires between the two of you? Some people of course, are very discreet in this respect — but some are not. Will she act rationally, so that her husband doesn't find out that you are involved with her?

Even if you think, as you would no doubt like to, that she will say nothing to her husband, don't forget that she may keep her secret verbally, but may still unwittingly suggest that she is having some kind of an affair with you. Without overtly telling him anything, her manner may change drastically. Particularly when the three of you are together, she may indicate by her tone and gestures that she is very interested in you. Not being stupid, he may see for himself what is happening.

So the main word is: caution! Think about the advantages of having the affair and the disadvantages of being caught. Weigh these carefully before you try to seduce the lady. Always remember that there are a lot of nice, single girls out there. This woman may not be the best partner for you!

SAME OLD ROUTINE

I am 26, my husband is 28, and we have been happily married for four years. Our sex life, however, is getting rather stale. When we were first married, and I didn't know any better, I used to think our sex life was great. But this past year especially, I've wanted more excitement. It seems every time we make love we go through the same old routine. The problem is that my husband seems perfectly satisfied with the way things are.

I tell my husband that I want to do different, more exotic things, and that I'm more than willing to please him any way he'd like. Other men would envy him such a wife — but he doesn't respond. He is very sexual and open-minded; it's just that he doesn't seem interested in adventure.

I really need more excitement; I feel like I'm going crazy. I don't know what to do. I couldn't take the chance of losing my husband by sleeping with another man. Besides, I love my husband and I want to do exciting things with him, not with someone else. How can I get my husband interested in experimenting? Should I be demanding and forceful? Please help me. — Mrs A. C.

It sounds like you and your husband have a basically good and healthy relationship. What a lucky person you are to be with someone who feels secure and satisfied in his sexual relationship with you and who is sexual and open-minded. So take heart, some old dogs can learn new tricks.

It is not uncommon to feel that you're in a rut after four years of marriage. Even a stable, good relationship needs a breath of fresh air from time to time. Things may go from stable to stale without new inputs and enrichment once in a while. However, both partners in a marriage may not feel the need for renewal equally or at the same time. Sometimes one person places more value on the stability of a good relationship, while the other puts more value on risk and adventure. For someone like your husband, who wants things to stay the way they are, trying something new and different may not be worth the risk.

Since you give no explanation of the specific techniques you do use in lovemaking, it's difficult for me to make concrete suggestions. You could try challenging your husband, for example, by saying: "I bet you can't think of something different to do in bed."

By challenging him in this way, you would still be asking him to take the lead. Sometimes actions are worth a thousand words. If you haven't taken the initiative before, try it now. Try initiating something a bit different yourself, but not so different as to scare him. He may begin to like novelty after a while if you show him that it is safe and enjoyable. But if he reacts strongly to your attempts in a negative way, then you should respect his feelings. Your husband shouldn't be forced to experiment if he really doesn't want to.

OLDER WOMEN

I am a 17-year-old boy and have very nice neighbors. One couple has three beautiful daughters, all within two years of my age. I can see that they get their attractiveness from their mother. That's my problem. Instead of being interested in the daughters, I prefer to think of the mother, who is in her late 30s. In the summer months she walks around in a bikini.

"Somebody's wearing English Leather."

BE7133

Thinning and falling hair arrested?

A recent independent University controlled survey indicated that 67.25% of people who had bought 3 or more bottles of The Original Ma Evans Herbal Hair Tonic claimed they had successfully arrested thinning or falling hair and other major hair disorders.

The same survey indicated that Ma Evans, when used regularly, was beneficial in treating dandruff and oily hair.

Thousands have already used this natural herbal treatment for healthy hair. If you have a hair or scalp problem why not try The Original Ma Evans Herbal Hair Tonic.

Complete the coupon below or write and we'll send more information.

Please send me more information about The Original Ma Evans Herbal Hair Tonic.

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode .....

Send coupon to:
Bountiful Ltd., 52 North Terrace, Kent Town, S.A. 5067.

BOUNTIFUL
the good nature company

MKC 10509 PM 4031/79 Nov

WHAT TO DRIVE WHILE YOU SAVE FOR YOUR PORSCHE.

If you've got the drive to get to the top, we've got the car to take you there in style.

Golf GLS. Golf puts your economy drive into overdrive with a very thrifty 8.5 litres/100 km (33 mpg).

Then treats you to a taste of things to come with an 18.3 second standing 0-400m.* And road-holding and handling to match.

Golf also indulges your appetite for all that classy German engineering. Precision. Craftsmanship. Finish. Investments that any Golf owner will tell you pay handsomely in low service bills and high trade-ins.

But test drives speak louder than words. If you're saving for a Porsche, or just simply saving, see how it feels to do it in luxury. Golf GLS is also available on our European Delivery Scheme. See your Volkswagen dealer, or call your State Distributor.

Sydney 888 7277, Melbourne/Tasmania 791 5888, Brisbane 520161, Adelaide 519222, Perth 451 5011, Canberra 48 6822.

GOLF GLS.

A SPORTING PROPOSITION FROM VW.

*As reported in Wheels May 1979 issue. Volkswagen Australia Pty Limited. (A Division of LNC Industries Limited).

VWN3751

She often lies down to get some sun and then falls asleep. I can't help but notice her and at night I fantasise about her.

I can't discuss this with my parents because we don't get along. What should I do? Should I try to forget about this woman, or try to let her know how I feel, or what? Is it normal for me to think about the mother instead of the daughters? — Z. K.

Let me answer your last question first. Yes, it is normal for you to think about your older neighbor instead of her daughters. It is common for boys (and girls) your age to be attracted to older adults, even parents of friends, and this type of attraction is *not* inherently pathological. As a matter of fact, many teenage boys have been initiated into the act of love by older women.

This leads to your other question — should you approach this woman? From what you write, I can only conclude that your fantasies and preoccupations are not shared at all by your neighbor. She doesn't seem to be consciously seductive with you or to show the slightest interest in you. It is probably because she does not consider you a sex object that she wears bikinis in your relative vicinity.

If my thoughts are correct and this woman is not attracted to you, then I don't think that you should do anything except enjoy your fantasies. Approaching her with your feelings would probably only cause a mess of trouble that you surely don't need. Forgetting her may be somewhat difficult at first, but it will become easier when you start having experiences with girls closer to your own age or with older women who give you the message that they, too, are interested.

PUZZLE PIECES

I am a nice looking, 26-year-old woman with two beautiful children. I messed up my own marriage and have been separated for two years. My husband takes his two children for the weekend.

I want a man I can really love. I want to settle down with one man only. I can't have my children, now seven and nine years old, see me first with this one, then that one. Only one man has come into my home since my separation. We fell in love and he moved in with us. Our sex life was wonderful until five months ago. Since then, I have withdrawn.

The man I am living with tells me he loves me and wants to marry me. I tell him he doesn't love me, he thinks he does but he still loves his ex-wife. He is a mother's boy. After he talks to his two children on the phone, he stays on the phone with his ex-wife for an hour. When his ex-wife and kids come down to the city, they stay with his mother and create problems between us. He must see his kids alone, without us. We all can't get together and have a nice day with his kids.

While his children and ex-wife are here, he forgets me and my two. He doesn't kiss me and caress me. While they're here and afterwards, we fight about this. I think this man can never have a good life because he is living in the past. He must think I'm a fool not to realise what goes on in his mother's home.

Since this happened, we can't get along. We have sex maybe once a week and as far as I'm concerned, our sex life is over. I don't want only sex, I want to know I am wanted and loved, out of bed too. I want a little caress when I'm doing some cleaning around the home.

Recently, I have found someone who really loves me and needs me — and not his family. Me and me only. He's a nice Indian man I met last year and have been seeing him for about four months now. We have fallen deeply in love and he wants me to be with him always. He is very warm and our sex life couldn't be better. Both in bed and out of bed he lets me know he's glad I'm around. He kisses and caresses me. We understand each other and fill each other's needs.

We really love each other and want to share the rest of our lives, and having that kind of relationship is the most important thing to me.

Do you think it would upset my children to see their mother with a dark-skinned man? How should I introduce him to them now? And how can I tell the man I am

The Mercedes Experience: $10.

This Mercedes-Benz 450SL Sports Coupe is $10 by ticket or $53,000 retail, including registration and stamp duty.

Please send me _____ tickets at $10 each in Art Union No. 21 which is strictly limited to 13,000 tickets.

I enclose cheque/postal order for $_____

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms _____

Address _____

_____

Postcode _____ Phone _____
(Where we can get you with good news)

The Sydney Maritime Museum
P.O. Box 353, North Sydney, N.S.W. 2060. Ph. (02) 922 1758.
A non-profit organisation dedicated to the preservation of Australia's Maritime Heritage.

This offer is not valid in States where it could contravene State laws. QMS.E.1861.PH

living with that I can't have this deception in my home anymore? — C. L.

Wow. You have more problems than a heroine in a soap opera. Your letter presents a real puzzle. The question is whether you can assemble enough of the pieces to avoid repeating patterns that have made you unhappy in the past. If you can't, you may find yourself writing to me again, explaining that you messed up your marriage and your next two relationships, and asking how to tell you Indian friend to get lost so you can introduce your children to the marvellous new man in your life.

I don't mean to imply you are the only person who tends to repeat herself. Each of us inherits a small box of puzzle pieces and we each add some more pieces of our own childish design. Together they form a personal, secret storybook. They make a picture and they tell a story, a story we tend to act out again and again. We can only escape repetition by learning to recognise the simple drama the pieces embody.

Some of the pieces of your puzzle are in your letter. You say your children's feelings are very important to you, but you leave your children out of many of the most important parts of your life. You have been seeing someone for four months and already decided you want to "share the rest of your lives", without even finding out how he and the children get along.

You say you do not want your children to see you with many men, but they have already seen you with one man, then another, and soon they will see you with another still. Your children almost certainly are aware of the growing tension between you and the man you are now living with; the chances are very good that they have also guessed that there is someone new in your life. Sensing that something is changing, but not knowing exactly what or how is what makes children anxious.

Your present man's close relationship with his wife does not necessarily mean he doesn't love you. Divorces are as unique and individual as marriages. Some ex-spouses stay friends and remain in frequent contact, others never speak again. Some integrate their new and old lives; others keep them in separate, watertight compartments.

Your partner seems to have always stayed close to his ex-wife and mother. But you say something "happened" about five months ago that soured your sex life at home. At some critical time while living together, you started seeing a new friend and your sex life back home "failed". Sex with the new boyfriend was great, just as it was in the beginning with the man you now live with and, I will guess, as it was at the start of your marriage. Is this another piece of your puzzle?

If you decide to go ahead with the original story outline, separate from your current man and commit yourself to a new lover, you can arrange for your children to meet and get to know your new boyfriend slowly, by doing things together. In any event, talk with them about what's happening. And listen to their feelings without trying to talk them out of them.

How can you tell the man you live with now that it is over? Over a cup of coffee: he knows.

"Typical of you Nero, fiddling while Rome burns!"

POST-OP PAIN

I had a vasectomy four months ago, and I was told the operation would be painless. It hasn't been, and it seems to have left me with unpleasant side effects.

The first week after the operation there was so much pain I could hardly walk. I went back to the doctor, who wrote me out a prescription for antibiotics and sent me on my way.

The antibiotics seemed to help, but now, four months later, I still have pain. I went to two other doctors besides the one who performed the operation. Both said there is nothing wrong, nevertheless I am still so sensitive that the slightest touch or pressure hurts me.

I was in perfect health before the operation and very active in sports and sex. Since the operation, sports have been out. Sex hasn't changed, except that I must be extra careful.

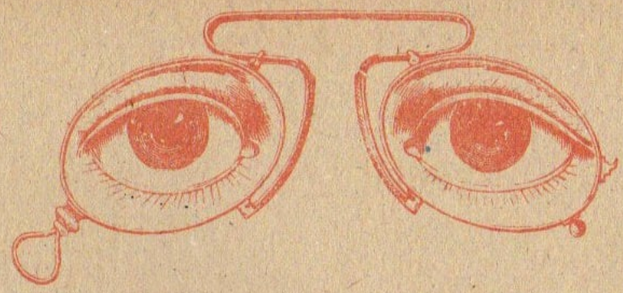
Have you run across anyone else with this problem, or am I the only vasectomy patient in the world to experience this? Is there anything I can do? — P. M.

Vasectomy is, of course, an operation performed on the human body. Some degree of pain or discomfort is necessarily associated with any incision made into the skin and underlying tissue. The degree of discomfort is very variable, and each person reacts to the discomfort or pain to a different degree. I've met some men who have had a vasectomy and seem to take no notice of the operation. There are others who have said they felt mild discomfort, lasting only a few days and easily relieved by aspirin or a warm bath. I did some checking, and the doctors I spoke to told me there are also a small number of patients who have more severe pain, which may continue for some time, even several weeks. In general, the docs said, the degree of discomfort associated with vasectomy is slight. Literally thousands of these operations have been done, and pain or discomfort has not been reported as a problem.

My sources say you can alleviate the discomfort by taking hot baths twice a day, for 10 to 15 minutes. You should also use an athletic support. Be a patient patient. It will get better.

FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN AUSTRALIA —
LIMITED OFFER
THE
PENTHOUSE
KEY
SYMBOL OF THE
PENTHOUSE LIFESTYLE
Australian Penthouse
Magazine is proud to
offer readers its lifestyle
symbol — the Penthouse
Key. The key is available
in three versions
2" gilt plate key with 24"
gilt chain $16.95
2" Sterling silver key with 24"
Sterling silver chain $49.50
2" solid (9ct) gold key with
24" gold chain $295.00
All prices include packaging, handling and
delivery costs.
The Penthouse key pendant could be a unique
gift for that special friend . . . or for you.
Don't miss out — reply today.
Australian PENTHOUSE
99 Elizabeth St, Sydney. 2000
Complete the coupon and mail it to —
Australian Penthouse Mail Order,
G.P.O. Box 4084, Sydney 2001
NB please allow 21 days for delivery.
Tick ☐ Gold ☐ Silver ☐ Gilt
Please send me ..... Australian Penthouse keys. I enclose my
cheque/money order for $ ..... or please debit my
Diners Club Account No.....
American Express Account No.....
Bankcard Account No.....
Name.....
Address.....
..... Postcode .....

NEW
Longbeach.
25 of life's simple pleasures.
Longbeach
VIRGINIA
25
WARNING: SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Longbeach
EXTRA MILD
25
WARNING: SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
The real satisfaction of rich Virginia tobaccos in a smooth tasting, easy smoking cigarette.
LEO BURNETT 2.0610 CC320/79



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

BY JOHN HINDLE

Conversation may well be killing the art of watching television, but the spoken word has a long way to go before it stops people from listening to jukeboxes. This is a plain, plump fact. Anyone who drinks in pubs, will swear to it.

There was a time when a decent citizen could enjoy a thoughtful noggin in relative quiet, or could opt to proffer a soft "g'day" to a passing soulmate. Those were the days of choice. A man could speak, or a man could listen.

Not any more.

It seems that the jukebox manufacturers have an illuminated catechism in which is writ the following Item of Faith: "If God had meant music to be quiet, He would never have given us amps."

The fierce blast of eye-watering noise that emanates from the said amplifiers of these shiny, shonky slot machines is quite astonishing. It's daunting. It's deafening. And, in that it denies free speech, it's probably unconstitutional. Conversation and jukeboxes are totally inimical. To illustrate it is necessary to tell a small story involving myself . . .

In Carlton the other day I met an old friend, a chap I hadn't seen for a couple of years. It had been his lot to spend part of his life down at my end of the parish, posing as a married man, but we had lost track of each other after his last bankruptcy. That final economic cakewalk had cost him dear — wife, kids, livelihood, pedigreed Irish water spaniel bitch, and three unopened bottles of covetable port. The lot. At first, he took ruin like a man, merely seeking solace through the ingestion of booze, then he wigged-out completely. The last solid rumor that I had heard about him suggested that he was at war with all mankind: seems he was spending his days hanging around the Myer cheese counter. And then, for a year or more, there was no news of him at all. He was lost to polite society, yet another victim of the Lygon Street undertow.

So, you can see that we had much to talk about. Unfortunately, we made the mistake of going into a pub to do the talking.

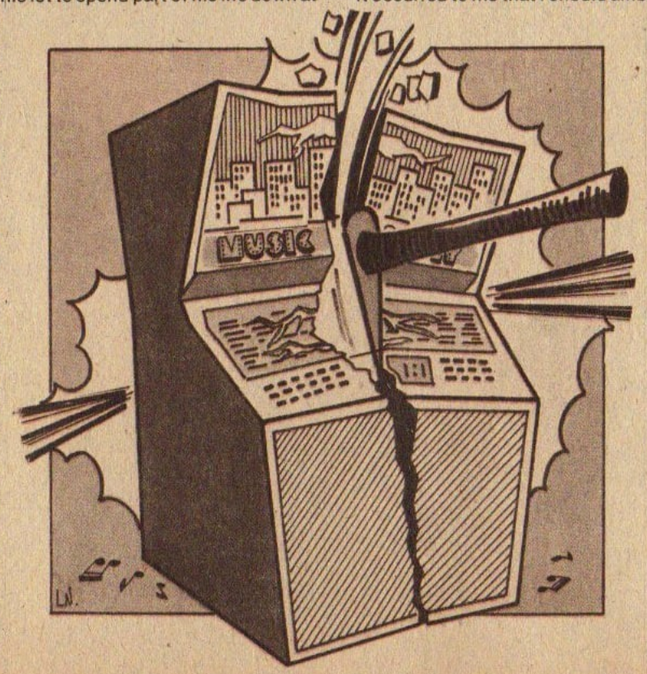
My friend had a story to tell, possibly a *great* story, but the pub's jukebox didn't want me to hear it.

Loud? Well, let's just say that one didn't need to be wearing one's bionic ears to hear the music. That racket could've been heard by rock music's entire pantheon of dead superstars — and, for that matter, by generations yet unborn, like Leif Garrett, Jimmy Osmond and Cliff Richard! It was loud enough to affect my eyesight. When I closed my eyes, I saw the battle scene from *Star Wars,* and that's not necessarily a good habit for a sober gent to acquire, much less a drinking chap like myself.

But my chum didn't notice the noise. He leaned over the table and went on with his story, regardless. It was a weird effect. His hands carved the air, his eyes rolled, and his mouth worked like a guppy on speed. He reminded me of Don Lane selling a deodorant, or a junkie selling a friend.

But all I could hear was Rod Stewart. *Man,* could I hear Rod Stewart!

It occurred to me that I should amble over to the jukebox and turn down the volume. Then I remembered that a bloke had been knifed to death in this very pub for trying to do just that. People take loud jukeboxes seriously in Lygon Street. They take them pretty seriously everywhere, come to think of it. Punk rockers have even created a sort of philosophy out of sound. "As long as the music's loud enough," they say, "we won't hear the world falling apart." May a Drinker's Curse blunt all their safety pins!



So I forgot about rebellion. I just sat back, tried to look adequately interested, nodded whenever I guessed the moment to be appropriate, and socked into the red with an enthusiasm born of suffering. And the afternoon frittered itself away. The fact is that if the Albion Hotel's

Formation Vomiting Team had not been out slumming, and if they hadn't spotted my gimbal-jawed friend and claimed him as their own, I might have been stuck at that table for ever, developing cirrhosis and trying to master the art of lip-reading. As it was, the noise and the booze conspired to do me a considerable mischief. I think I actually lapsed into a coma.

Whatever, when I revived I was alone — and I didn't know whether I had a bottle in front of me or a frontal lobotomy. I was a casualty of the noise war. I now plan to sue the jukebox, Rod Stewart, the pub, Rod Stewart's manager, the State Electricity Commission, Rod Stewart's record company, the Environment Protection Authority, Rod Stewart's Scotland, the platypus that modelled for the 20-cent coins that did all the damage, and — lastly — Rod Stewart's mother.

But why, I hear you ask, do I rant so fulsomely about a simple encounter with an obstreporous jukebox, an event that is practically *de rigueur* in Publand? Why sue? Why should I turn it into a federal case? I will tell you . . .

There are two reasons, actually.

The first is that we all happen to have a pair of very superior devices under our tresses, and they shouldn't be ruined by some ambitious and over-achieving jukebox.

The second reason concerns money and is therefore much more important. Enough fuss about rude and clamorous jukeboxes may spark a flame of protest that will lead directly to the introduction of coin-in-the-slot quietness. At that stage, when the market is primed and poised, a new record label — TACIT — should be launched to fill pub jukeboxes with soundless recordings, the way God intended. That's why the litigation is vital — I have to sue to get enough money to make my first few 45s. Even silent records cost money, you know. Especially the quality silent records that I'm planning.

With any sort of luck, John Cage will make our very first record. That's right, *the* John Cage. Back in 1952 he composed an inspiring piece that he called *4'.33"*, a pithy title that described the substance of the work perfectly: four minutes and thirty-three seconds of silence. And this wasn't common, low-rent *solo* silence, either. This was expensive silence, the sort that comes from an entire symphony orchestra. TACIT hopes to influence Mr Cage to compose a companion piece for the flip side. Perhaps he'll call it *4'.32"*; jukebox *cognoscenti* would go bananas for the opportunity not to hear *that*. Now, who was it who said that the big bands weren't coming back?

But TACIT won't be exclusively classical. There are plans to issue a few whimsical discs by Marcel Marceau; the Prime Minister has been asked to contribute one of his celebrated comedy routines; and the company has commissioned Helmut Newton to make a silent, monotone recording of his book, *White Women*. Then there's TACIT's sure-fire monster rock biggie — *The Golden Silences of the Rolling Stones: 1964-1975* — a composite collection of all the silent grooves that have separated the Stones' greatest hits since their earliest albums. Fans will be keen to learn that a goodly portion of this silence is the work of the legendary Brian Jones, who raged off to the Big Disco in the Sky way back in 1969.

Remember Jane Birkin? Slim, horny Jane Birkin? She of the lips and the nipples? Of *course* you remember Jane Birkin. She made that sensational orgasm record, *Je T'aime . . . Moi Non Plus*, the one that featured her pre- and post-coital moanings and groanings. The one that was banned every which-where. Rumor had it that those moans were recorded when Jane was getting it on with Serge Gainsbourg, the lucky sod who was by way of being her old man at the time. Well, folks, TACIT plans to bring you another sensational Jane Birkin record, *Je T'aime . . . Je Ne Sais Quois*, a track of pure sexual silence that was recorded when old Serge was spending the night in Birmingham, 160km away from the action. My God . . . believe it when you hear that sensational isn't the word!

Of course, TACIT has heaps of other records being prepared. Commercially speaking, however, it may not be wise to reveal too much more of the company's plans. TACIT still has to find some money, as you know, and there are other problems to overcome. How will the silences sound on the new quad jukeboxes? Will there be a hassle with the stereo balancing? Will *Je T'aime . . . Je Ne Sais Quois* be banned in Queensland? Time will tell.

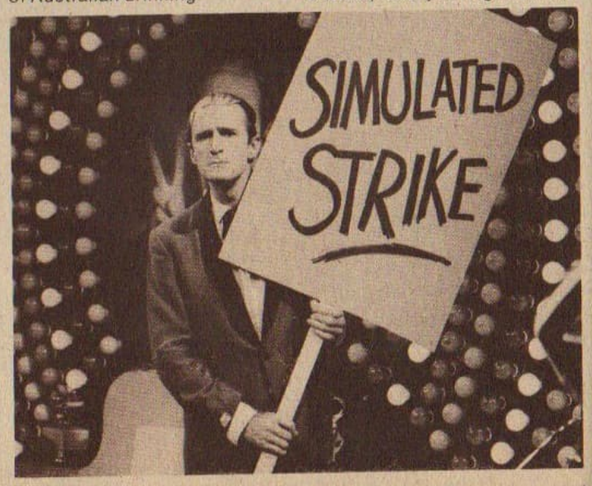
It's absolutely vital that people respond to the cry of "Silence!", and that TACIT succeeds. Until every jukebox in every pub is stocked with TACIT's silent hits, conversation will remain a forgotten part of Australian drinking.

SCENES

SILLY SEASON

So far, it's been a typically dumb and disastrous year in the real world, what with atomic reactor plants springing leaks, DC-10s crashing right and left, Irish terrorists killing royalty, and 77 tonnes of mangled Sky Lab falling out of the sky across Western Australia. Pitching itself headlong into the temper of these anxious times, the entertainment industry is feverishly forging our new shows to reflect this real world we live in. Consequently, the 1980 season will be awash in comedies.

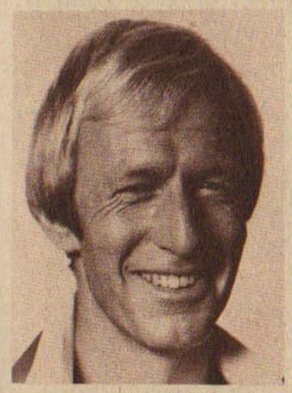
Press the talk-button on any entertainment industry executive, and you'll get an appropriate theory on the comedy boom. "The tougher the times, the more people want to escape through laughter" goes one popular saw. "Laughter reinforces a nation's sense of stability," one pundit said recently. Personally, we go for the old show-biz maxim "Funny is money".



It is the American TV moguls, of course, who dictate much of what we see on TV. This is partly because the US shows are relatively cheap, they're readily available, and because try as they might Australian TV packagers just can't be funny. One look at the efforts of Paul Hogan, Norman Gunston and Paul Makin demonstrates the truth of this. Come to think of it, the Yanks are hardly better but at least they're slick.

The three American networks are now planning their new season shows and in the tradition of Australian TV the buying caravan will traipse off shortly to snap up the good, the bad and the unfunny for our airwaves before they are proven winners or failures over there.

But why all the laugh-tracks, after all these years of private-eye dramas and cop capers? Whenever they're feeling self-righteous, the US networks try to sell the theory that they're deliberately substituting these "healthy" comedy programs for the sex-'n'-violence shows that once saturated the airwaves and got so many public pressure groups up in arms.



Gunston (left) and Hogan: funny is money.

The real reasons are less philanthropic. For one thing, sitcoms cost very little to produce, compared with action dramas. For another, audiences were probably ready for a change, having been drugged to death by the overload of tits and guns. Most important, the comedies are clearly giving people something they want — *safe* anarchy.

When you first look at them, the new sitcoms seem to be selling a simple, escapist view of life appealing to tired and wiped-out psyches. Look again. In all the new shows, and many of the most popular holdovers, a mood of comic anarchy reigns, perpetrated by characters who turn the real world on its nose.

There exists a rogues' gallery of clowns: smart-arse kids, idiot adults, working-class slobs, incompetent professionals, bumbling politicians, teenagers with superhuman powers, adorable intergalactic bozos. Every time Mork sits on his face, the gesture is a cosmic tilt at reality. It's the use of comedy as weapon, yanking power from the hands of its traditional holders, like grown-ups and other authority figures, and placing it in the mitts of traditionally powerless groups, like adolescents and clowns.

"Children have taken command of the set in prime time," says CBS network president John D. Backe in explaining the sitcom blitz. But that's not quite right. The new mayhem-comedies give the infantile ego in all of us the illusion that we can romp all over the real world, which we have little power to change. Except in fantasy.

We kids want more iconoclastic heroes to represent our mood of comic subversion: characters who can unleash that repressed urge to do damage to the "adult" power structure of reality — by laughing it to pieces. At least, for half an hour.

Antiseptic approach for pinball parlors.

SONIC BOOM

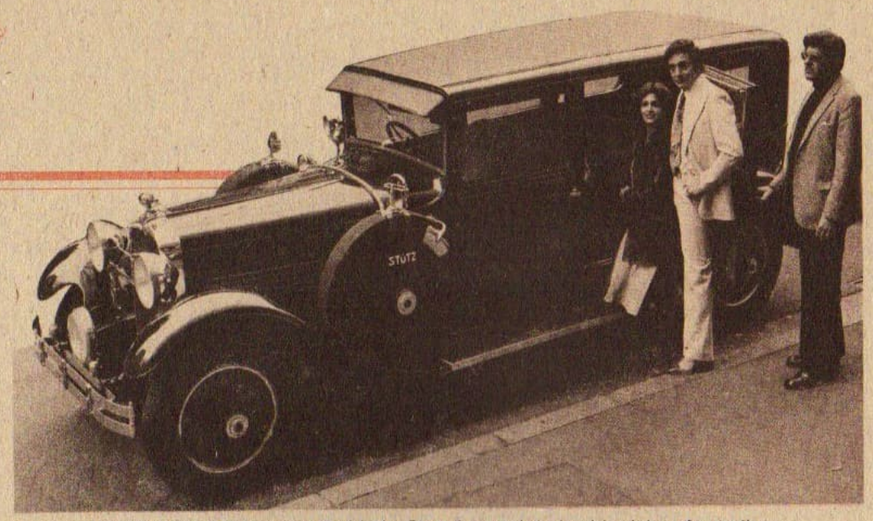
While great god silicon chip decimates the workforce he craftily manages to do further business among his victims. The trick is a new wave of computer-operated dole-gobbling machines and a campaign to change the image of leisure centres from sleazy to antiseptic clean. It's happening in all Australian capitals and the experts predict the market has one way to go — expand. Sydney has the massive Hoyts Entertainment Centre and the new series of Fonzie's leisure centres, but it is in Brisbane that a new challenger has planted its first Australian roots.

Backed by the giant Taito company (the largest amusement machine manufacturer in the world) Queensland's Plaza Palace Amusements is on the ground floor of a multi-million dollar spin-off from the new technology. In Japan last year a single new Taito gadget called Space Invader returned a net profit of two billion dollars (Aust) — and Plaza has grabbed the first eight of these things to reach Australia. Mild-mannered Peter O'Sullivan is Plaza's chairman of directors. For months he prowled the streets shuddering, he says, at the dimly lit, smoke-filled leisure centres which evolved from pool halls and which mums and dads distrust.

O'Sullivan and *his* mum, a Plaza director, are out to change all this. They can hardly wait to give the riff-raff, as O'Sullivan calls them, the bum's rush. There'll be no alcohol, no grass, no smoking or eating in the machine section — nothing but a steady stream of silver, a ghastly cacophony of evil noise with everything bathed starkly in the "double daylight" of maximum security. A security company will ceaselessly monitor the closed circuit TV and report infringements within seconds to legions of policemen who roam Fortitude Valley's streets.

Plaza plans to take this recipe nationwide. It now has $200,000 worth of Taito's machines on a commission basis and will open three more rigidly controlled centres by next year, expanding to Sydney in a big way if Taito is happy with results. At a launching last month, O'Sullivan described the business as part of a revolution "to take the amusement machine from the dingy arcades and sleazy cafe backrooms into modern centres of antiseptic glitter and galactic sound".

O'Sullivan, 32, says he wants to make money and concedes that much of it will come from



US publisher Bob Guccione with the Stutz he used during his visit to Australia.

unemployed kids hooked on pinball and sonic gadgetry. But he adds: "It's better they come here than to those sleazy places where there are booze and drugs and sexual deviates."

When Taito makes Plaza fully computerised next year all machines will provide an hourly printout of their takings to uniformed managers employed to prowl and watch. With a disco out back and room for 500, Plaza is located right next to the Valley railway station to catch trade from hundreds of aimless kids riding in from outer suburbs.

Brave new worlds? Or plain old fashioned supply and demand? Computers take over job functions, create vacuums for humans then fill the void at an amazing profit with antiseptic glitter, double daylight and galactic sound. Is this stuff good for you in large doses? No one in the industry seems to care. What they do care about is a slice of the action, before it becomes too competitive.

GOING GATSBY

The MacRobertson (chocolate) family never missed buying one. Most Australians lusted after one. And now you can get one even if it's just for a day. We're talking about the Gatsby car, a travellin' machine suitable for a gangster or a flashback to the Gatsby era with its never-ending parties, social engagements and pure white weddings.

Ron Dewhurst, of Kogarah, Sydney, has turned his childhood fantasy of caring for Gatsby cars into a business of adult proportions. When he had more cars scattered around Sydney than he could use at once, he thought, with a little help from his wife, why not make a business out of his hobby? One of his first jobs was for his cars to appear in *The Restless Years'* marriage of the decade between glum Alison and her doctor friend, Bruce Russell. Then came an order to chauffeur pop star Peter Frampton, during his stay in Sydney. US *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione used the cars exclusively, and loved them. Included in Ron's range are a Cadillac la Salle, a 1928 V8 and the first in the Cadillac range to carry synchromesh gears; a 1928 Stutz Black Hawk, a 1930 Nash, 1937 Roadster Bentley, a six-cylinder 1927 black Rolls-Royce — the Phantom I, the biggest ever made, a Packard Series II Coupe, a two-seat, V12 8.8 litre monster formerly owned by the MacRobertson family, a 1927 Studebaker President and a stunning 1936 Lagonda Roadster. While Ron worries about insurance and repair costs, he is assured a glamorous future. After reports of $400,000 paid recently at a Christie's motor auction in Los Angeles for a 1936 Mercedes Benz 500K, the value of Ron's collection suddenly skyrockets into perspective.

WALLET WALLOPERS

Rip offs in buying booze are a common affair. But how common is being asked to pay $37.50 for a dozen small bottles of beer? This absurd predicament faces most who visit some of Australia's top hotels. And incredibly, little control can be placed over its price.

Penthouse conducted its own investigation into liquor prices at these silvertail hotels after a staff member was quoted $37.50 for a dozen 370ml bottles of beer delivered to his room at the Old Melbourne Motor Inn. Despite his desperate thirst and longing for a cool drop, he passed up the costly invitation and walked downstairs to purchase a dozen from the Old Melbourne's bottle shop for a little over $5.

The investigation proved fascinating, and showed marked contrasts between top hotel prices. To provide a uniform picture of pricing scales, the test was restricted to the cost of one dozen bottles of Crown Lager delivered to the room of a hotel during a normal week day or night. The results appear in a table below.

Although the price of $27.00 appears for the Old Melbourne, the *Penthouse* staffer who visited this hotel was told the figure was $37.50. When *Penthouse* later telephoned the Old Melbourne's room service pricing department, the same $37.50 was quoted. It was only after speaking with the general manager that we were assured it was only $27.00. So drinkers, good luck if you're game to try yourself.

Besides the Old Melbourne's "quoted" price, most top hotels around the country averaged around the $20.00 mark — still a considerable cost. Most hotel managers countered by pointing to the cost of room service. Sydney's Wentworth Hotel management said the costly room service involved a receptionist being paid to answer a guest's telephone order, the order being passed on to catering staff, and a waiter carrying the beer on a tray to the guest's room. "It all costs money," the manager insisted.

The Australian Hotels Association spokesman in Sydney, Mr Barry McInerney, described the price anomalies as absurd, but said under present laws in NSW and some other States, no recommended retail price can be issued. "Hotels and bottle shops are at liberty to charge what they like from day to day. There are no restrictions over liquor prices." *Caveat emptor.*

HOTEL	DOZEN BEER $	FEE $	TOTAL COST $
Hilton Melbourne	19.80	1.00	20.80
Hilton Sydney	18.00	1.00	19.00
Parmelia Hilton (Perth)	18.65	2.80	21.40
Boulevard	20.40	1.50	21.90
Menzies	18.00	1.00	19.00
Wentworth	19.20	1.25	20.45
Old Melbourne	21.60	5.40	27.00*
Windsor	20.40	—	20.40

*See text

ACTION STATIONS PLUS

What to do when lobbing in virgin territory? The idea of thousands of travellers not knowing what to do or where to go when they are innocents in a strange town struck a sensitive chord and leads to this sequel to our Scenes (*Australian Penthouse,* October).

Those who play hard at night have said that Perth is a paradise for nightclubs filled with longlegged, longing-to-be-naughty blonde women. Some of them have told of Melbourne being the best for exquisite brunettes who take you to intellectual dinner parties and sit demurely all night, discussing the concomitant variations in Doberman's fifth concerto, avoiding all the quiet touches you give throughout the evening and then, late at night, behind closed doors, make love to you like a wild animal and scream themselves into oblivion.

But most who love beauty, and sex, and adventure talk just about the Sydney scene, and Sydney women . . .

Sydney is a city of extremes. It is brassy, it is fast, it is nasty, it is harsh. Every night of the week Sydney offers a choice of many cultures, and a choice of many women. This is what makes Sydney different from other cities in Australia — its enormous variety.

Have you seen the aristocratic style of those impeccably beautiful women who are close to the rock group scene, late at night in places like the Bondi Lifesaver, or the Manzill Room? Have you seen the taut, lily skins of the "initiate" witches who hang with the Balmain magic covens at punk pubs in the city? Have you seen the silken breasts and satin thighs of the immaculate dolls who go to Rogues restaurant and bar? And lately, have you seen the nonchalant-but-perfect, zany, sexy, fast ladies at Arthur's Restaurant in Victoria Street, Kings Cross?

It seems appropriate that just about the same time that Australia got its own *Penthouse,* Arthur's occurred in Sydney.

At last Australia is exploring its own variety, its own beauty, its own harsh, extraordinary beauty. At last it is shedding the wings of America and England and flying its own course.

Arthur's restaurant is a place for looking at beauty and feeling beautiful. Arthur's is a place to be fast and spicy. Arthur's is representative of the New Wave of Australia.

Parts of it look like a punk discotheque, and other parts like a classy, glassy restaurant and terrace club — like Bennets in London.

How to win a lady at Arthur's? Well, a lot depends on what you look like, and when you go there. If you're desperate and look straight — try after 2 am on Thursday, Friday or Saturday night. If you're half desperate and fairly trendy looking (by Italian boutique standards) try after 11pm any night in the discotheque upstairs. If you've got too much sex already and you're dressed punk, new wave, fascist or bizarre, come anytime and they'll leap into your pants. If, on the other hand, you've got too much sex available and you look like a straight businessman, go to the restaurant section and order French champagne.

Prices are moderate. You'd pay more at any "trendy" restaurant in town, and less, of course, at the Wun Tun Chuck on the corner.

The food is sort of French, with occasional bizarre dishes. Sometimes the service is slack and the food not quite hot when it arrives — depending on the mood of the zany waiters and waitresses.

There's also a lot happening on Hindley Street in Adelaide. For 10 years or more it's been the heart of Adelaide's nightlife and as the city developed a variety of entertainments, the street has grown with it. One time, not so long ago, it was just strip joints and cafes. These days, there's good food, bars, coffee shops, boutiques, nightclubs, a gymnasium and comfortable rooms for anyone who feels like staying the night.

Jumping at Jules in Adelaide

In this one straight half-mile, you can buy just about everything — except a new car. And if that's your problem, you can always rent one — Avis and Hertz both have offices down that end of town.

The diversity of distractions on Hindley Street owes a great deal to the imported talents of the southern European groups in the melting pot that's become the Australian community. A lot of the food, for instance, is Italian and Greek, at places such as Pagana's, the Sorrento, Skala; but then there's La Terrace, from France, the Jerusalem and the Cedars from Lebanon, and the Emperor of China. And after any one of them, you can't do better than stroll along to the Flash for the best espresso in Adelaide.

The first fancy disco in town was Jules, still going strong at the corner of Victoria Street, under the guidance of the Polites family.

Jules features a very good band pumping it out for the prancers on the revolving floor, a video lounge, a dining area, a coffee shop, for people who like to sit and chat and, on the top floor, rooms for rent. It all leads up to a very logical climax for the complete night out. There are a couple of bars, too. One at street level which is also open in daylight. And a new, open-air terrace bar upstairs.

Jules has, on occasion, attracted a familiar face or two for a night's dancing. It's the only place in Adelaide, for instance, to have had Olivia Newton-John and Peter Frampton on stage together. They jammed away until the early hours one long

night, and showed every sign of having a great time.

At the other end of the street is a place that's been Adelaide's premier strip club for more than a decade. Local memory puts its opening around 1965, as the Bay Ganew. Now it's La Belle. It's no fancy dancing room, but it's always there for a drink and a show. The entertainment runs continuously from 8.15 until three the next morning. And on an average night there'll be at least 35 acts (some of them the same girls coming out again and again), plus musicians, a ballet and an MC. At the moment it's a Mistress of Ceremonies, with Adelaide's most famous dame of strip, Big Pretzel, pulling it all together. It's a sit-down-and-watch club, with waitress service on the drinks.

Part of the attraction of Hindley Street is its combination of class and sleaze. There's plenty of each, and if you don't mind side-stepping the occasional drooling drunk or drag queen, there's plenty of fun in between. Or if you're into sport, there are two great pinball parlors.

Disco fever, it seems, never ends, and Perth nightgoers have made sure that this musical craze continues out west. One of Perth's more pucker joints is Hannibal's, on Lake Street. Its patrons have included such names as Rod Stewart and friends, Peter Frampton, lovely Linda Ronstadt, Sherbet before going Highway, David Bowie, Bette Midler, Dave Allen, and the list goes on . . .

Like most hot discos, this one is building a reputation similar to New York's Studio 54, except it's in Australia's west (whose main claim to fame before Hannibal's has been to produce Dennis Lillee, Rod Marsh and Bob Hawke).

So next time you're visiting the paradise of Perth, just holler Hannibal's and hope whoever's driving know's where to go.

SAY IT AGAIN, SAM

Humphrey Bogart is in Casablanca, Jack Benny is visiting his violin teacher in hospital, Richard Nixon is busy burning tapes in Bermuda, Liberace is having a gay time after a week-long Californian camp — and you wanted to pass on a message? Go right ahead — and they'll call back when they return. But what about John Wayne? "Just leave your number, pilgrim, and this lanky Yank will holler ya back!" From on high, presumably.

This isn't a commercial for Hollywood and it isn't about the amazing adventures of Tricky Dicky. It's an answering service for telephones. The business is booming, which is not surprising when you consider there are 75,000 businesses listed in the Sydney telephone book alone. More and more people, mainly small businesses or one-man operations, find it an advantage to tell callers they're *not* at home or in the office, but please leave a message. Trouble is, the callers often react with frustration, anger, or a handpiece slammed in the machine's ear.

This is where Sydney university law dropout Keith Scott, 25, comes in. He is a human talking machine, who earns much more than many of his old law buddies whom he once wished to imitate. Scott imitates famous voices on the telephone to attempt to replace frustration with entertainment. Simple? Not when you consider his range of 210 voices and endless hours of practise in front of tape recorders.

Scott has recorded a range of voices for a small Sydney answering service, Autophone, inviting callers to leave their name and number. Clients who buy or lease the answering service have the choice of two famous voices on tape for $30. According to manager, Tim Buxton, it works. Buxton says his inquiries number, manned by an answering service tape, has hundreds of callers a day. The 20-year-old industry has suddenly taken off during the past 18 months. More than 10,000 answering units are sold across Australia each year, Buxton said, with demand still growing.

Buxton says the voices most in demand for his tapes are: disgraced former US President, Richard Nixon, Gough Whitlam, Malcolm Fraser and Sir Billy McMahon.

GOLDEN DREAMS

Crowds of stooped men wearing earphones are roaming along beaches and tracking across dry, once-deserted creekbeds clinging to lunar landing-type vacuum cleaners. Is it Mars? A scene from *Star Wars?* No folks. These are doctors, lawyers, plumbers and Mr Average searching for the ellusive pot of gold. They're treasure hunting in Australia's wilderness, and many are reaping a fortune. Finding metal is what this treasure hunt is all about — precious metal.

With anything from a few to several hundred dollars, scores are buying metal detectors, hoping the pie-in-the-sky good life is not far away. Evolved from military mine detectors, these odd machines are being used to pick up everything from gold, silver and coins to beer cans and bottle tops.

The metals rush began after reports of massive finds by lucky amateurs — Kalgoorlie retailer John Green "unearthed" a $3000 gold nugget, and a man found a $3500 gold chunk while roaming around a car park. This was followed by the report of two men from the NSW town of Orange unearthing a gold nugget weighing six kilograms and worth more than $100,000 during a weekend visit to the historic gold mining district of Hill End, near Bathurst, NSW. The lucky fossickers, Peter Culverson, 40, and Don Peters, 50, said their nugget contained five kilos of pure gold. While fossickers tell of more and more finds, the price of gold, silver, lead, platinum and zinc skyrockets on the international market. Within 12 months, platinum rose by almost 300 percent with gold and silver rising almost 200 percent. It was time to cash in — and fast. Sydney retailer John Lord, of Lordco Australia, says the market has exploded in the past few years. "The detector market seems to

Metal detectors: gold in them thar streets!

be endless," Lord said, as he sat in front of huge wall maps of potential "fossicking" sites across the nation. Metal detectors range from the very amateur to the highly professional. And, for once, there is nothing truer than value for money in this strange but competitive market.

The cheapest detectors retail for about $10, and that's all they are worth. These are designed for miserly builders who have lost nails or kids who lose tin toys in long grass.

Next come models for about $20, which are, again, equally useless. Tin soldiers, coins and bottle tops are the most you could hope to detect at this "cheap" price. "Basic" models for the real business of detection start around $265. If these don't suit, don't despair — prices go as high as $800. Efficient detectors operate on a 9 volt battery and usually have a life of about 200 hours. This, no doubt, gives treasure seekers hours of fun-filled excitement, with the chance of becoming a famous archeologist by discovering Captain Cook's iron rowlock which toppled overboard when he landed at Botany Bay.

Essentially, the deeper detectors can beam into the earth, the costlier they become. Models for around $265 can penetrate up to two metres, while the pricy $800 brands can beam through about eight to 10 metres. Ten dollar models merely skim the surface.

If you are a potential treasure seeker, you will need to know the *modus operandi.* Because the earplugs are the most essential item — you can't detect if you can't hear the metal "beep" — these should be connected first. Next comes some fiddly adjustment to sort out the ferrous from the non-ferrous. For those not scientifically minded, this stops the machine detecting steel instead of worthwhile metals. Now that you're in the groove, concentration is the key. Listen for that beep, beep, beep, thinking always of rare coins lying beneath the top soil, awaiting your detection. Imagine a gold nugget, weighing in at a couple of ounces, to pay for this week's grog and rent.

Archeologists remind the doubtful observer that it was a metal detector which uncovered the Hadrian Head, a bust of the famed Emperor of Rome (from 117 to 138 AD), now valued at more than $3 million. With that sort of discovery, who minds the outlay and the hours spent trudging wearily through the outback waiting for a million-dollar beep.

HARASSED HERO

One of life's less side-splitting ironies concerns the man who almost singlehandedly saved Fraser Island from pack rape by the mining multi-nationals. Financially scarred by the seven-year battle, educationist John Sinclair has neither the time nor the money to spend more than a few hours a year on the island he made world famous.

Although the decision to halt mining came with the intervention of the Federal Government in 1976, Sinclair is still paying heavily for making the point that little men can buck the system and win.

First he lost his job as adult education officer in his native Maryborough — an overt political recrimination from Premier Joh who, of course, fought furiously to maintain the ecological gang bang. Transferred in purgatory to a nowhere job in Brisbane, the then Australian of the Year cooled his heels in isolation for almost 12 months, paying his own way to Maryborough each weekend to visit his wife and family.

On the home front things were just as bad, or worse. Employment-starved Maryborough saw Sinclair as the ogre who had robbed everyone of an endless cascade of mining dollars. "Sinclair for crab bait!" the lads in the public bars took to hollering. Some shopkeepers erected signs: Sinclair family not served here. After a time the hostility turned to uniform coldness. In September last year, Sinclair was finally granted a transfer to Ipswich, near Brisbane, to a position equivalent to the one he held in Maryborough. His Brisbane job — like the one in his home town — ceased to exist the instant Sinclair left.

Why did the purgatory apparently end? "If Joh regards conservationsts as a thorn in the side, then he must have decided the best way to remove the pain was to keep conservationists very busy," Sinclair chuckled.

Reunited with wife, Helen, and family at a modest, rented home in Ipswich, Sinclair is being kept busy. But he still finds time to function as the president of F.I.D.O. (Fraser Island Defence Organisation), preserving the unique environment of Fraser Island. Sinclair actually has a sneaking admiration for Joh — "a very talented demagogue". It's clear that Joh's tolerance of the Fraser Island situation is also near breaking point.

When Lang Hancock's free enterprise Jumbo winged over

John Sinclair

Fraser earlier this year, the spectacle of unspoilt wilderness below induced much dark muttering and led Queensland Mines Minister, Ron Camm, to announce that the battle for Fraser was far from over. Sinclair is familiar enough with Queensland politics not to become complacent in victory, but he doesn't believe the US mining companies would have support — even from the US administration — in any appeal against the Fraser decision.

Sinclair has been called a radical and a commie, but insists he is politically middle of the road. "I vote ALP at the moment, but I could also fit into the trendy Liberal camp," he says. There is nothing personally trendy about Sinclair, a short-back-and-sides country boy described by one journalist as having a head like a tomahawk. His clothes, reading tastes and manner indicate an ordinary bloke who is slightly surprised by his role as a national hero.

Sinclair turned 40 on Black Friday, July 13, the day his geriatric Holden did a clutch just as he was about to embark on a rare trip to Fraser Island. Rare because apart from his hectic professional life, Sinclair is kept far from rich by a series of running legal battles which began during the Fraser campaign. There are two defamation writs against him, and on his birthday he came in from the mailbox waving two solicitors' letters.

He denies it, but it's hard to shake the impression that Sinclair misses the excitement of the Fraser fight just a little. Hard not to think he might have been happier in politics full-time.

"I considered it once," he admits. "But politicians have to be absolutely plastic, to bend with the will of the people. That's the reason Joh is doomed politically and the reason I decided against politics — we both lack the right degree of flexibility."

IN THE RED

Who said you drink too much? The equivalent of 27 million bottles of red wine are expected to wither on the vine this year — proving we Aussies aren't drinking enough! And Europeans are just as bad. Dubbed the European Wine Lake, supplies of wine exceeds demand by 24% across the Continent leaving a huge glut of uncut grapes and bottles without buyers.

All this confronts the Australian wine industry with a difficult problem. On the one hand pessimism grows on the red front, while on the white front, with sales booming, prospects are rosy — or should we say sparkling? It's here that the irony develops. If it weren't for thousands of Australian Norms turning to white wine, this healthy local industry would be looking very dull indeed. It's not so much the slump in red wine sales which terrifies officials, but the massive dependence by the industry on the local market.

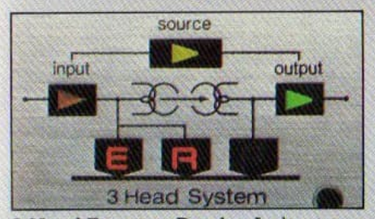
In the past decade, export sales have plummeted from 10% to just 2% of local production, at the same time as French and German exports continue to grow. Which brings us back to the 27 million bottles of red withering in Australian vinyards. How do you sell 'em? The Australian Wine Board is pinning most of its hopes on its recently appointed 42-year-old marketing genius Michael Verity, who pushed the line "Things Go Better With Coke" for many years. Verity, as the board's international marketing manager, is out to convince Asians, Americans, Canadians and anyone else who might be listening around the Pacific, that "Things Go Better With Australian Wines." The board's reasoning is founded on the prediction that Americans will be the world's next big wine drinkers. At present, Americans drink less than half the wine each Australian statistically consumes — that's 15.6 litres for each person each year. Popular Asian ports — of the tourist, rather than bottle variety — are also calling out for more wines as the tourist trade booms. Says Wine Board spokesman, Bob Mayne: "Future prospects of expansion hinge on breaking into the US market where many of their everyday table wines are fairly plain and damn expensive. We think many Australian wines could be exported there and still sold for several dollars below their prices. Meanwhile, we're left with flogging the local industry, trying to keep sales going and push red wine sales into a growth position once again."

The biggest promotion effort of the year in Australia comes in October and November in the form of **Expovin.** Held in Sydney and Melbourne, a huge range of wines are available for tasting, including some classic vintages. It's a major event apart from wine festivals in South Australia, where most manufacturers get together for a big show. Crowds have streamed into Melbourne's Exhibition grounds during the past few years for the Expovin Show, and now Sydney, after a small start at Centrepoint, will have its Expovin staged at the Sydney Showground from November 2 to 6. Melbourne's Expovin will be held between October 5 to 10.

In the meantime, before promotion here and overseas increases demand and prices, just remember we are left with the delightful prospect of having excellent wines at relatively cheap prices. Cheers.

Hard-headed* Technics for the metal tape era.

Technics Sounds Alive



3 Head Function Display Indicates Head Mode.

For further information contact the Technics Advisory Service PO Box 278, Kensington 2033.

Metal recording tape has arrived and so has the 3-head deck to handle it: Technics RS-M63 with new improved HPF* heads.

Metal tape offers the 'best yet' recording and playback quality. The dynamic range is much wider and frequency response extends much further into the high range than is possible with other tape types.

This stereo unit also features 2-colour FL peak meters and a memory system which cues your tape to any preselected point and plays back automatically.

And another reason why Technics hi-fi sounds alive.

Technics

QMS.G.2112

WHITE COLLAR CRIME I

the Great MEDIBANK RIP-OFF

BY TIMOTHY HALL

If you trust your doctor you'll do well to remember this: he may be just another get-rich-quick crook.

The white collar criminal has become by far the most threatening offender in Australian society today. There is hardly a profession or occupation where corporate crime does not thrive, from the boardroom to the funeral parlor, the shop floor to the hospital theatre. Computer programmers siphon off millions, solicitors try to scramble out of trouble by raiding their trust accounts and the doctors who rushed to defraud Medibank almost before the ink was dry on the Act have continued to sidestep the traps laid by Health Department investigators. In 1979, white collar criminals in Australia stole upwards of $500 million,

and if overseas experience is any guide, this figure will rise sharply every year into the indefinable future. Now there is alarming evidence that organised crime is also moving into the field, tempted by the opportunities for enormous profits at minimal risk. In Britain, Scotland Yard's top computer investigator estimates that the clear-up rate for computer crimes there is something worse than one in 180. It is certainly no better in Australia.

Corporate crime is responsible in part for higher prices, insolvencies, unemployment and the ruin of countless small investors. Yet in spite of this many Australians are still not aware of the ways in which white collar criminals work, how they avoid detection, how much money they make and why so few cases are brought to court.

Security, both physical and through internal audit procedures, is sometimes almost non-existent and just as shoplifting thrives in stores where the staff are incompetent — it is often much more difficult to attract the attention of a shop assistant to pay for something, than to dodge her attention and walk out without paying — so the company with an inadequate internal audit is likely to be hardest hit by the corporate criminal.

Writers are not agreed about the exact meaning of white collar crime. In the US for example, it is used almost exclusively to describe crimes committed against the community by corporations. In this article it is used to mean crimes committed by employees against their company, by boards of directors against stock-holders, and by lawyers and doctors against their clients and patients, or against Medibank.

A hundred years ago, French criminologist Gabriel Tarde wrote "If the tree of crime, with all its roots and rootlets could ever be torn out of society, it would leave a vast abyss". If it were ever torn out of government and corporations in our society, it would leave us with a community richer by $500 million a year and purged of a creeping disease that left unchecked will one day take a dreadful toll.

One of the more unedifying sights of our time has been the steady procession through the courts of doctors charged with defrauding the medical benefits system. Most people have found it distasteful enough to watch the medical profession, or a substantial part of it, squabbling and fighting for an ever-increasing income at the expense of the community, without having to tolerate their defrauding the system as well. What is so disturbing is that frauds by this one profession, even though they involve only a small proportion of the 20,000 doctors practising in Australia, are sufficiently large to threaten the whole medical insurance scheme.

The restructuring of Medibank at the end of 1978, and particularly the restrictions on bulk billing which offered the unscrupulous doctor almost unlimited access to the Commonwealth Treasury, went a considerable way to putting the brakes on medical fraud; but they certainly did not stop it.

Although only 0.2 percent of Australia's doctors are known to have defrauded the system, Medibank officials are convinced, as in other white collar crimes, that this is only the smallest tip of a very large iceberg. Even if the 0.2 percent figure were accurate, however, it would mean that Medibank was being defrauded of at least $3 million a year.

A secret dossier prepared for the Federal Government by Medibank contained extensive reports on a large number of doctors in every State who, it was claimed, had defrauded the scheme; and it is a measure of the extent of the crime that at one stage almost 50 full-time investigators were employed in tracking down swindling doctors. Yet by mid-1979, although more than 120 doctors had been investigated by Commonwealth police, only 25 cases had been to court and only 12 doctors had been convicted and sentenced to penalties ranging from good behavior bonds and fines to a three-year jail term. "We have no means of knowing how much money we are being cheated out of," admitted Dr Ken Doust, Medical Director of Medibank.

> If a dishonest doctor is not too greedy, but is content to fiddle small amounts, he can get away with a lot of money.

Few people are naive enough to believe that rip-offs were not occurring before the introduction of Medibank. Abuses by doctors were in some ways easier when the main health insurers in Australia were the private and group funds: there were few computers or investigators and some funds did not even have comprehensive lists of their own contributors. Typical of this "old" type of crime was a general practitioner in Kogarah, NSW, who was jailed for two years for making 5400 false claims on the Department of Health and Repatriation for treating pensioners.

But it was the introduction of Medibank in 1975, and particularly the system of bulk billing and "assignment of benefit", by which the doctor received the Medibank cheque direct, which allowed doctors to submit bills on behalf of patients, in many cases without the patients themselves even seeing them.

Federal Health Minister Ralph Hunt conceded that Medibank certainly accelerated the amount of fraud, if only because of the steep rise in the volume of claims. But if the new system allowed unscrupulous doctors to grow rich with a minimum of effort, the computer also brought many frauds to light which would not have been discovered before. It earned for Medibank a quite undeserved reputation for "doctor bashing" when, in fact, it was as much responsible for catching dishonest doctors as it was for giving them the opportunity to commit their crimes in the first place.

The Government became so concerned about the level of criminality in the profession that it was forced to introduce legislation increasing the penalties drastically, providing maximum sentences of five years and fines of $10,000 for each offence. The abandoning of bulk billing in its old form and the handing over of the administration of bulk billing to the Department of Health was largely brought about because the Government despaired of finding any other way of preventing the plundering of the system by dishonest doctors.

As in most cases of fraud, the secret of success lies in not being too greedy. As one Medibank investigator puts it: "If a dishonest doctor is not too greedy but is content to fiddle small amounts at a time, he can get away with a lot of money in a year and nobody will be any the wiser."

The few cases which are brought before the courts do not begin to tell the full story of the extent of Medibank fraud. In many cases Medibank and the Commonwealth police make no attempt to uncover every individual act of deception by a doctor once they believe they have collected enough witnesses to secure a prosecution. They reason that going further would only delay the investigations and subsequent trials.

On far more occasions than have actually come to court, Medibank has given doctors the benefit of the doubt, sometimes accompanied by a severe warning to behave themselves in future, when there has been an element of doubt as to whether mistakes have genuinely been made or the complex fee schedule misunderstood, rather than a deliberate attempt to cheat. At the same time, many suspected frauds have been extremely difficult to support in court and Medibank is sometimes powerless to prosecute.

In one case it refused to pay $166,000 of claims because it knew they were dishonest, yet it was powerless to prosecute because of loopholes in the legislation. Another obstacle confronting Medibank

"Look, I don't mind the hat; I don't mind the hook; I don't even mind the peg-leg, but can't you ask the parrot to keep quiet?"

Camel, a style of its own
CC329/79
RJR61.O&M

is finding reliable witnesses who can recall enough information to ensure a successful prosecution.

Medibank's investigations are carried out by the Claims Review and Investigation Section. One of its most useful tools is the computer's ability to compile a profile of any doctor. A print-out lists the doctor by his "provider number" and then itemises each patient for whom he has claimed payment (the patients are identified only by a scrambled Medibank number), as well as the service they were given, the date of the service, the fee they were charged and the benefit paid. In this way investigators have an almost instantaneous picture of a doctor's entire transactions from year to year and they can compile a profile to see if these vary substantially. If any doctor does deviate significantly from the norm, individual patients are contacted to confirm that the procedures for which he has charged were actually carried out. If they were not, the doctor will quickly find himself being visited either by Medibank officials or by the Commonwealth police.

Because medical insurance is now fragmented between Medibank and the private funds, Medibank no longer sees every bill put out by every doctor and so it cannot compile as comprehensive a picture as before. Compared with other countries, particularly with Canada whose Medicare program was the modelfor Medibank, the Australian security measures are not strong. In Canada, health insurance is organised on a province-by-province basis that includes at least 95 percent of the population in the scheme.

Australian health authorities did consider some of the Canadian sampling techniques but rejected them, partly because of their cost — even the postage rate, twice that in Canada, is enough to make it prohibitive — and partly because it was believed that the kind of sampling which is tolerated there would be considered an unacceptable invasion of privacy in Australia. In British Columbia, for example, the medical plan which operates there regularly sends all members a form which lists the fees they have paid to doctors, the name of the doctor and the type of practice, and the time and date of service. Patients are then asked to notify officials of the scheme if they see anything which they either do not understand or which they believe is incorrect.

As a consequence of fragmentation in Australia, as Dr John Deeble, head of the Health Research Unit of the Australian National University and one of the planners of Medibank has observed: "Fraud by patients and by doctors, and overservicing by doctors, is now much more difficult to detect then under the original Medibank where there was a single set of master records for all patients and another for all doctors in Australia."

After three doctors were convicted in South Australia of Medibank frauds, many other doctors "got the wind up", as a Medibank official in Canberra put it, and began offering to repay funds that they had misappropriated from Medibank. In this way they hoped that they would avoid prosecution. But Federal Health Minister Ralph Hunt consistently made it clear that there would be no trade-offs by the Government with doctors who offered to try to buy their way out of trouble. "The Health Insurance Commission does not accept payments from doctors in return for immunity from prosecution," said Hunt; and indeed when a doctor offers to repay money it is accepted only on the understanding that it is entirely without prejudice.

The Government's action was supported both by the Australian Medical Association, which has always agreed that frauds by doctors are more serious than comparable frauds committed by most other people because of the special position of trust which doctors hold, and by the General Practitioners Society which has repeatedly called on governments to prosecute all Medibank offenders without exception.

NSW Attorney-General Frank Walker, continuing his crusade against corporate crime, can make no distinction between dishonest doctors and any other criminals. "If these people took the same amount from banks or TABs, they would be slapped into jail," he says flatly. "There is no need to adopt a soft attitude to criminals just because they are doctors." Walker says that his Government would be "very interested" in prosecuting any of these doctors if they came from NSW. "Once a crime is committed you cannot uncommit it by owning up and giving up the proceeds."

In spite of this, there was, at least initially, considerable evidence that the statement by one Medibank official was closer to the department's actual day-to-day policy when he observed: "We will be satisfied if we get all the money back. They are unlikely to pull the same stunts again." By the time bulk billing ended, "adjustments" by doctors refunding overcharges, whether accidental or deliberate, were running close to $1 million a year.

The techniques that doctors use for defrauding Medibank are as numerous as they are varied and ingenious. Billing for patients who do not exist was popular in the early days of Medibank, but it is a deception which the computer quickly recognises. By far the most common frauds involve billing the fund for services which were not performed or overcharging for services which are rendered.

Very few members of the public are aware of the different scales that a doctor

"She's mine, all mine!"

can charge depending on the length of time that he spends with his patient. In August 1979, for example, a fraudulent doctor could charge $17.00 for a long consultation (that is, 25 to 45 minutes), although he sees the patient for only 22 minutes, which is a standard consultation (five to 25 minutes) and for which the scheduled fee is $8.90. Or he can charge the standard rate for a short consultation lasting less than five minutes — usually advice on the telephone or a prescription renewal — for which he is, entitled to charge only $6.50. In this way he can defraud the system of more than $8 for each patient he sees. He must be careful, of course, because a Medibank investigation may reveal that according to the bills he submits, he is working a 28-hour day!

Another popular trick is the lucrative "after-hours" gambit. Medibank rules state that consultations between 8am and 8pm on weekdays or between 8am and 1pm on Saturdays are "in-hours" and do not attract after-hours benefits. If a doctor bulk bills dishonestly for an after-hours service, he can be fairly sure that the patient at least will be none the wiser.

Other fraudulent practices include giving a patient one bill for a consultation and then another one for a simple procedure that should have been included in the cost of the visit. On other occasions doctors put their private patients into public sessions in public hospitals and charge the Government as well as the patient.

Some frauds are more blatant than others. Cronulla, NSW, doctor Karunalu Vinathaeya Prakash was found guilty of three counts of Medibank fraud which stipendiary magistrate Bruce Brown described as "appalling". Among Prakash's offences was bulk billing a repairman who had installed a television set at his house. The repairman was falsely shown as having had several warts removed and having been given three after-hours consultations. Brown, remarking that the case was the worst Medibank fraud he had come across, said: "One could hardly imagine a worse case. It is a detriment to the community, taxpayers or not."

A few months later Prakash was back before Mr Brown again, this time on another 35 charges of making false Medibank claims. Again Brown described his conduct as "disgraceful and reprehensible" and fined him $2000 and put him on a $5000 bond for three years. He was ordered to pay compensation to Medibank and substantial professional costs.

A south Queensland doctor was visited by a woman who wanted treatment for her knee, which she had bumped. The doctor treated her by bandaging the knee, but Medibank investigators discovered that he later billed the fund for five different tests — including a lung capacity test. The cost of the visit amounted to more than $120. The same doctor charged every patient the gap between the bulk billing benefit and the scheduled fee. Months later Medibank had recovered $55,000 from him and was looking for a further $200,000.

Further north in the same State, another doctor developed a technique of his own for making money at the community's expense. Medibank investigators discovered that he walked through his four small waiting rooms where about 20 people were waiting for injections administered by his nurses, greeted them but had no other contact with them and then charged each of them for a consultation. His ten-second walk earned about $110!

Group treatment is an extremely profitable area, particularly, it turned out, for general practitioners. Because of a loophole in the Medibank schedule, there was no provision for a general practitioner to be paid at anything other than full consultation rate even when he saw a group of 15 or 20 patients together. (A specialist, on the other hand, has a special code against which he must charge for group treatment, which is considerably less than the individual rate. A psychiatrist who was detected seeing eight people at a time and charging each $56 an hour was therefore clearly guilty of fraud.) In this way a GP treating a group of patients with hypnosis could legitimately charge them all in excess of $30 for an extended consultation.

> A doctor may defraud the system of $8 for each patient. He must be careful not to reveal that according to his bills he is working a 28-hour day.

Medibank investigators unearthed a doctor who was giving regular cocktail parties at his home for friends. When they arrived, each was given a blank assignment of benefit form to sign which the doctor later filled in for non-existent "services" that he performed for them. His friends enjoyed the party, the doctor was reimbursed by the State for all the drink they consumed and everybody except Medibank was happy. This kind of fraud, with doctors' friends agreeing to undergo fictitious treatment to ensure that Medibank pays for dinner for them all, is probably far more widespread than is realised.

Country practices and visits to country hospitals by specialists can be extremely profitable and specialists in particular can make up to a $1000 a day from calls to country hospitals. In the west of NSW there have been reports of local doctors doubling and quadrupling their incomes under fee-for-service hospital calls. Under Medibank, visiting specialists, who before had been paid a small sessional fee plus out of pocket expenses, became entitled to charge full fee-for-service for each patient. Similar enormous bills poured in from country general practitioners who found that a single day-long call at the local hospital, visiting every patient who was on their list, could double their weekly pay.

In the same way, elderly, bed-ridden patients, particularly pensioners who can still be bulk billed, are a very profitable source of income for doctors. In a morning, a doctor can make a rapid tour of 20 or more of these patients, spending only a few minutes with each and then bulk billing for a home visit. Again the calls are often entirely unnecessary, although not strictly illegal, and impossible to police.

Hospitals are far from free of suspicion. One hospital, for example, charged for a full day's treatment for its patients when in fact it lasted for only a couple of hours. After once being detected fiddling, the hospital can count on every account it sends in being examined in detail.

One of the most ingenious and costly frauds took advantage of the provision that a seriously ill patient travelling overseas for essential medical treatment is entitled to have a medical practitioner go with him. It was only a matter of time before two doctors decided that their fares could be subsidised by the Government if one of them pretended to be ill while the other went along to look after him. The Government refunded the entire first class return fare.

But the most spectacular Medibank fraud, in terms of the amount involved and the ostentation with which it was spent, was carried out by a brilliant 33-year-old Adelaide dermatologist. In all, Frank William Welch defrauded Medibank of an estimated $300,000. Educated at St Peter's College, Adelaide's top private school, Welch earned an excellent degree at university and he was still in his mid-twenties when he qualified as a specialist dermatologist in 1971. When he was 30, he became a Fellow of the Australian College of Dermatologists, a rare achievement for someone of his age. The son of a wealthy and respected Adelaide family, Welch had every reason to believe that an outstanding career lay ahead of him. When he was still at university he married his wife, Beverley, and as his own career progressed, she was striking out on her own as an interior designer. She

The time has come...
Taste life.
Taste Bacardi rum.
"BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited"
V567

was an ambitious woman and her business in Adelaide was a success.

Simply because he was a doctor and fast beoming Adelaide's most successful skin specialist, nobody was unduly surprised by the extravagance of Frank and Beverley Welch. And extravagance was an understatement. Their suburban house had to be updated with something which would show the world that the Welches were in a league of their own when it came to taste and expense. In a glossy magazine they saw a great white mansion that belonged to an American millionaire, and although they realised that the cost of building such a place would be beyond even their reach, they flew to America to look at it at first hand. Then they came back and built a two-storey house with balconies and patios which overlooked their tennis court and swimming pool in Birch Road, Stirling, the millionaire's row of Adelaide.

The building alone was estimated to have cost $300,000 and the furniture and fittings tens of thousands of dollars more. Its tall front door and high-ceilinged lounge, dominated by an enormous mural, were the dream of Beverley Welch. They bought furniture from Scandinavia and Spain, and the bathroom with its sunken bath and ornate taps was part-English and part-French.

Their cream and gold Rolls-Royce was replaced by a silver and black Rolls-Royce Corniche, and the Mercedes gave way to a gold and black Jensen Interceptor — and these were the cars that Beverley drove. Her husband sat behind the wheel of his specially designed red Lancia HF, the only one of its kind in SA.

All the time, his business was expanding and he took on more staff to cope with the patients who were being referred to him from all over the State. Frank Welch, who had fought so bitterly against Medibank when it had first been introduced, found that it was making him rich beyond his dreams — and not only in the way that Medibank approved.

In the end, it was not his taste for expensive cars and clothes which proved his undoing, but complaints from patients who felt that something was wrong with the way they were signing blank Medibank forms. Someone complained and Medibank investigators ran a computer profile over Welch's affairs and found that he was indeed a busy man — so busy, in fact, that he would have needed to work overtime every day of his life to keep pace with the work he claimed he was carrying out.

One patient was a woman the investigators came to nickname "Scarface". According to the claim forms, she underwent surgery every time she visited Welch and sometimes had more than one operation a day. Over a four-month period Welch was apparently taking his scalpel to a wide range of cysts and tumors, although the truth was that she had gone to consult him only to have hair removed from her face by ray treatment.

The investigators went to her home while she was away on an overseas trip and asked her elderly mother if her daughter was badly scarred from the 40 or more operations which she was supposed to have had. Her mother asked them what they were talking about. The woman was called home to give evidence against Welch and for her trouble she received a bill from him for $3269.20 — the amount of the claim he had made on Medibank which had been rejected.

In her evidence, the woman said that she had visited Welch's rooms between 20 and 30 occasions for the ray treatment, but that she had seen him only on her first visit and then once more when he put his head round the door to ask if everything was all right. It was one of his practices to charge for personal treatment when the work was being carried out by one of his immaculately dressed team of nurses. Under Medibank rules, the charges that a doctor can make vary according to whether the treatment is carried out by himself or by someone else.

> If patients were less trusting and examined their bills more carefully we would have a far better chance of prosecuting swindlers.

Welch's former secretary said that he would never let anyone else see the Medibank book. He simply handed her the completed patient account cards, listing the services and code numbers which she typed. She spent a gruelling three weeks in the witness box but never swerved from her insistence that she had no idea what all the codes meant and no conception that she was typing false claims.

The staff were trained to get many of the patients to fill out and sign blank Medibank forms on the understanding that no services would be charged for and that all the money would come from Medibank. Although most of the patients were happy enough to accept this there were a few who had misgivings, and it was they who set off the routine check which eventually brought to light the full extent of Welch's criminal behavior.

Medibank staff began going through every one of his claims and started rejecting them, forcing Welch to bill his patients, and it was this which opened the floodgates. At the beginning of the investigation it had been difficult to persuade patients to come forward, but as they started to receive his bills more and more of them complained. Many of those who paid the bills found Medibank was knocking back their claims on the grounds that the services they were being charged for had never been carried out.

One patient, Colin Kirby, who found that he was having difficulty persuading Medibank to refund his money, placed advertisements in newspapers asking other people with similar problems to come forward; and a long list of Welch's patients who had paid their bills but could not get a refund obliged.

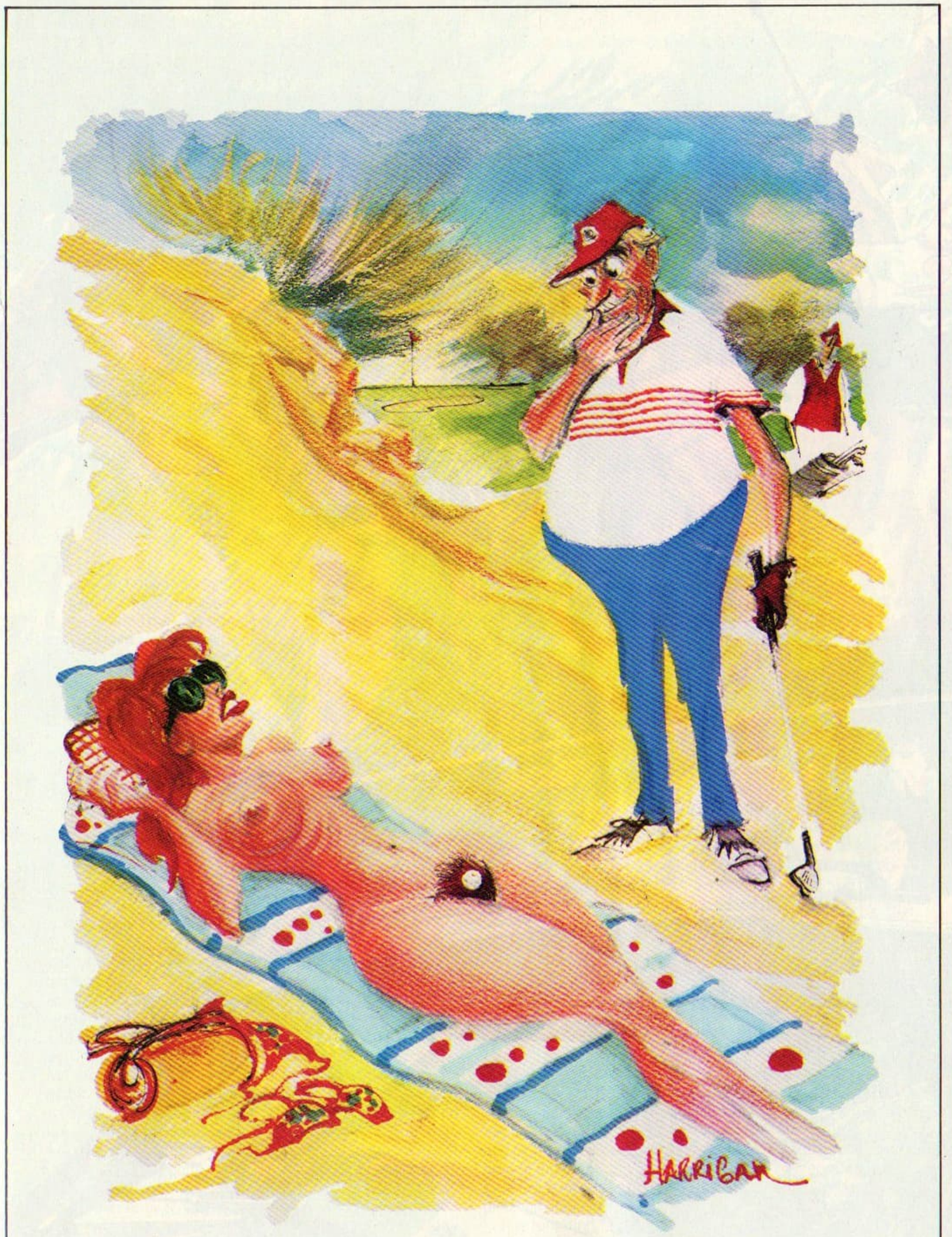
The court case against Welch dragged on for eight months as his lawyers put forward one argument after another. In the end he was found guilty on 71 counts of making false claims and was ordered to pay fines and costs of $61,770 in addition to refunding $210,000 to Medibank. His own legal expenses for his defence came to another $70,000. Six months later, just before Christmas 1977, Welch appeared before the South Australian Supreme Court and was struck off the register.

It was a tragic waste of his undoubted skill as a specialist, which alone would have made him wealthy. The magistrate said: "I think his offences stem partly from greed and partly from egotism." The backwash went on for months, and on Sunday afternoons daytrippers would drive out to the Adelaide Hills to look at the house that Medibank built.

Preventing Medibank fraud relies very much on the consumer, the patient. Unfortunately there are many people who still believe that their health depends in some way on the goodwill which they have with their doctor and they simply cannot believe that he would do anything like committing a fraud. They are reluctant to haggle about money and, when combined with gullibility, their misplaced trust is an opportunity for the unscrupulous in the medical profession to defraud the community through Medibank.

Doctors ask patients to sign blank assignment of benefit forms which allow Medibank cheques to be sent directly to the doctor. Under the amended Medibank scheme, bulk billing is still permissible for pensioners and for patients who, in the doctor's opinion, are disadvantaged. These people are among the least likely in the community to question anything which their doctor asks them to sign. But as an investigator puts it: "If patients were less trusting and examined their bills more carefully, we would have a far better chance of prosecuting swindlers." ○+

©Timothy Hall. From White Collar Crime in Australia, published by Harper & Row, devised and produced by Taylor-Type Publications, $11.95. On sale soon.



"Go on then, hit it, but don't forget to replace the divot."

When they're off in the greatest horse race in the world, 12 million Australians stop — except one charmingly lewd lady who starts.

Tribal Rites

BY JOHN HEPWORTH

It was in the bitter southern spring of 1940. To the north, Japan was turning her eyes down the Pacific. Hitler dominated the entire continent of Europe west of Russia and the poms, realising it was going to be a long hard war, had sent Mr Noel Coward out to rally the colonials . . . fearing, perhaps, that after the last great bloodbath they might be reluctant, so soon again, to lay down their lives for British bondholders and the Mother Country.

Everyone who was anybody (and a lot of people who weren't) gathered at the Hotel Australia in Sydney for the reception for Mr Coward; but it was plain from early in the piece that something was troubling the distinguished visitor.

True, that eminent Australian humorist and pisspot, Mr Lennie Lower, had been given the heaveho for greeting Mr Coward as a "pommy poofter", but that had by no means disconcerted Noel . . . he had heard that sort of thing often enough before.

Finally he could stand it no longer and drawing aside the most likely looking of the debauched journalists in attendance asked him in his best clipped British accent: "I say old chap . . . for God's sake tell me . . . who *is* this Old Rowley everyone is fucking?"

For indeed that very day an improbable hairy goat by the name of Old Rowley had won the Melbourne Cup. Which, as any red-blooded ocker knows, is the greatest horse race in the world — no matter what the poms, or yanks, or frogs might think or claim.

What's more, he had won at odds of 100 to one . . . which is as long odds as they come at the starting gate. And while a 100-to-one winner is something to gladden the hearts of the bookies, it is equally apt to rouse bemused petulance on the part of the punter, who is often moved loudly, publicly and vehemently to commend the fleabag to fornication.

But what is really significant about that second Tuesday in November 1940, is that there was really no other topic of conversation in the country that night. It showed we had our priorities right, and made it clear that it would take more than the little matter of the Second World War to override the national obsession with the horse race which makes it truly Australia's one day of the year.

It used to be that there were two great tribal rituals in the land. One was the Melbourne Cup and the other was Anzac day. Anzac day isn't doing all that well — in Canberra this year they cut the two minutes' silence to 25 seconds because it was cold and raining — but the Cup is as strong as ever. It is the one time when the whole nation is united in observance.

In most countries they might well have a horse race because there was a holiday. Melbourne is possibly unique in having a holiday because of the horse race.

But while Melbourne makes a day of it, the whole nation stops to listen to the race itself. Only babes in arms, too young for comprehension; those in catatonic state in mental hospitals; and those who have inadvertently got drunk and passed out early are excepted.

The ubiquitous trannie brings the call to those, however remote, in the outback; and it comes with equal clarity to those who have wintered in the Antarctic. In Her Majesty's houses of correction even chaps who have had their testicles twisted and been cast into solitary are remitted their punishment for the few magic minutes in which the race is run.

Neither birth nor death is considered sufficient excuse for not joining the ritual. In the labor wards splendid types of young wife and mother listen eagerly between groans and contractions. And in the leper houses of the land those who are dying raise their gaunt heads from the pillow as the horses thunder into the straight. Indeed, it is reported that those who have passed on with 10 furlongs still to go have died with looks of keen exasperation on their faces.

It is tempting to think that this singular, obsessive concentration of perhaps 12 million minds at the same moment on one particular happening must create some palpable, if

mystic, emanation. Perhaps something in the nature of cosmic waves.

And surely it is possible that these might get mixed up with those radio signals that they are forever and somewhat forlornly sending into the depths of space in the hope of contacting what they are pleased to call intelligent life on other planets.

If there *is* anyone out there and they do get the Cup call (though perhaps a few million light years later) I wonder what the hell they'll make of it?

The first Melbourne Cup, in 1861, was so named to give feature to the new racecourse which the sporting gentry of the colony had established on the banks of Saltwater Creek — now known as Flemington and itself so named in honor of a local butcher, Bob Fleming.

A horse called Archer, which had walked down to Melbourne from up Nowra way in NSW, won in a canter. Next year he walked down again and won even more easily. It seems certain that Archer would have won again the third year running, but by some extraordinary mischance his entry form was delayed by what at the time was called "a mixup in the mails" and he was ruled ineligible to start.

This curious incident did nothing to sweeten the atmosphere of suspicion and distrust which even then was flourishing between Sydney and Melbourne — and which grows more devout with the passing years.

But at least Melbourne has had the grace to establish some sort of memorial to Archer. When in the southern city, he lodged at the Botanical Hotel in South Yarra, and trained in the park opposite. The pub has had the decency to preserve his stable just as it was back in the 1860s.

Money and sex are what the Melbourne Cup has always been about. Bob Bagot, first secretary of the Victoria Racing Club, set the theme when he declared his policy for attracting crowds to the spring carnival. Concentrate on the crumpet was the good word he put out . . . or, as he somewhat more formally expressed it: "Where women go, men will follow."

Well old Bob Bagot was right. The birds started flocking to the Cup and they've been flocking and flaunting ever since. And the chaps, as he suggested, have inevitably followed.

In those earlier and in some ways more robust days, it was the pleasure of the gentlemen to show off their favorite whores on Cup day. This naturally led to keen competition between the loose ladies themselves in matters of ostentation and provided delicious scandal and titillation for the masses.

The feather in this regard was probably taken by a splendid Ms who, in 1898, showed the world what a grand success she had made of hawking her dot by appearing in a dress (and they wore a lot of dress in those days) entirely covered with golden sovereigns.

Vulgar, but effective. They looked, they gaped, they envied and scandalised her. That's what the Cup has always been about for ladies — both loose and otherwise.

As with tribal rituals, Australia has but two folk heroes — Ned Kelly and Phar Lap. And as is so often the way with folk heroes, they both met cruel ends. Ned Kelly was shot in the knee to be captured by the fuzz and then necked by the State. Phar Lap was murdered by the yanks.

There have been better horses than Phar Lap, of course. (Carbine had much the better record and Grand Flaneur was never beaten.) But Phar Lap had whatever it is that makes charisma . . . he was sort of the Bob Hawke of horses in his time (though Phar Lap was a gelding, which Bob Hawke by no means is). Besides,

Phar Lap had whatever it is that makes charisma . . . he was sort of the Bob Hawke of horses in his time.

when the big red horse was running there was a depression on — even as there is now — and maybe we needed the splendid image of him to sustain faith.

When the yanks killed him at Menlo Park, California, on April 5, 1932, his trainer, Tommy Woodcock, was found with his arms clasped round the dead horse's neck so tight that he had to be pried away. Woodcock wept that day — and so did all Australia.

The depth of feeling was illustrated later that same year when an American navy ship was pulling out of Melbourne after a goodwill visit. The wharf was packed with a cheering crowd and the rail of the ship lined with gobs waving back. Then all of a sudden the clarion voice of a newsboy was heard through the throng: *"Who killed Phar Lap?"* In a second the exuberant crowd turned ugly. Fists were brandished, groans of derision and accusation filled the air and the ship drew out with its somewhat bewildered crew cowering under shouts of execration.

Of course they killed Phar Lap! But they are experts at covering up such things. We are no more likely to know the truth of it than we are to know the truth as to who killed John Kennedy.

There is, however, one small flaw in Phar Lap as an Australian folk hero. Fact is, he was a pig islander. Foaled in New Zealand. But we never really mention that these days. Besides we've got his stuffed hide in Melbourne and his heart's in the Institute of Anatomy in Canberra (and a big bugger of a heart it is, too). All New Zealand's got is his skeleton. So I think we are clearly ahead on holy relics.

One of the strongest articles of national faith is that the Melbourne Cup is unquestionably the only immaculate and indubitably honest event in the whole racing calendar.

In a similar vein of national pride you may find it argued that the great Australian institution known as swy (or two-up, if you prefer the term of our convict innocence) is the fairest gambling game ever contrived. Chaps can indeed get quite heated if challenged on the validity of this claim. But there is a basic difference in attitudes on this and the Cup.

In an argument over the impeccability of swy they may even haul off and knock you bowlegged. But question the virtue of the Cup — ask if it is possible that the race might ever be rigged, fixed or thrown — and you hit them so deep in the psyche that they become disorientated.

The initial reaction is one of shocked, slightly bewildered disbelief. "Oh they'd never do *that*," they say . . . but deep in their eyes you can see a naked flicker of terror. The idea that anyone could even *think* such a thing unnerves them.

"Oh *no*," they say, with an attempt at more conviction, "you'd never be able to rig the Melbourne Cup." And what is quite fascinating is that they say it, not with passion, but with enormous, careful gentleness . . . as though even the denial is dangerous, insofar as it suggests the outrageous possibility that such heresy could be conceived in the first place. They say it with eyes averted and faces carefully expressionless . . . like someone trying surreptitiously, but piously, to fart in a cathedral.

The argument seems to be that the rewards and prestige of winning what no less an authority than the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* has been pleased to call "the greatest all age handicap horse race in the world", are such that corruption is unthinkable.

Every owner, trainer, jockey or horse dreams of winning the Melbourne Cup. This is as ultimate an achievement as an American becoming President, a Catholic becoming Pope, or a Kingaroy peanut farmer becoming Joh Bjelke Petersen.

There's no way everyone in the Cup is not trying to win. Everyone's a goer. Every horse is believed to have a chance of winning and every jockey is doing his damnedest to bring this about. This

"He says he wants a real Bloody Mary!"

utopian situation is the sort of thing punters dream about, and is one of the reasons why they clamor on Cup day to be allowed the privilege of thrusting millions of dollars into the reluctant hands of the bookies, the tote, and the TAB.

There has, naturally, always been some slight difference of opinion between the authorities and the smarties as to who should have the right to take the mugs' money. In 1879, for instance, the wallopers lumbered a Collins Street chemist by the felicitous surname of Gamble and charged him with running an illegal totalisator on the Melbourne Cup. The authorities said they were thinking of setting up a tote and that such examples of private enterprise were really not tolerable.

They are sometimes slow thinkers in Melbourne and, in fact, it was not until more than 40 years later (in 1931) that the legal tote became a reality. In the interim, rogues such as old Johnnie Wren did their best to fill a long-felt want with unofficial operations of the kind.

Insistence on the singular purity of the Cup does imply that in other races horses might run dead and jockeys achieve splendid muscular development in forearm and bicep through restraining their nags from any impetuous movement towards the winning post. But this may well be a gross libel on the racing industry, which, one feels sure, must be as moral as any other big business, as scrupulously administered as any solicitor's trust fund, as reliable as the operation of any building society.

Not that it was always so. There have been times — though I know you will find it hard to credit that such wickedness could be — when bookies and jockeys and trainers have joined together in certain arrangements to predetermine the outcome of sporting contests. They discovered that this eliminated a lot of the vulgar business of jostling for position at the winning post and was more profitable for one and all. Save for the punter, of course.

But this was back in the bad old days. The idea that such a thing could happen now is laughable in the extreme. Can you imagine that any of our quietly cultured bookies, honest and unworldly owners, sincere and candid trainers, shy and sensitive jockeys, or ingenuous, laughing roselipped stableboys would possibly do anything to fix a horse race in this day and age?

And not just *any* horse race, but the Melbourne Cup . . . the holy grail itself?

There have been instances where people have apparently tried to change the course of history. They tried to shoot Phar Lap one Cup time. The loyal Tommy Woodcock interposed his own body between the shotgun blast and that of the noble beast. Good dramatic stuff, except that the assassin — if, indeed, he meant to be — could not, as it turned out, have hit a bull in the arse with a bucket of wheat. Neither Woodcock nor Phar Lap was in any way damaged.

No true Australian would really try to nobble a horse in the Cup. But you may notice that every year it is discovered that favored runners are under death threats. Mysterious night prowlers are disturbed in their nefarious business; poisonous substances are found in feed boxes and syringes hidden in the straw. Armed guards are posted . . . fierce dobermans prowl the area.

Obviously, these villains have nothing to do with anyone connected with the racing industry. We have established that people of the horse racing persuasion may rob widows and orphans with aplomb, or rape their old grandmothers with glee . . . but defile the purity of the Melbourne Cup? Good God no! We can only believe that these malignant marauders are agents of the CIA, ASIO, KGB, SMERSH or KAOS. It is undoubtedly part of some evil plot to rule the world.

> Among the better classes it is unfashionable to go to bed at all on Cup eve, and champagne breakfast on the course is considered quite the thing.

I would never do anything to shake this nation's faith in the sanctity of the Melbourne Cup, but I feel it incumbent upon me to point out that there are very few things in this world as immoral as a million dollars. And racing men with seven million dollars are never quite as happy as racing men with eight. Think on it.

In Melbourne a general air of festival prevails at Cup time. In recent years the proletariat have taken to the institution of Cup day brekkie, with beer and snags at the coin-in-the-slot barbecues down on the Yarra bank.

Among the better classes it is unfashionable to go to bed at all on Cup eve; and champagne breakfast on the course while watching the early morning workouts is considered quite the thing. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that by the time the big race actually comes round many of the socially aware are pretty polluted.

There was the widely publicised circumstance of the then Governor-General, S*r J**n K**r, being tired and emotional at the Cup. So much so, indeed, that it seemed to impartial observers he was tending to fall over, and that his speech in presenting the coveted trophy was excellently ambiguous and slurrily irrelevant.

But in fact S*r J**n was, at that, behaving better than many of his peers. Spilled wine, vomit and salaciousness are commonplace of the socially elite on the course.

Breasts floating free of the constraining silk or satin are not unknown, and the better class of chaps frequently forget to zip themselves up after visits to the pissoir. Disgraceful behavior is pretty much the mean, and in truth there are times when scenes of licentiousness and debauchery are such that they seem more fitted for one of those orgies which were so popular under the somewhat morally lax rule of the late emperor Nero of Rome.

To say that sex is an integral part of the Melbourne Cup ritual at Flemington is truism. The combination of money and sweat and animal virility has always been a stimulus to sexuality in many of what is laughingly called the gentle sex.

But in Toorak in particular (and its outstation, Mount Eliza), boredom is the great enemy of sex. Constant variation is needed to keep the whole thing from becoming just a big yawn. And in this regard one can feel nothing but admiration for the charmingly lewd lady who has evolved a special romp for Cup day.

With admirable restraint she indulges in this pleasantry only on this one day of the year.

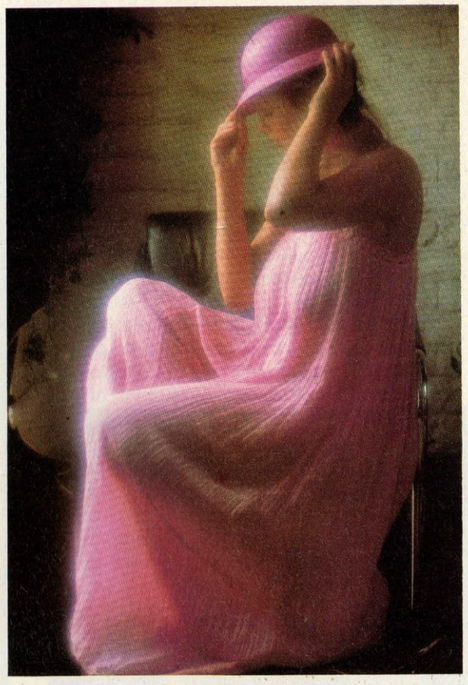
She boasts that in the past 11 years, though she has been on the course at Flemington, she has not seen one running of the Cup . . . and yet she believes she has had the best of it. It is her pretty conceit to play the mare (which of course, in so sacrosanct a place as the back seat of a Rolls, she may do at Flemington with impunity) and to be herself mounted from behind for the great contest.

She is scrupulous in her observance of the ritual. The coupling occurs at the instant the cry goes up: *They're off!* Somewhere around three and a half minutes is likely to be the time, and as the roar of the crowd rises to crescendo she likes a cut on the flank with a riding crop to send her thundering down the straight. The lady claims that in those 11 years she has always passed the post at least a nose ahead of whatever horse has won . . . though there have been times, with a fast track and a tumultuous finish, when it has been a damned close thing.

And that, of course, is what the Melbourne Cup is all about . . . that and the thought that one of these days an Old Rowley may win again — and everyone will fuck him. Once more.

My friends say I have a sweet disposition, though someday the right man might persuade me to be a little bit naughty . . .

JOANNE



SUGAR AND SPICE

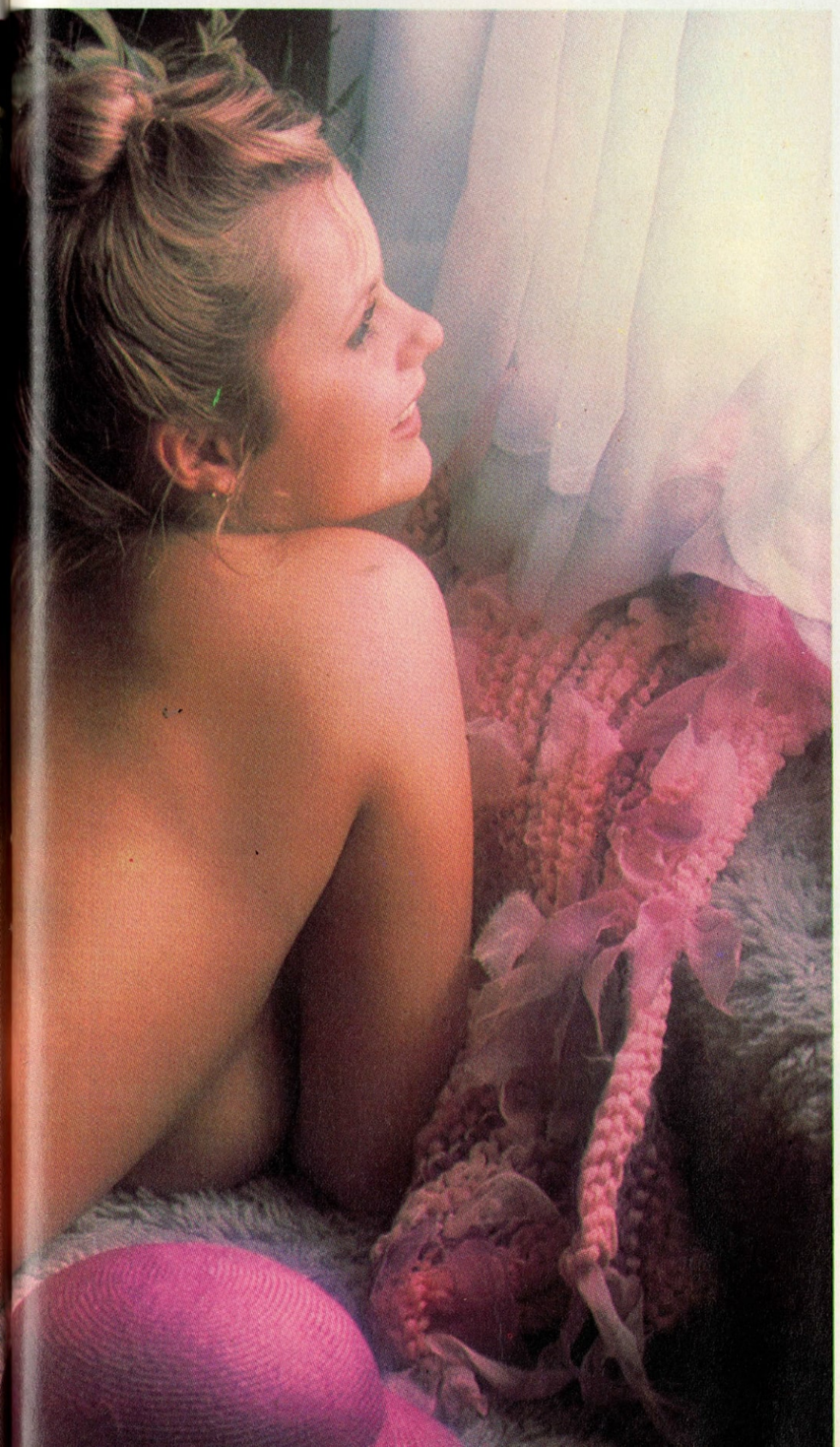
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Is the astonishingly sumptuous Joanne Latham, a grocer's daughter from London, the most beautiful girl in the world? *Penthouse* International publisher Bob Guccione won the battle to photograph her so that you could decide for yourself. "Looking at my figure, I guess you might say I've had more than a little bit of bloomin' luck," says the girl who burst on to the London modelling scene when she was sweet 16. Her elders warned her that fame would change her. "But it hasn't," she says. "My friends say I have a sweet disposition, and I intend to keep it — though someday the right man might persuade me to be a little bit naughty . . ."

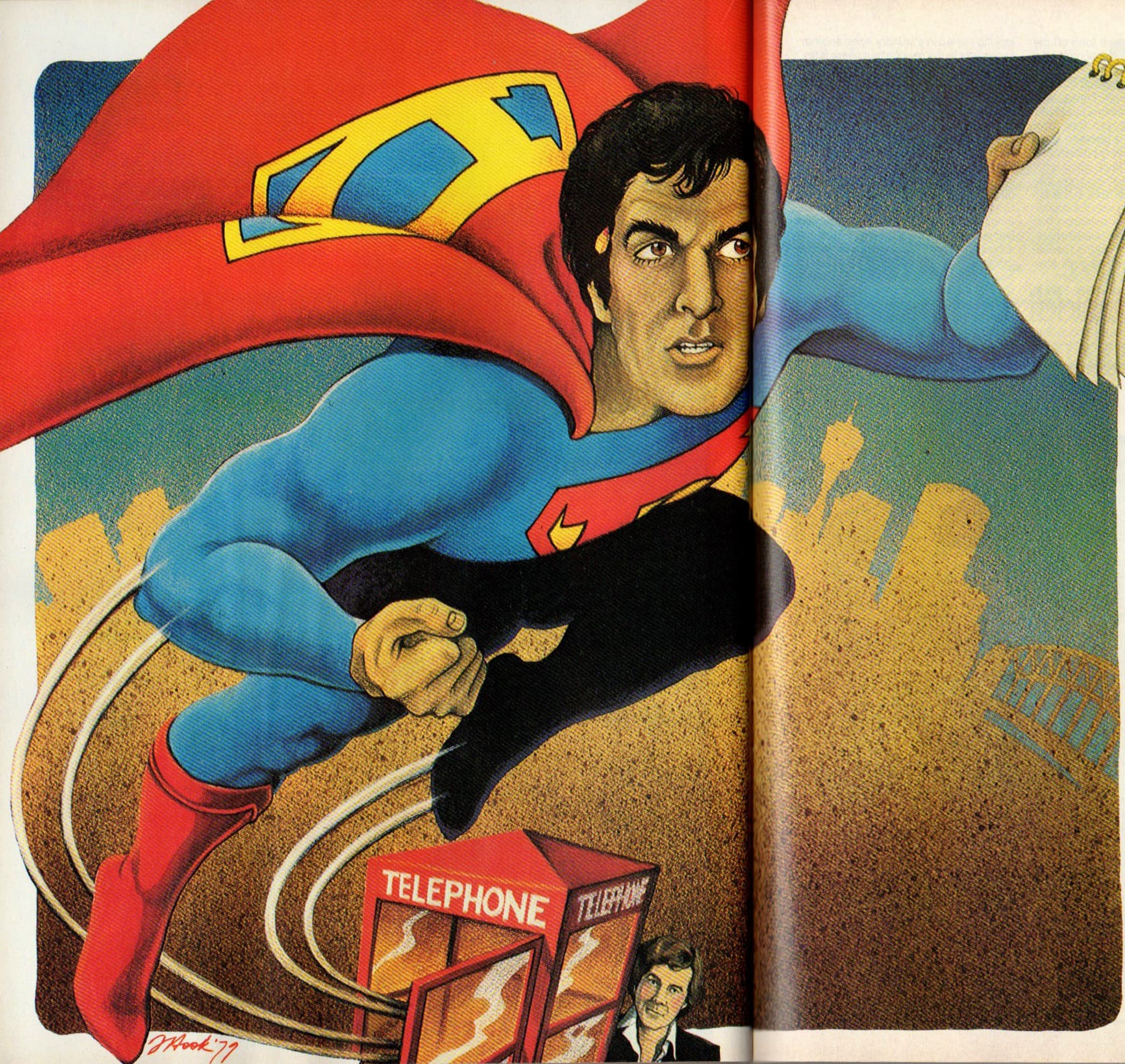
'I love children, and they love me. Perhaps I'm just an overgrown kid myself!'

Ironically, despite her Lolita sexiness, Joanne sees herself as still very young. "I don't have a boyfriend, and I'm still rather naive," she tells us. "Though I wouldn't mind being courted by Ryan O'Neal and have an off-screen Love Story."

"I can't even imagine what it's like to be in love," she admits wistfully. "But someday, in the very far future, I would like to get married and have loads of kids. I love children, and they love me," she says. "Perhaps I'm just an over-grown kid myself!"



Joanne is enjoying her time in New York and is taking in Broadway shows and nights at Studio 54 while she is being groomed to appear in *Flash Gordon,* a multi-million dollar movie being shot by Dino De Laurentiis. And when she has a moment to spare, Joanne wants to travel. "I'd love to sail around the South Seas," she says. "And I'd like to visit Australia and New Zealand — I'm sure I have some relatives there somewhere." We'd love to see you here, too, Joanne. We can guarantee there won't be a shortage of kissing cousins.



There are eight million stories in the Naked City . . . and this is *two* of them.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOYS TAKE ON THE WORLD

BY PETER BRENNAN

The difference between hitting New York with Neal Travis and hitting it with Steve Dunleavy is, in essence, the difference between looking down the neck of a Dom Perignon bottle and up the neck of a gun. I've done both, so I guess it's okay to name-drop.

The real point is that these days both Dunleavy and Travis are names to hit the town with. I mean *names*. Not names like Beatty, Nicholson and Reynolds maybe, but definitely names like Hamill, Breslin and Diamond Jim Brady. What I suddenly have here in my immediate circle are two good ole Sydney boys, who've sunk their worms into the Big 'Apple and pulled out plums. Dunleavy's a media celebrity second to none and Travis is so hot he has to commute to Bermuda to protect his income from Uncle Sam's taxmen.

All this by a couple of high school drop-outs who took on the city they call the coldest, roughest, most competitive diamond-and-concrete jungle known to civilised man; winners in a town that invented the yellow press and the cold shoulder. These boys have not only made good in the Naked City, they've skinned it; financially, journalistically and thoroughly.

Each has leapt the canyon that separates the reporter from the reported. When I say that Neal and his wife Maggie had the mayor over to dinner at their east side apartment, I *do* mean Ed Koch, and when I tell you that a US senator telephoned Dunleavy to help him make contact with Castro, I *do* mean Fidel the Cuban. They get the best tables at the swank Elaine's restaurant and the doormen at Club 21 call them Mr Steve and Mr Neal. Need I say more?

Yes. Because what we have here is a case of two Sydney foot-in-the-door journos breaking through the back window of the best living metropolis of a story since old Rome. Travis cracked the circle of the Select 200 citizens of New York, the socio-politico-amoralo

Illustration by Jo Anne Hook/Tony Dunford Studios

power structure, sniffed their money and their coke, and came away with a story that he turned into a sizzler of a novel called *Manhattan*. Dunleavy pasted his name nationally on bookstands earlier with the uncannily timed paperback, *Elvis — What Happened?* (the book went on sale the day poor Elvis died) and since then has been scooping the arse off the local press literati as reporter-cum-City Editor of Rupert Murdoch's *New York Post*.

Between them they've courted the stony Lady Liberty, raped her and left her smiling across the New York Harbor. The thing about her and them is that all three are still friends, and there's more where that came from. To appreciate this saga of justifiable pillage, you have to look back to—*Steve and Neal, The Early Years.*

NEAL Travis was born 39 years ago in the town of Dunedin, New Zealand, where he left high school to work on a local newspaper. En route to the larger part of his professional grounding in Sydney, he stayed in Papua New Guinea working for a newspaper in which his credits, simultaneously, were given as R. N. Travis (Parliamentary Reporter), Dick Travis (Sports Editor), and Neal Travis (Photographer). He was learning the hustle. By the time he hit Sydney he was ready to score a job as golf writer by reading a book on the game.

When the late, talented *Daily Mirror* editor Zell Rabin passed away, Neal became for a considerable time the tallest flame in Rupert Murdoch's corporate youth movement, ascending to NY correspondent and after two years returning to the editorships of the *Sunday* and *Daily Mirror* and, at one time, becoming editor-in-chief of *The Australian*.

As editor of the *Mirror* in those days, Neal showed he knew more than one way to stroke the lantern. The celebrated Dawn Fraser And The Seaman assault-and-rape case came off the police blotter and, under Australia's libel rules, the papers couldn't use the names of rape victims, alleged or otherwise.

Neal thinks: The opposition *Sun* would splash with something like "Top Swimmer Charges Rape" and leave Dawn's name out of it. He was about to do the same.

Thinks again: With the *Sun* screaming "Rape" and "Top Swimmer" on its posters, he can go another route. He can use the selling power of Dawn Fraser's name provided he doesn't mention the rape charge. So, letting the *Sun* use the dirty word, he postered Dawn's name and carried only the assault aspect of the story. The boy knew how to turn a trick.

Even so, Travis wasn't entirely fulfilled. Having touched her once, he felt beckoned by the Lady in NY Harbor. After a recouperative sojourn on a mountain in New Zealand where he toyed with his first book, he came back to Manhattan as Murdoch's bureau chief. It was to be followed by one of several disagreements with the Australian newspaper publisher that have seen Travis move back and forth off the payroll like a kid playing hopscotch on a hot pavement.

The final — better make that most recent — split came after Travis, with Dunleavy, spent three months putting together Murdoch's proposed *New York Sun* morning tabloid, a project since postponed by union delivery problems. "I still like him a lot," says Travis, which is not that hard to understand, if you know that Murdoch welcomed him back at the top from a brief, tawdry affair with the opposition *National Enquirer*, a defection that might have crippled lesser relationships.

By that time, however, Neal had seduced Manhattan and named his book after her, an episode we will explore later.

STEVE Dunleavy arrived in New York in the mid-Sixties at the time Travis was working here as a correspondent.

"He picked me off the street and dusted me down," swears Dunleavy. "I came here in 1966 with $7 and had to live in all-night coffee-shops for a week until I could find work. Neal fixed me with some casual and I scored a job with UPI. You don't forget a guy for that." But that wasn't the beginning of the Dunleavy story, more like the beginning of a happy ending.

> Steve once slashed the tyres of his Dad's car in order to beat him to the scene of a big crime story.

Dunleavy's real beginning was the Sydney police rounds in the days when the *Mirror's* Bill Jenkings was carving his own legend. Like Bill, Steve is a Bondi boy and still gets nostalgic about saddle-stitching, wide shoulders and peg legs. (To this day he refuses to have his Yves St Laurent suits without cuffs or wider than 35cm at the ankle.) In those early days Steve's reputation ran second to his father's, Steve Senior, who ranked with the greats of Sydney news cameramen. Because Steve Sr worked for the *Sun*, Steve Jr took a job at the *Mirror* and between them they created the kind of memorable stories of newspaper rivalry that made New York famous in the 1890s.

A ripened reporter at 16, Steve once slashed the tyres of his Dad's car in order to beat him to the scene of a big crime story. His old man returned the favor by locking the lad in a laundry when another scoop was in the making four years later.

Even then it was apparent that before this boy was through, he would be the subject of many party cocktales. One such avers that while on the midnight to dawn police shift, Dunleavy so shocked an early-start copyboy the lad never quite recovered. The bleary-eyed boy came on duty and walked into the police radio room to the apparition of the senior reporter on duty attempting to roll his cock around the cylinder of an office typewriter. It was an ambition of pure folly, especially for Dunleavy, considering the enormity of the subject matter. "Just testing before the other reporters got in, mate," he explains now. "Figured if there was a way of doing it I'd take one of them for a 20."

The father-son competition was about even by the time Steve quit Sydney for Hong Kong at the age of 20, and thereafter for nine years he worked on a succession of newspapers throughout Asia — mixing his trade with such sidelines as managing a nightclub — and left behind everywhere a reputation for travelling at a hundred miles an hour in both work and play. He bears the scars of a drunken night in an Athens bar from the time two US Marines challenged him to an arm-wrestling competition. The challenge degenerated with booze into a real sado-macho match of withstanding cigarettes stubbed on the back of the hand.

Between them they racked up a total of nine permanent scars apiece. "Dumb," Dunleavy concedes, but anyone who knows him knows that if the Marines showed up and challenged him tomorrow, he wouldn't let himself be beaten. "I came away with $200," he says. Somewhere during those years he managed to get himself deported from Japan, but he thinks they've forgiven him by now.

In Madrid he co-founded the *Spanish Daily News* with the late Sydney journalist, Roger East, only to have it taken from under them by the government and be renamed the *Daily Iberian*. Then on to the Bahamas "fooling around", and up to New York. The US *Rolling Stone* magazine recently summed up that part of Steve's life with: "His attitude of self-assurance says that he's seen about all there is to see, from Sydney to Tokyo to Milan to New York." They missed the point. Steve didn't see it, he did it.

It's now March 21, 1970 and I'm looking out the 34th-floor window of a room at the New York Hilton while a foot of snow blankets this Sunday in Manhattan. I've just arrived from Australia, sent as correspondent by the editor-in-chief, Neal Travis, who's gone all managerial in the Sydney operation. The other reporter working under bureau chief Ray Kerrison in New York is a guy I've heard of from Sydney's earlier days. His name is Steve Dunleavy and for 38 people back home I

Adam's Ads

Scalding hot soups, sausage stabbers and sizzling steaks make many buckle, sag and droop.

The variable-speed nipple. won't buckle, dribble, sag, drip or droop.

have to be sure to buy him a beer. By 2am Monday I guessed I'd bought him two for each of them.

So I sat about *this* close to Dunleavy across a desk in a confined correspondents' office in the *NY Daily News* building and, trying to pretend I could keep pace with both his work and drink loads, I learned then why *Newsweek* magazine would later call him "Mr Blood And Guts" and the so-called names of New York journalism would one day be left with protests and tears over spilt scoops. In those days Dunleavy was scooping the country regularly for London and Sydney, and no one here had to contend with it. When Murdoch moved into the US and Dunleavy had a vehicle, it was only a matter of time before they had to confront his presence.

They didn't have to answer for the fact that Dunleavy got the best story on Ted Kennedy's Chappaquiddick by wining, dining and romancing "boiler-room girl" Rosemary Keough into a world exclusive interview, regarding "that party". Only Rosemary was outraged when her words wound up in print in London's *News Of The World* and figured Steve didn't still love her in the morning. She was quite wrong in this, for Steve loves nobody more than the source of a good beat.

The American competition didn't have to answer either for Dunleavy's exclusives on the Manson murders in those days. With $10,000 in cash in his jeans, he wandered on to the family ranch in Death Valley and bought up Squeaky Fromme, among others, for the most detailed series on the cult and its involvement in the Sharon Tate killings. ("No, I didn't get involved with her, mate. They were crazy, Jesus.")

Pretty soon after I arrived the cocktale circuit widened to envelop New York. Betty Frieden and her Women's Lib pioneers were loud and spunky then. One group decided to put male reporters in their place by holding a press conference at which the entry requirement for men was that they had to dip their malehoods in ink and make an imprint on the guestbook. No one would do it, of course, but the girls saw it as a perfect symbolic protest against the likes of *Penthouse* and *Playboy* centrefold auditions. Did somebody say challenge?

For Dunleavy, an invitation like that was like asking Arnold Schwarznegger to flex his bicep. Proudly he walked to the head of the line, flopped it over the back of a chair and asked: "Where's the ink?" The story wasn't much, but it was exclusive.

Sitting that close to Steve for that long I picked up a few more Dunleavy Wisdoms: when in the wrong never give the truth as an excuse even if it's more forgiveable than the lie; never lie yourself when you can get a colleague to do it — later you can deny it and make an arsehole of your friend; if Dunleavy stops talking for more than 13 seconds in a bar, DUCK — some guy behind you is about to go down.

None of this is to say that Steve is in any way irresponsible or ungrateful. What's his is yours. Nor is he too hair-triggered not to know when to pull back. At a bar called My House one night, two very large guys started flexing muscles and mouths to the point where I was getting ready to execute the customary duck and, considering honor, even fall in the direction of these two goalposts. But Steve stopped.

I turned cautiously to discover that we each had our own .44 barrel to look up. In those situations Dunleavy reverts to plan P — get them pissed — and by mid-morning we learned that our mates were the coach and top player from a southern professional basketball team. "Great guys," I heard Dunleavy describe them seriously to somebody the next day.

It was toward the end of my first stay in New York that I went with Steve for a drink with the visiting Neal and Maggie Travis, on leave from his Sydney managerial post and by now very itchy for a second bite at the Big Apple. I remember his words distinctly. "This is the city," he said, wistful about the necessity of his return to Sydney. "This is the place where, if you're going to do anything, it's worth doing. We're coming back!"

> If Dunleavy stops talking for more than 13 seconds in a bar, DUCK — some guy behind you is about to go down.

It was also during that period that Dunleavy went through his dress rehearsal for the eventual best-seller, *Elvis — What Happened*? It wasn't Presley who would be the subject of his book, but Albert DeSalvo, otherwise universally recognised as the Boston Strangler. For a whole month of vacation (they are the only kind he takes) Steve interviewed DeSalvo in his cell and at the medical wing of Walpole State Prison in Massachusetts. He got a wonderful newspaper series out of it and enough tapes to write two books on the strangler. As with Elvis, Albert came to a sudden, untimely — and in Albert's case, bloody — end in jail as Steve was wrapping up his first draft. I was heading back to Sydney at the time and when I heard the news about DeSalvo I recall thinking how unlucky for Albert, but fortunate for Steve.

Actually it was unfortunate for both, because Gerold Frank stepped forward with lawyers to remind everyone that he had exclusive rights to the DeSalvo story and would anybody like to meet him in court? Dunleavy doesn't like or grasp anything so drawn out, it's not in his nature, so he let it ride.

Travis and I more or less crossed over the Pacific, he back to New York and I back to Sydney for a couple of years. From 19,000km there were no echoes of either Steve or Neal making big noises of the kind that would come after I returned in 1975. By then, Travis had quit Murdoch and Dunleavy was on the national weekly, *The Star*. We were making a buck, enjoying a drink and happy to be in New York.

About the only departure from the norm was a little paperback Dunleavy and I briefly sweated out over a couple of boozy weekends, *Those Wild, Wild, Kennedy Boys*, from which the last royalty statement claimed *we* owed the publisher $1653.64. ("Argh, ignore it mate. It's just their little joke.")

But Neal was on his own, freelancing, doing his stint on the *Enquirer*, thinking about his future. By 1976 we both were working on books and getting Dunleavy in the mood to do the same. Toward the end of that year Steve read that Elvis had sacked his three bodyguards. "I figured they'd be pissed off and be ready to tell the truth," he says. "So I went after them." And he got them — for a reported five-figure sum — for a series and an as-told-to book which Murdoch sold to Ballantine. The rest is publishing history. Elvis died in August 1977 on the day *Elvis — What Happened*? reached the bookstalls, jolting it immediately to the top of the best-seller lists where it stayed for weeks while the rest of the industry tried to catch up. Its last reported sale was around 3.5 to 4 million, putting it in the same league with the other Dunleavy runaway hit, *The Happy Hooker*.

"Hooker" was written by Steve's former wife, Yvonne, another Sydney journalist whose success in New York has been widely covered in the past decade. She followed that book with the sensational Elizabeth Ray sex-in-politics scandal.

The Elvis success didn't make Steve rich (Murdoch owned it, Steve says they've settled amicably) but it made him a national talkshow natural, and Dunleavy on television is almost as entertaining as Dunleavy in a bar. Suddenly he was a name. Not rich and powerful, but a name. He had to put off many requested appearances after a while because it was interfering with his real work. ("Reporting is my heroin — that's where I get my kicks.")

By then Murdoch had bought the *NY Post* and Dunleavy had a chance to match himself against the city that was supposed to breed the best. And doors were beginning to open . . .

The other end of the Dunleavy legend continued to grow during the great New York blizzard of January 1978. Outside Elaine's at 2am, a pair of feet protruded from a 2m snow drift piled high over the footpath.

Exactly what Dunleavy was doing in all that snow and freezing temperature at that time of morning is still a matter of unkind conjecture. One story has it that another pair of feet wearing high-heel shoes were protruding between Dunleavy's at the same time. Another story said Steve was jotting down notes from an interview he'd just done inside. But blowjob or snow-job, Steve on this day was in the wrong place, at the wrong time. A VW van picked him up by the ankles and took him to hospital, from which he emerged with a metal pin and a temporary limp, but reputation intact.

Travis's book had progressed only as far as he wanted to write it and, just when the Dunleavy success had given us all heart, Neal succumbed to the temptation of taking part in the excitement of turning the struggling *Post* into a winner. A reunion with his old employer resulted in him starting off a classy gossip column called, and on, Page Six.

Because his beat became that of the Select 200 who govern, own and run the empire called New York City, Travis began spending his nights at Club 21, Elaine's, Studio 54, and his summers with *noms celebres* at places like South Hampton on Long Island. These people weren't just beautiful and powerful and rich and fascinating, they were one hell of a good story. While they were coloring his nights, Neal was seeing the practical aspects of the power game at first hand while his boss, Murdoch, did battle to win control of *New York Magazine* in one of the toughest publishing take-over epics of modern times. When he let the two sides of his life merge into one piece of fiction, he knew he had his book, at last.

He wrote 20,000 words during a three-week vacation, gave it to an agent to test the waters and waited to learn if he was on the right track. Meanwhile, he kept up appearances at the right cocktail parties that provided such important and spicy bits for Page Six. At one of them he clinked champagne classes with Victor Temkin, president of Berkley Publishing. It only needs to be said of Temkin that he would have felt at home in Sydney newspapers in the Fifties.

"Why don't you write a book?" tokened Temkin as he sipped with the columnist by now referred to by his friends as Madame.

"I have," said Neal.

"Let's see it," said Temkin.

"At 21," said Neal. "Tomorrow."

"Lunch then," said Temkin.

The advance figure reached $35,000 over dessert and the deal was set on a book which Travis says Temkin hasn't read to this day. In the following months Berkley engineered a "backwards" deal, selling hardcover rights to Crown Publishers who grabbed *Manhattan* as an east coast sequel to its hugely successful *Scruples* by Judith Krantz. From Crown Berkley waived hard cash in exchange for guarantees that Crown would print 75,000 copies first up and put up half of a $75,000 promotional budget. Madame was heading for the best-seller list. Crown had orders for 62,000 before they'd finished the print run and Neal was gearing up for a national publicity tour . . .

Meanwhile, Stephen Francis Patrick Aloysius Dunleavy, reporter, had his angry finger on the pulse of Gotham. It had become a Gotham outraged and panicked by a monster who called himself Son of Sam, a man with a .44 calibre gun who went around shooting young girls with long dark hair. It was building as the biggest crime story for a decade, maybe bigger than the Boston Strangler. Better late than never, Dunleavy was assigned to cover it.

The opposition *Daily News'* columnist Jimmy Breslin had been slaughtering the *Post* for days and Son of Sam had even begun writing letters to him. The *Post* was getting beaten on the greatest tabloid story for years until somebody decided it was time . . . and the order came down: "Take the chains off Dunleavy."

Jarring all the sensibilities of the self-respecting local media princes, Dunleavy

"Christopher, I want to take back all those nasty things I've said these six months about your 'rotten seamanship'. I'm actually beginning to LIKE you!"

and Breslin day-after-day claimed Sam proudly as their own, going for the readers' hearts, for each other's throat. They'd reached an informal draw before Sam struck for the last time and, inevitably, Steve was to win in overtime.

Stacy Moskowitz and Robert Violante were shot through the window of their parked car near Coney Island about two on a Sunday morning. Dunleavy was at a party at cartoonist Paul Rigby's home. Breslin was at home in Queens. Dunleavy — and presumably Breslin — got a tip from a tame cop at police headquarters and he took several deep breaths to sober himself up.

"I gambled. I knew there'd been a lot of shots fired and I gambled there'd probably been a head wound. The nearest hospital was Coney Island, but I knew it wasn't equipped to deal with head wounds. I gambled that they'd be taken further, to Kings County Hospital. I went there and it paid off."

It paid off and pissed off every other newspaper, television and radio reporter assigned to the story. By the time Breslin and everyone else got to Kings County, Dunleavy and the Moskowitzes and Violantes were communal in their grief — and Steve righteously hid them away and protected them in a secluded room of the hospital while doctors worked to save their children's lives.

And so the double-page epic the next morning, began: "For 13½ hours a *Post* reporter stood at the side of four courageous people in a painful and often stirring vigil — praying, talking about God and swearing at an unknown madman who . . ." You get the picture.

With this, Dunleavy had match point. He later wrapped it up when Son of Sam was caught. Breslin unfortunately was on vacation on Long Island that day and ran second to the scene. He obviously ignored or hadn't heard of the old Dunleavy adage that reporters don't take holidays.

For his role in "brutally sensationalising" the horrible story, Dunleavy was again beckoned to national television exposure, a chore he relished. I recall him asking of an offended civil rights lawyer: "What the hell are you doing on this show anyway? If it was up to you the guy would still be running around with a gun in his hand."

The guy went into a state of shock. In the US journalism has become a *profession* and it's not nice to talk like that.

With adrenalin almost giving him nosebleed now, Dunleavy set off on a series of scoops which saw Breslin revert to "think" columns on characters in his Queens bar and serious media types bury their pens into the heady affairs of Washington and the city politik. His by-the-way successes included getting pissed with Fidel Castro at 4am in Havana and bribing the switchgirl at the press hotel not to get lines for the *NY Times* and *Daily News* reporters in town.

He cornered financial fugitive Robert Vesco in Costa Rica for a first-ever exclusive and landed in Athens on a hunch when he got a tip Ted Kennedy was there. He'd guessed right that Kennedy was in Greece to negotiate on behalf of Jackie O for her share of the Onassis estate. ("Love it, boyo, Love it.")

As hoped, Travis's *Manhattan* had hit *The New York Times'* best-seller list and Neal was tripping from city to city to squeeze it for every print and broadcast plug he could pull. But Madame was no economy flier; if he'd learned anything from the cocktail set, it was that when you aim for the top with something like this, you keep everything first class. He had friends to help him.

Steve Rubell, an otherwise shrewd, offensive little snot who part-owns the celebrated Studio 54, came good with a special "Publishing Party", complete with decalled curtains spelling out *Manhattan* as they unfolded. Name guests showed up to wish Neal well. Catherine Deneuve lent her presence. But without time for hangovers to settle, Travis and Maggie were flying to the West Coast where Muriel and Burt Slatkin, proprietors of *the* Beverly Hills Hotel, threw him a bash at *the* famed Polo Lounge. Then back to Manhattan for Club 21 and, never to omit, Elaine's. Glossy publicity packets were distributed through the land and the back jacket photo of Travis, author, was carefully sculptured; cocky, debonair, the cigarette in his fingers telling the world where it can get.

> The back jacket photo of Travis, author, was carefully sculptured; cocky debonair, the cigarette in his fingers telling the world where it can get.

"It's a cynical and worldly photo," admits Neal, "but it goes along with the whole package. We're selling an image." Indeed, while Dunleavy has shown the cradle of yellow journalism more than it's forgotten, Travis has given Madison Avenue a prototype lesson in how to hype a book.

The high point of Travis's plunder of media gullibility came during an interview he did with a columnist for the off-off mainstream, *Soho Weekly News*. A lot of New York gays read Doug Ireland's column. A lot of book-buying gays. So out it comes one day when we're least expecting it and there's Neal, talking up a bent storm about his own affinity with the homosexual character, Jamie, who happens to write a gossip column in the fictional magazine, Manhattan, of the book's title.

"The reason I wrote the character that way is that I want there to be an atmosphere of acceptance for homosexuals and there isn't," Neal tells him. "Men still think they're warriors, so we can't understand who we are and why we love. Men treat life like some goddamn Viking ship on which we might sail.

"And Anita Bryant is beyond belief. What makes her think her orange is better than my apple? Why do (columnists) insist on saying I'm heterosexual? Why is it so important? You know, I would like to be part of that oppressed minority so I could belong to the very articulate Gay Liberation Movement." When I read it, I thought, great stuff. But Neal had barely warmed. Came the big one.

"My first homosexual experience was with a bloke I used to call Bill the Bummer. I was a sassy little 14-year-old and I rode around on the back of Bill's BSA 500 all over New Zealand for two weeks. It was all very casual and, like most kids at that age I was experimenting. It was just sex and it felt good and since there are a lot more important things in this world to worry about, I've never had any hang-up about it."

Even though I'd been party to, and thought I knew, the game I had to confess that Travis had me there. I couldn't wait to see him at lunch the next day at a place on Third Avenue called the Fleet Street. "Christ," I commented.

"Yeah, great wasn't it," he said, then quickly got to the numbers. "I found out that about 40,000 gays read that column every week and listen, when word-of-mouth travels in that community they get behind something. Do you know how many gays there are in this country altogether? There's a whole market out there that . . ."

The conversation drifted on through a few beers and eventually Dunleavy wandered in, gave him a light kiss on the cheek and we settled into talk about what ideas were around for upcoming books.

Dunleavy has a deal set with Simon & Shuster for a first novel called *The Very First Lady*, which probably means someone in the White House is about to die, and Travis is working on a Newport-set novel called *Summer People*. It's a story that takes place during the running of the America's Cup and has a lot of sex and money and power in it. They both sounded great to me.

"Listen," Travis said on the way out, "how many yachties you reckon there are in this country?"

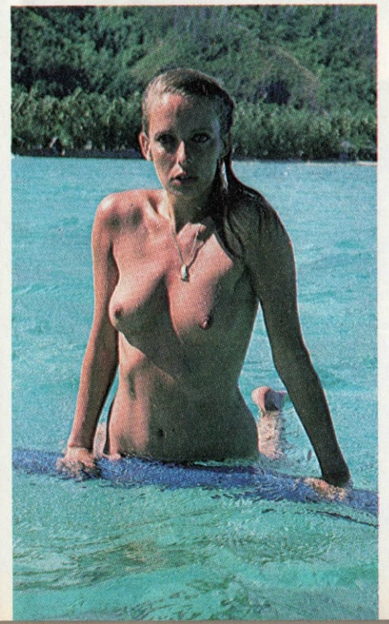
JULIE

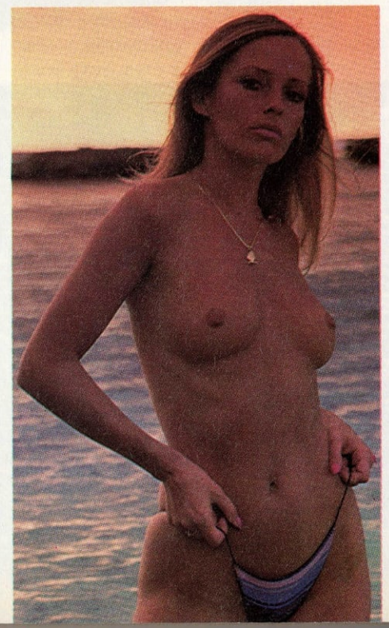
"I love my life. I love everything that makes me feel fulfilled as a woman."

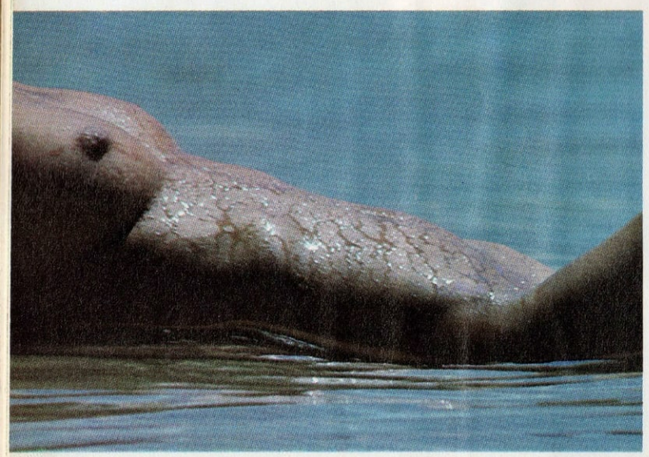
PHOTOGRAPHED IN TAHITI
BY PETER CARRETTE

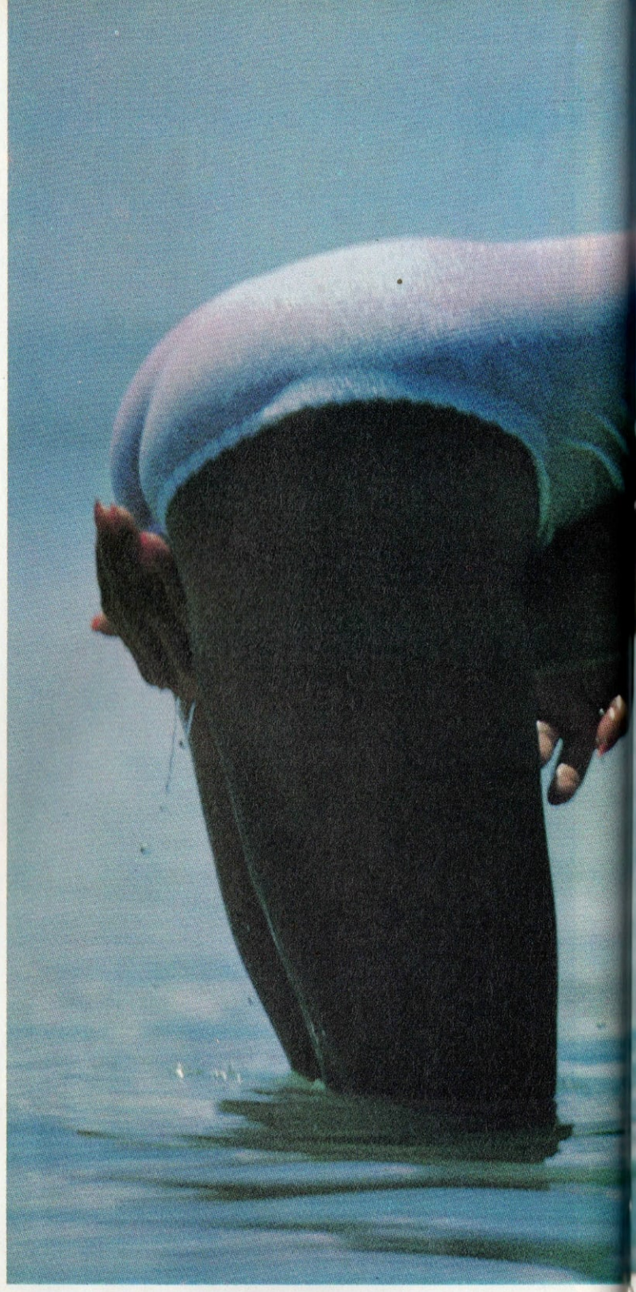
SUN, WIND AND SURF

She's a child of the sun and the sea — but no matter where our water nymph goes, her heart belongs to Australia. "There is something really mystical about the ocean — about the way it makes you feel while it caresses your naked body," says Julie Press, our Pet of the Month. Who better to enjoy the hot, tropical days, crystal waters and balmy, perfumed nights of Tahiti? "I didn't need an alarm clock," she says. "Somehow my body knew that the sun was playing off the water, and I just had to be there when it did."



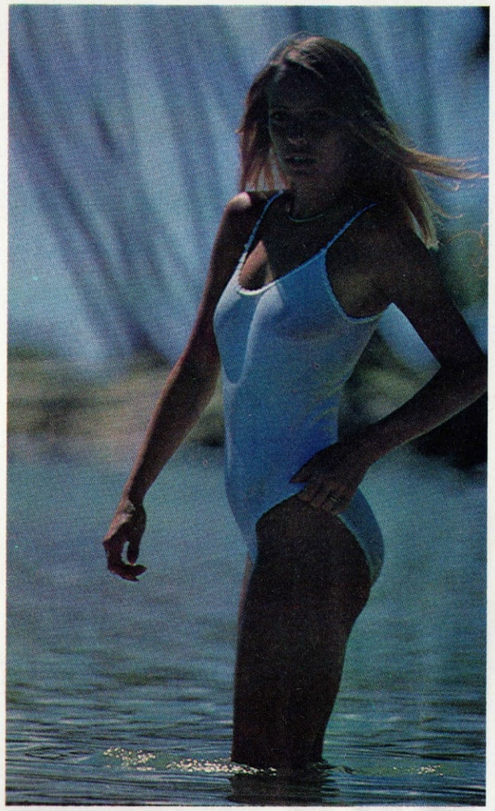


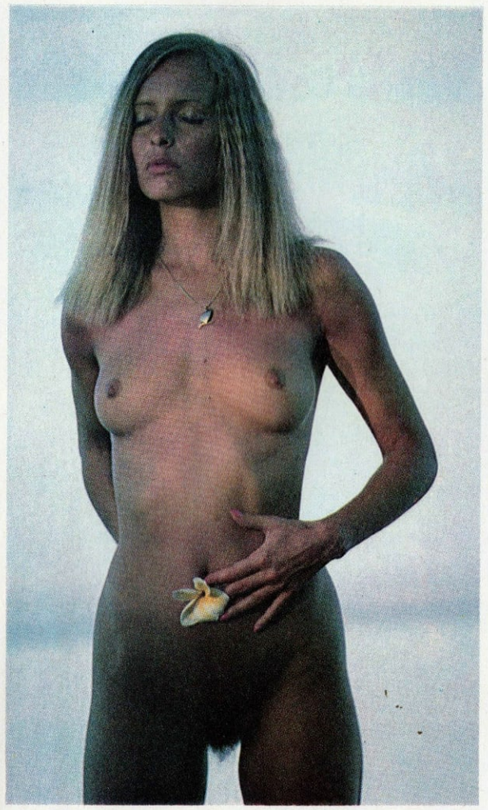




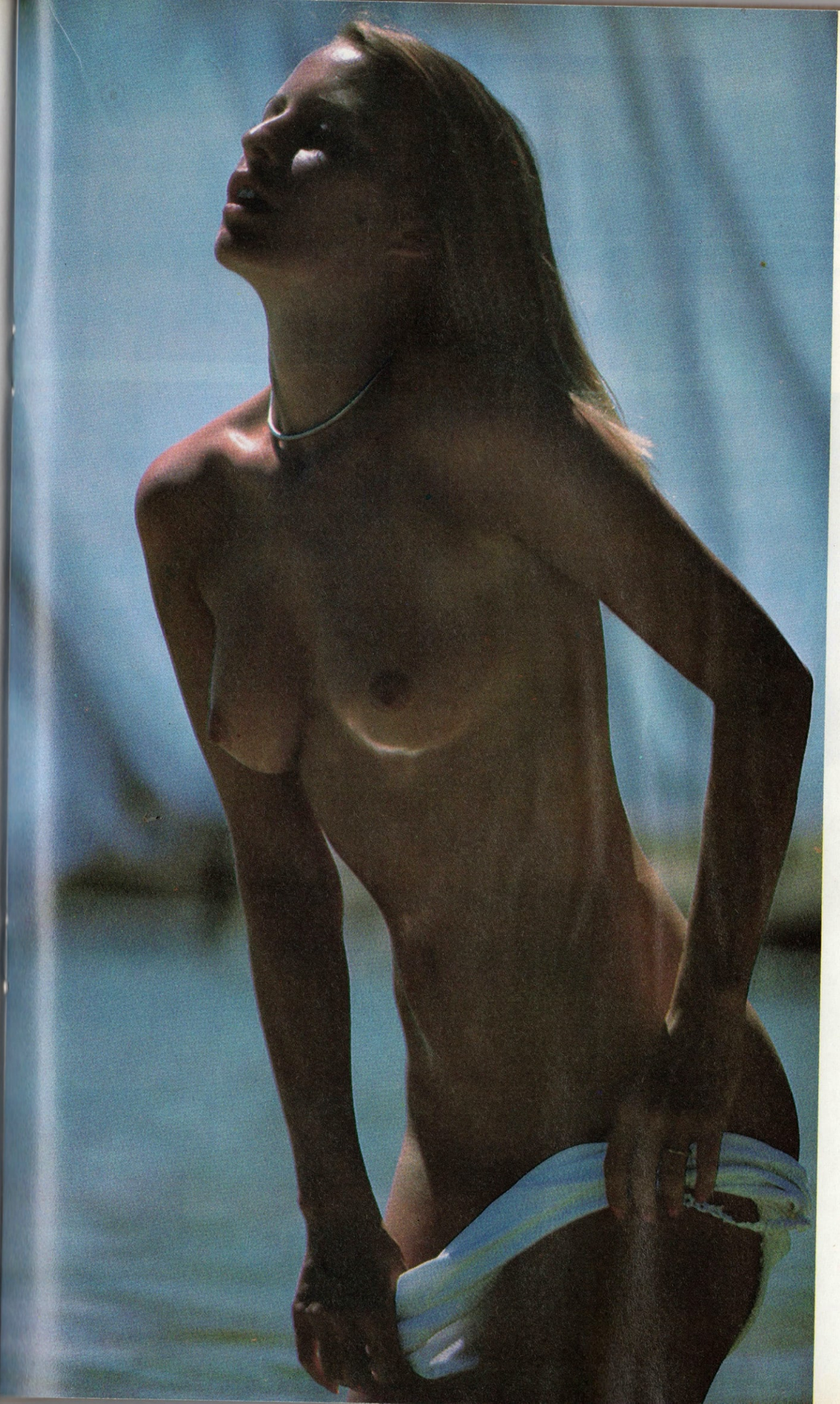
Julie flourished on the island of pale beige beaches skirting lush forests and heady tropical flowers, but the water consumed her attention. "The sea was the birthplace of Venus," she reminds us. "How can you be there without thinking about love? The land itself urges you to love." Julie glows with the pleasures that come from being totally at peace with nature. "I love my life," she says. "I love making love — I love everything that makes me feel fulfilled as a woman."

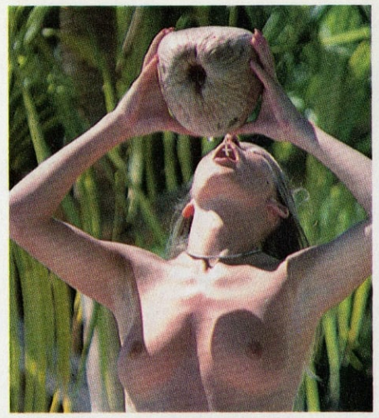
"There is something mystical about the ocean . . . about the way it makes you feel."





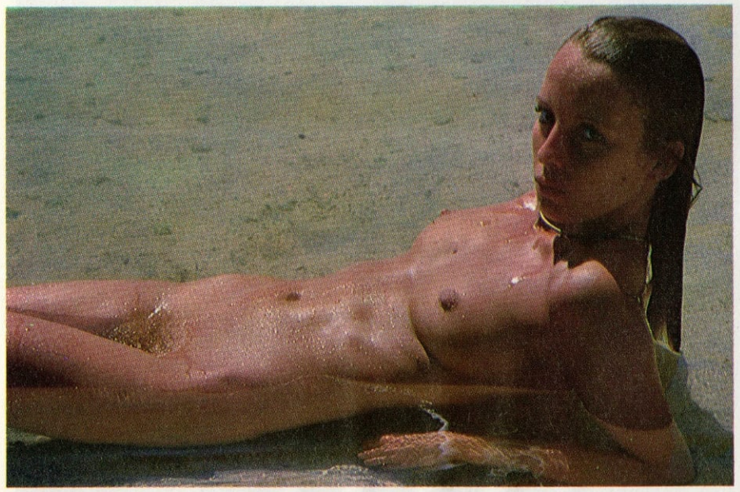
"The land itself urges you to love."





Tall, tanned windsurfers turn me on.

We found Julie in Sydney and our photographer Peter Carrette took her to Club Mediterranee in Tahiti for our picture sessions. But adventures in paradise can't last forever, and Julie has work to do and places to see all over the world. And she'll always come home to Australia when she can for our sun and our sea and our tall, tanned windsurfers. "They turn me on," she says, "because a beautiful man who can windsurf understands the complexities of the ocean, and so he understands me."



MISS JULIE PRESS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Mexico. Land of the legendary Black Russian, Brown

While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead.

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another supernatural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of the East.

Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Cow and Bandit.

The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.

The Bandit

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Bandidos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

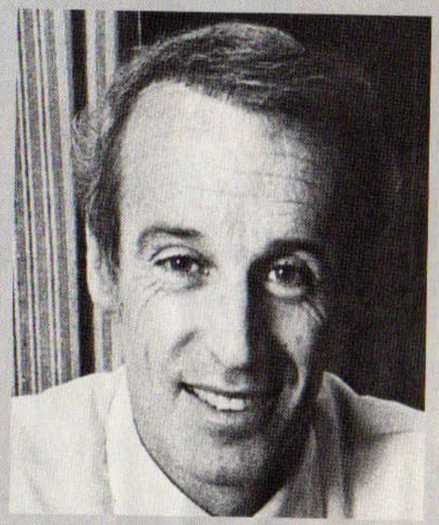
But if legend suggests that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.

GREY 10666

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY BOB ANSETT

The author is managing director of Budget Rent-A-Car Pty Ltd. He is a son of Sir Reginald Ansett, founder of Ansett Transport Industries which controls the Avis Rent-A-Car organisation.

DEREGULATE THE ARROGANT AIRLINE SYSTEM

The Australian Government's two-airline policy is a relic of the past; an anachronism of our modern society. Over the years it has enabled Ansett Transport Industries to expand into a conglomerate acquiring a TV station, a finance company, rental cars, hotels, buslines, trucking concerns, Barrier Reef islands, manufacturing companies and a substantial shareholding in Bic pens, Diners Club and others.

The question that begs to be answered is how much has the captive Australian air traveller contributed toward the acquisition of these enterprises and, in some instances, the subsidisation of them?

Instead of propping up some unprofitable subsidiaries, the airlines would be far better directing their energies towards finding more efficient ways of running their airlines and passing the benefit on to the consumer through lower air fares and introducing innovative new, services and marketing techniques — something sadly missing from our two domestic airlines.

It can well be argued that my comments are tempered by a self interest, and I would be the last to deny this fact. Of that, more later. First, let's look back at *why* we have this outdated two-airline agreement. It had its origin in the early 1950s, during a period of instability in the country's aviation industry. The policy was largely influenced by the unique situation of a private enterprise airline competing against one owned by the Government. The need for rationalisation was to ensure the Government-owned airline did not gain an unfair competitive advantage over the private company through discounting air fares, having larger carrying capacity and being able to spend greater sums of money on advertising. In other words, the policy was employed to restrict the Government-owned airline from indulging in excesses in gaining an unfair advantage that could ultimately end in the demise of the privately-owned carrier. Arguably, it may well have been an appropriate policy in the Fifties, and perhaps even the Sixties. But now, and certainly in the future, this agreement is a thorough anachronism.

Because the Airline Agreement Act, the instrument that empowers the two-airline policy, is an Act of Parliament, Ansett and TAA are exempt from many laws affecting most other commercial enterprises and, in particular, the Trade Practices Act. As a consequence, the airlines, having operated in a competitive vacuum for so many years, have adopted a position of arrogance toward the community generally. I have mentioned Ansett's field of interests, and it is worth noting that TAA's charter was broadened by the Labor Government to enable them to compete with Ansett in travel-related industries. They have acquired shareholdings in a Barrier Reef island, buslines and, recently, the Hertz rent-a-car company. One might ask what justification there is for the Government to be, in effect, in the car rental industry, or propping it up at the expense of the air traveller.

The basic problem of the policy is that there is no incentive to be efficient. Costs are merely passed on to the traveller, yet both airlines are crying over low growth factors which are having an adverse affect on the industry. Understandable.

Ansett and TAA should be investing in more efficient wide-bodied aircraft instead of buying car rental companies. It is not as though this country is deficient in car rental services which could have perhaps justified an acquisition by the airlines. The collusiveness that exists between the two airlines would not be tolerated in any other industry. Their high-handed attitude toward the travel industry is an example.

Failure to consider increasing commission on point-to-point air fares is an example, as is their failure to provide tour basing fares to wholesalers, enabling the airlines to monopolise domestic travel packages. We have recently been exposed to another example of the airlines' arrogance when a direct Melbourne/Devonport service was offered by Bizjets, a third-level airline using a 20-seat passenger aircraft, the reaction was to *reduce* air fares in an effort to retard the growth of this newcomer. Several weeks later, Ansett and TAA applied for a general 10 percent across-the-board air fare increase, which they got, but the Melbourne/Devonport route was exempted. If this is not an example of arrogance and lack of sensitivity toward the Government and the community in general, I don't know what is.

Parallel scheduling, identical price structures, Tweedledee and Tweedledum cabin service, and even the similarity of advertising leads one today to ask why we have two airlines. Surely, if we're not to have competition between the two, we would be better served by having simply one airline and not costly duplication of running parallel services.

I am not advocating there be one airline. To the contrary, I want to see deregulation of the Australian domestic airlines. If this means selling TAA to private enterprise, then so be it. If our tourist industry is to expand, and the aviation industry in this country is to expand, meaningful competition must be introduced into the stagnated industry either as a third airline (the performance of Bizjets in Tasmania shows the impact of even limited competition) or total deregulation.

Thought must also be given to a rationalisation of current equipment being used not only by Ansett and TAA, but also Qantas. At a time of diminishing world energy supplies, it is ludicrous that Qantas flies near-empty 747s across this continent, prevented from picking up passengers on one side and delivering them to the other. Surely a more efficient way would be to pool equipment, enabling Qantas to use Ansett and TAA's 727s for short-haul services and, at the same time, allow Ansett and TAA to utilise 747s for high traffic routes between say Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane. Passengers taken on in Perth could be delivered to Melbourne or Sydney on a Qantas aircraft but processed through Ansett or TAA.

One of the frightening aspects of the present policy is the five-year notice of termination requirement. In other words, if the Minister for Transport were to decide today that the two-airline policy was to cease and meaningful competition introduced into the industry, it would take five years from day of notice before changes could be implemented. That is, unless the two airlines agree to the changes. So far there has been little indication that the airlines, particularly Ansett, are prepared to consider any form of deregulation. And why should they when they have a licence to print money? I just wonder what other industries could absorb the crash of a finance company costing them almost $20 million without incurring some major form of indigestion. Of course most other industries do not have their profits legislated by an Act of Parliament.

As I said, my comments are tempered by a self interest. Because of the two-airline policy, my company today is, in effect, competing against the airlines, which makes life difficult when you consider the major car rental market is airports and air travellers. With the airlines having a captive market, obviously they have the power to influence their customers to use their in-house subsidiary. To my knowledge, no other Western country with a semblance of anti-trust legislation would permit such a blatant act of monopolisation.

The deregulation of our domestic airlines would make an enormous contribution toward the reduction of travel costs within Australia. Irrespective of all the arguments put forward by the airlines as to why air fares are so high, the fact remains that competition changes that rationale. For example, in the United States, for many years, the airlines fought with fervor against deregulation to find that when it inevitably arrived they achieved an enormous growth, not only in gross turnover but also in profitability. Today, you can travel from Los Angeles to San Francisco for $31.00 economy, compared with Melbourne/Sydney $65.30, an almost identical distance. United Airlines have just applied for a $108.00 air fair from New York to Los Angeles, compared with our rather similar distance, Melbourne to Perth for $205.70.

No matter what arguments are put up by the airlines, competition invariably induces efficiency, and that is sadly lacking in Australian airlines. Efficiency brings about innovation, which ultimately results in lower costs. It's about time someone took into account the interests of air travellers and stopped worrying about the interests of our two very privileged airlines.

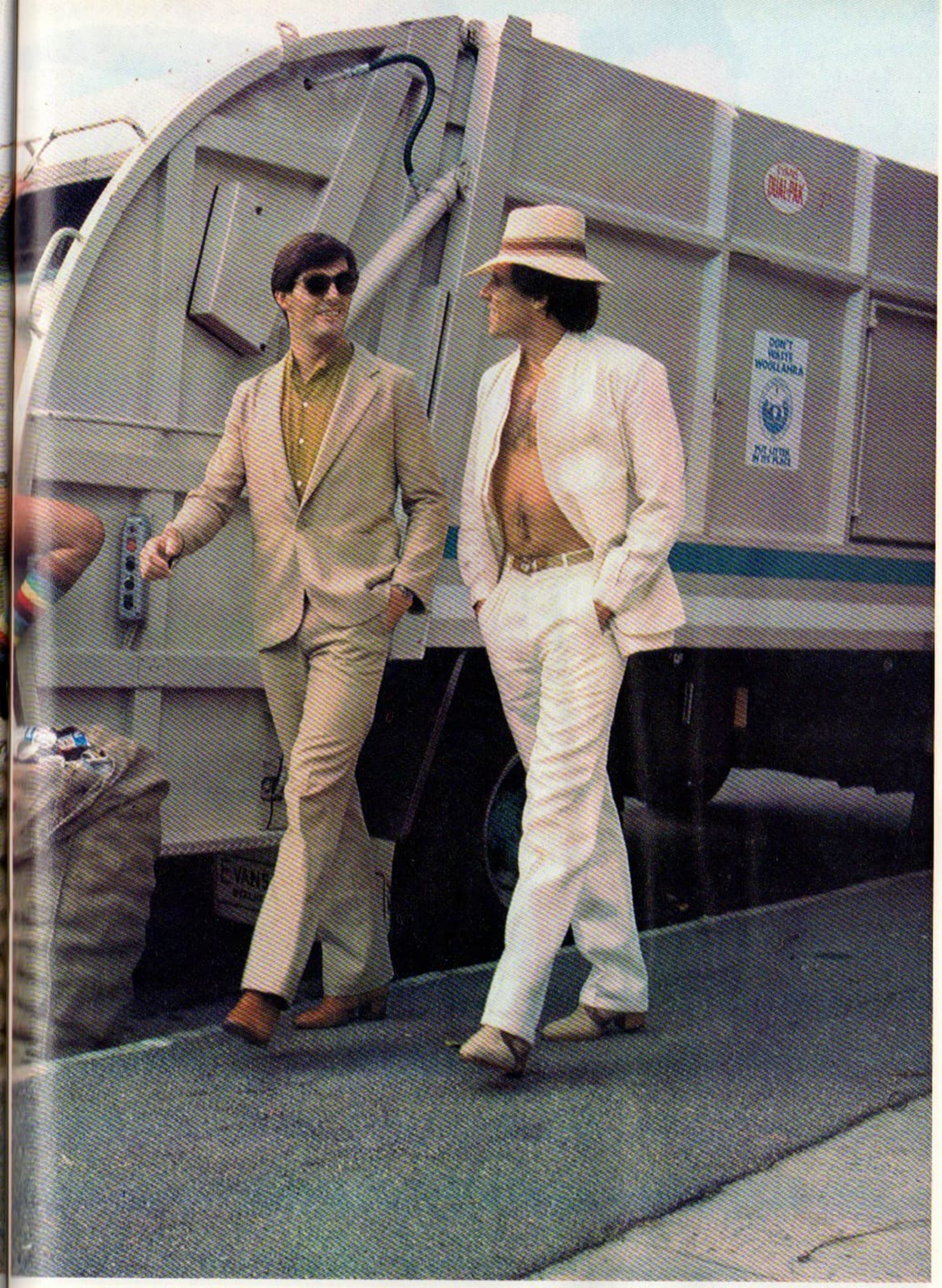
"Parallel scheduling, identical price structures, Tweedledee and Tweedledum cabin service, and even the similarity of advertising leads one to ask why we have two airlines."

THE SUMMER OF '80

CO-ORDINATED BY VITEK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSS HONEYSETT

Relax. The living is easy this summer with comfortable clothes cut on loose, unstructured lines. Natural fibres are featured and the accent is on color.

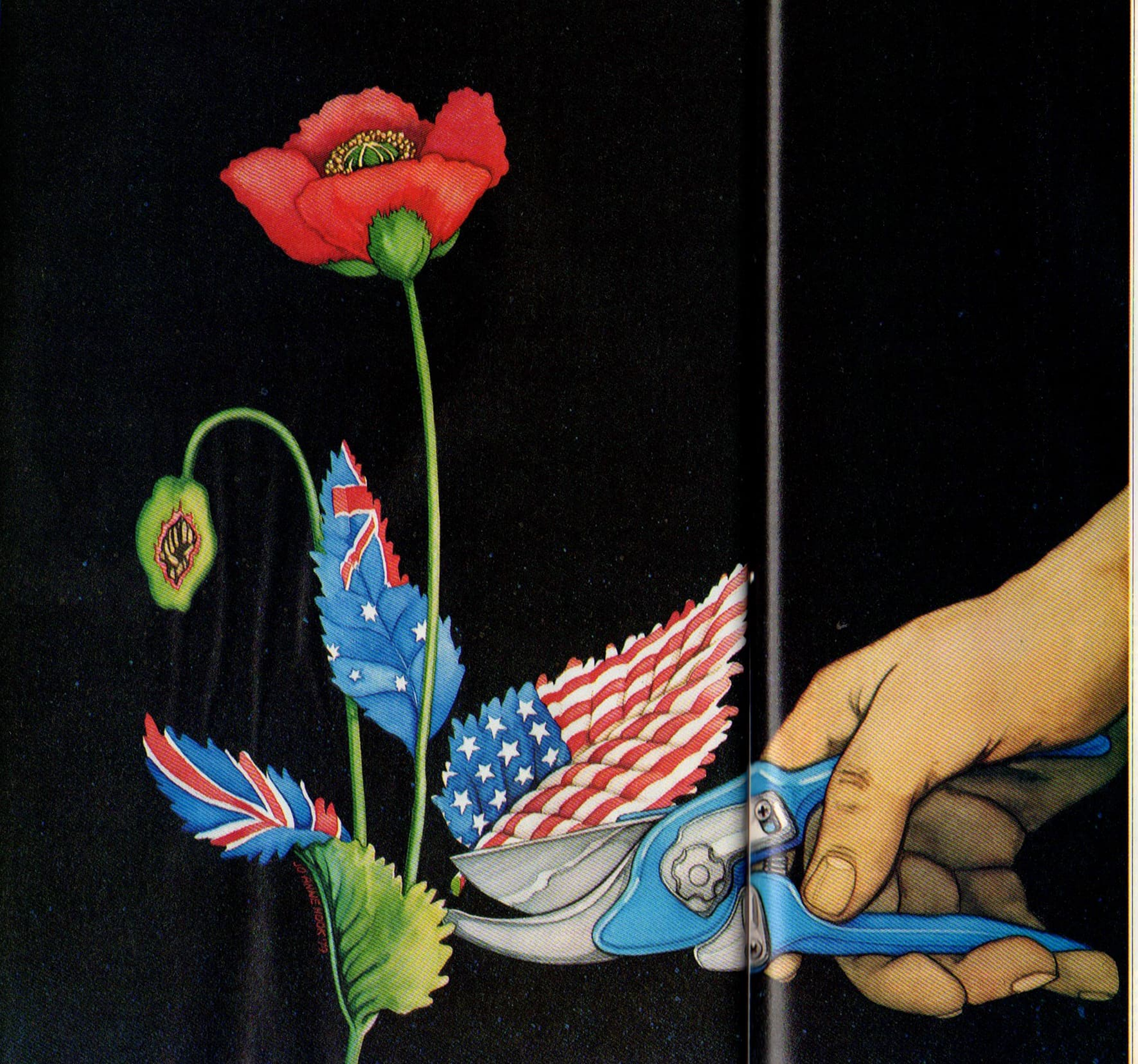
You won't be rubbished in a safari-inspired linen suit by Blaids (right). Zip or button front with a short chisel collar to wear up or down. Top with a Morays straw hat. Two-tone canvas and leather shoes by Cooks, $75. Silk and linen blend jacket with wide lapels (left) is by Trent Nathan, $200, worn with a small collared cotton shirt by De La Vega, $40, and pleated cotton and linen trousers, $70. Sunglasses by Jonathan Sceats feature darker lenses for day and night wear and are very much a fashion item.



Linings are back, which makes jackets a little more expensive this year. The yellow, linen-cotton blend suit by Trent Nathan, $200, is worn with a blue shirt by Blaids, $46, featuring an alternative to the small, rounded collars favored by many designers.

The black linen suit, $150, again with the totally unstructured look, and toning patterned shirt, $56, are by Blaids and both have small, rounded collars which can be worn turned up for a very laid back and casual look. Shoes for summer are by Cooks, $75.

Braving a frontal attack is a De La Vega pure silk double. The textured silk (left) has a lined jacket and some shoulder padding for a stronger, square look, $250. The small collared, button-down cotton shirt, $40, is matched with a narrow tie. Smoother silk (right) for $250, works well with a collarless, V-neck, textured cotton shirt, $50. Shoes by Cooks, $75. Our "army" girls were dressed by Kings Disposals. All prices given are approximate. Clothes are available from leading men's wear stores throughout Australia.



Australia's failure to keep out heroin is a direct result of America's success in stopping the flow from S-E Asia to the US.

THE CHINESE CONNECTION

BY ALFRED McCOY

At 7pm on March 23, 1975, a middle-aged Sino-Thai businessman, Sukree Sukreepirom, left a high-rent apartment above the Warner Theatre on Pechaburi Road in central Bangkok and mingled briefly with the crowd emerging from a late afternoon movie.

Apparently confident he was not being watched, Sukree descended into an underground parking garage, where he was surrounded by Thai police and US narcotics agents as he put a key into the lock of a late-model sedan. After an on-the-spot search turned up 25kg of "Golden Dragon Pearl" No 3 heroin, Thai police took Sukree to central police headquarters for interrogation.

In order to prevent his wife from being indicted as an accomplice, he signed a full confession.

Simultaneously, Thai police were raiding the Burapa Hotel in the less-fashionable Samyod district on the opposite side of Bangkok, where they arrested a Chinese businessman from Malaysia, Ho Se-wan, and seized a suitcase containing several hundred thousand dollars worth of Thai currency.

Police Colonel Chavalit, head of Thailand's Narcotics Suppression Centre, called an immediate press conference to announce the arrest of "top international drug traffickers". US President Gerald Ford sent letters of commendation to the two American agents responsible for the months of undercover contact with the two Chinese. In the summer, 1975 issue of the US Drug Enforcement Administration's (DEA) public relations organ, *Drug Enforcement*, the arrests were hailed as the culmination of two years of careful undercover work by DEA agents and the two suspects were described as men who had "controlled a trans-continental heroin pipeline for more than two decades".

The reports were not exaggerated. Police files from Hong Kong, Malaysia and the Philippines reveal that the pair were long-time partners in one of the Chiu Chow Chinese narcotics syndicates which bought morphine base in the Thai-Burma border area, operated laboratories in a variety of locations including the Thai-Malaysia border area, and that they had been leading exporters of narcotics to Malaysia, Hong Kong,

Manila, Amsterdam and the United States. From their profits the two had become wealthy investors, with controlling interests in a Malaysian tour bus company, a Penang refrigeration plant, a Thai antimony mine and a Philippine mining company.

Although the Thai police presented their detailed evidence to the Department of Public Prosecutions on June 16, 1975, the prosecutor in charge of the case decided not to file charges on obscure and, as it turned out, controversial procedural grounds. On June 20, 84 days after his dramatic arrest, Sukree walked out of prison a free man.

Senior officers in the Thai police, variously described in the Thai press as "stunned", "astonished" and "outraged", fired off a letter of protest to the Prime Minister demanding a full investigation of the Department of Public Prosecutions. As the two departments began sniping at each other with press releases, anonymous narcotics police told reporters that Sukree was only one of six international traffickers who had been released by the DPP on spurious grounds in recent months. As the subsequent investigation arrowed in on the Director-General of Public Prosecutions, Aroon Israbhakdi, as the official responsible for Sukree's release, a Thai general told the press that $250,000 had been paid to Aroon and his associates for their "sympathetic and moral judgement" in the Sukree case.

Aroon tried to mollify mounting public criticism by calling Sukree into his office a month after his release to give evidence against his former partner Ho Se-wan. After making his statement, Sukree eluded the heavy police guard poised to arrest him at the main DPP entrance by slipping out a side exit and disappearing for the last time. Despite his explanation that the innocent Sukree had been tortured into making his confession by the police, and had only been inspecting a friend's car which he was considering buying when arrested, Aroon was found guilty of a "serious violation of discipline" and dismissed on December 5.

Thai police have issued a new warrant for Sukree's arrest and have received a variety of vague reports that he may be hiding somewhere in Thailand, Malaysia or Burma.

The Sukree case is, in many ways, a revealing cameo of the problems and progress which have accompanied the DEA's anti-narcotics campaign in South-East Asia during the years of rigorous suppression from 1972 to 1979. In 1969 there were only three US narcotics agents stationed in Bangkok responsible for monitoring the flow of narcotics throughout the whole of S-E Asia — and answering the telephone.

But in 1970 and 1971, as the scandal of the heroin epidemic in Vietnam immobilised combat units and broke across the front pages of American newspapers, the US Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD) was forced to alter its priorities. BNDD increased its contingent of special agents in S-E Asia from 2 to 21 by mid-1972. By late 1974 the contingent was further expanded to 31 special agents and has continued at that strength despite closure of DEA offices in Saigon and Laos after the communist victories. And in fiscal year 1975 the International Narcotics Assistance Program spent $12 million in S-E Asia out of its total budget of $42 million.

The Nixon administration's fear that S-E Asia's Golden Triangle could replace Turkey as a source of heroin was correct and in 1972 S-E Asia's Chiu Chow syndicates were trying to win a major share of the highly-profitable American narcotics industry — then the only major market among the affluent nations. Reflecting on the situation at the outset of their expanded mission in South-East Asia, DEA intelligence analysts came to feel that the heroin epidemic among servicemen in Vietnam from 1969 to 1971 may have served as a "consumer test" for the Chinese syndicates and encouraged them to make an effort to develop a mass market for both South-East Asian No 3 and 4 heroin in the US.

> Saigon was an eye-opener for the Chinese. They saw how the GIs took to smoking heroin and how fast the addiction spread, and knew they had a goldmine.

As one DEA agent put it in a 1975 interview: "Saigon was an eye-opener for the Chinese. They saw how the GIs took to smoking heroin and how fast the addiction spread. Their eyes rolled and these Chinese knew that they had a goldmine."

Large-scale American troop withdrawals from Vietnam in 1971-72 left the region's Chiu Chow consortium with surplus stocks of No 4 heroin and unamortised capital investments in the form of their Golden Triangle laboratories and protection payments to Thai, Laotian and South Vietnamese military leaders.

Trying, in effect, to follow the GI addicts home, the Chiu Chow syndicates initially used Chinese and Western seamen as couriers and were able to smuggle "as much as a thousand pounds" of the region's heroin, much of it the famous "Double U-O Globe Brand", into New York City in 1971 and 1972.

Although there was every indication by 1973 that S-E Asian heroin would enter the US in growing quantities and soon dominate the American narcotics trade, it failed to gain the majority share analysts had expected. In two years, 1969-1971, the Chiu Chow syndicates had made vast progress — opening new laboratories from Manila to Malaysia, decimating the US Army in Vietnam and making initial inroads into the United States; by 1972 they seemed poised to fill the void caused by the abolition of opium production in Turkey.

Surprisingly, the flood of Asian narcotics never came, and by 1975 S-E Asian heroin had dropped from 30 percent to about 9 percent of the total heroin seized on the streets of American cities.

Judging from this drop, in it appears the enormous concentration of DEA personnel and funding in Bangkok had succeeded in intercepting enough of the region's US-bound shipments to make the operational costs of penetrating the American market prohibitive for the Chiu Chow syndicates.

Faced with the alternatives of finding new markets, continuing to accept a heavy ratio of seizures in their American-bound shipments or closing their operations at a loss, the Chiu Chow syndicates, according to DEA's intelligence analysts, decided to develop new markets for No 3 heroin in Europe and Australia, where there were then relatively few addicts.

The syndicate leaders calculated, accurately enough, that there were only four societies with the affluence to sustain the high cost of the international heroin traffic — North America (Canada and the United States), Japan, Western Europe and Australia. Denied access to the US by the DEA intelligence shield, and to Japan by strict customs controls and an unfavorable political situation, the Chiu Chow were left with Western Europe and Australia.

Gradually forced to withdraw from the US market in 1973 and 1974, Chiu Chow exporters began increasing their shipments to Western Europe and Australia to absorb the surplus capacity that developed in their Golden Triangle laboratories. Drawing a lesson from their experience with the American GIs in Vietnam, Chiu Chow syndicates calculated that the smoking of granular No 3 heroin would not encounter as much consumer resistance in Europe as might the intravenous injection of No 4.

To supply the new European and Australian markets, Chiu Chow syndicates based in Malaysia opened No 3 laboratories in the Thai-Malaysia border area, supplementing No 4 production on the Thai-Burmese border, and made Kuala Lumpur a major terminus in the international

"Wow! I don't know why they call you Big FOOT, baby!"

traffic. Using commercial air passengers with concealed "body-packs" as couriers and the large Chinese community in Amsterdam as their distribution point, the Chiu Chow began making regular shipments of No 3 heroin to Europe in early 1972. Between June 1972 — when two Chinese arriving from Hong Kong were arrested at Heathrow Airport, London, with 7.3kg of No 3 heroin — and early 1975, more than 60 Chinese couriers carrying S-E Asian heroin were arrested in Europe.

Total European seizures of Asian No 3 heroin increased from 10kg in 1972, to 87kg in 1974 and 700kg in 1976.

Once regarded as an American problem, heroin addiction began spreading rapidly in Europe. In the Netherlands, for example, the number of heroin addicts jumped from 100 in 1970 to between 8000 and 10,000 in 1975. "From Spain's Costa del Sol to Oslo," according to a report by one DEA agent in 1975, "Europe is up to its neck in heroin."

Similarly, in Sydney NSW police first observed a trickle of S-E Asian heroin entering the city in 1968, a greatly increased flow in 1974-75 and an unprecedented flood in 1977 and 1978.

The failure of theS-E Asia's Chiu Chow syndicates to capture a major share of the American market has its roots in the political, legal and international developments in the mid-1970s which temporarily stymied the growth of the S-E Asian drug trade. If the loose consortium of Chiu Chow syndicates, operating at their peak in 1972, had been a legitimate multinational marketing firm, its factory and warehouse would have been located in Thailand and its newly-established international wholesale outlets would have been found in Manila, Hong Kong, Saigon, and Malaysia.

After the communist take over in Indochina, the destruction of the Manila syndicate and the successful police campaigns in Hong Kong and Malaysia closed or crippled the firm's international outlets, management was forced to pull back into its home territory in Thailand and curtail its ambitious expansion program into the American market.

Police action in Hong Kong resulted in the arrest of four out of the colony's five major heroin brokers and provided a wealth of intelligence on the internal workings of the five Chiu Chow syndicates which have controlled Hong Kong's narcotics trade since 1960.

The most important narcotics investigation in Hong Kong's history began as an ordinary homicide case in February 1974, when a Chiu Chow fisherman named Leung Fat-hei was found stabbed to death with a triangular file in a road near Castle Peak in the New Territories.

After a preliminary investigation by the Criminal Investigation Department, the case was transferred to the homicide squad and assigned to a methodical young British officer, Senior Inspector Brian Woodward. Woodward and his team of experienced Chinese detectives soon learned the deceased had been smuggling narcotics into Hong Kong harbor from Thai trawlers for "The Crippled Man", Chiu Chow syndicate leader Ng Sik-ho.

The victim had quit Ng Sik-ho's syndicate several years earlier after a bitter disagreement and recently had hijacked a trawler shipment of narcotics in Hong Kong coastal waters consigned to one of Ng's close associates, Ma Sik-yu, the colony's leading narcotics dealer. Ma reportedly demanded retribution and Ng promised to find the culprit.

In April the homicide squad arrested a hired killer who confessed that Ng Sik-ho had paid him to make sure Leung was not able to repeat the hijacking. With evidence of Ng's involvement in the murder, Inspector Woodward's team was able to use the threat of prosecution on drug offences to pressure low-ranking syndicate members into giving evidence about their employer's heroin operations. By September, Woodward's team broadened the scope of its inquiry into a full investigation of two major Chiu Chow import syndicates, those of Ng Sik-ho and Ng Chun-kwan.

> The Chiu Chow's sense of solidarity collapsed amid violent syndicate warfare. Embittered rivals suddenly came forward with information.

Long regarded by police as clannish and mutually protective, Chiu Chow syndicate members had always refused to aid police even under strong duress. Their unprecedented willingness to co-operate now was produced by some major disruptions of S-E Asia's international traffic in 1974-75.

As the US State Department and BNDD agents began to apply pressure on the operations of Thai trawlers carrying opiates from Bangkok to Hong Kong and made several major seizures on the high seas, the amount of morphine base entering Hong Kong to supply the colony's heroin laboratories began to dwindle. During most of 1973 Hong Kong syndicates were able to draw on their local stockpiles of Thai morphine base, but by early 1974 reserves were low and competition between rival Chiu Chow syndicates became intense.

Arming his local junk crews with heavy machineguns and carbines, Ng Sik-ho conducted two successful raids on Thai trawlers entering Hong Kong waters in early 1974 and hijacked shipments consigned to other Chiu Chow syndicates.

His rivals retaliated and the seizure of Ma Sik-yu's shipment by the ill-fated fisherman Leung Fat-hei was but one battle in this mounting syndicate warfare. With this violent internecine conflict, the Chiu Chow's sense of solidarity collapsed and embittered rivals suddenly came forward to supply the police with information. After only eight months of investigation and considerable co-operation from his Chiu Chow rivals, Hong Kong police were ready for an assault on Ng Sik-ho's operations.

On the evening of November 12, 1974 more than 140 police drawn from five divisions of the Hong Kong force raided Ng Sik-ho's gambling dens, offices, opium dens and residence, arresting more than 70 people and seizing a cache of incriminating documents on the syndicate's international narcotics operations.

The police raided his home — a $500,000 mansion protected by armed guards, packs of attack dogs, automatic TV cameras and electric fences — but the Crippled Man eluded arrest by escaping to Taiwan.

When police there began questioning Ng about the murder charges he decided to return to Hong Kong, apparently convinced that the evidence of his involvement in the killing was weak and unaware that Hong Kong police had accumulated considerable evidence of his involvement in the narcotics traffic. To distract a possible police inquiry into his narcotics business, one of Ng Sik-ho's close associates made contact with the Hong Kong Narcotics Bureau and gave a lot of incriminating information about other dealers, while claiming Ng himself was not involved.

Soon after his return to Hong Kong, Ng surrendered himself to police to answer questions about the homicide. Instead, he was confronted with charges of heroin trafficking. Unprepared for accusations of narcotics dealing and outraged that he had been deceived, Ng Sik-ho answered police inquiries maladroitly, implicated himself in the traffic and was formally charged with narcotics violations.

The seized documents, interrogation reports and the 20cm-thick dossier police had maintained on his activities for almost 20 years provide an intimate picture of Ng Sik-ho's rise from poverty to a position as one of the three largest heroin brokers in Hong Kong, with a personal fortune close to $US30 million.

Born in 1932 in Swatow, the Chiu Chow homeland in southern China, Ng Sik-ho migrated to Hong Kong at the age of 17 where his involvement with clandestine criminal brotherhoods known as Triads and street gambling in Kowloon's Sham Shiu Po district soon brought him to the attention of police. It was apparently during this period that Ng was seriously wounded in a Triad war and received his nickname.

In the late 1950s he began working as a street pusher in Kowloon and in 1960 was sentenced to a year in prison for possession of narcotics. Apparently Ng Sik-ho was still relatively poor, since police records show he was renting a bunk in a cheap Kowloon dormitory at the time of his arrest. After his release, Ng was more successful in his narcotics dealings and in 1967 formed a partnership with his uncle, Ng Chun-kwan, to finance large trawler shipments of opium and morphine from Thailand.

Two years later the partnership dissolved in a quarrel over the division of a morphine shipment, but both men had accumulated enough money to establish themselves independently as two of the three largest import syndicates in the colony.

During the four years before his arrest, Ng Sik-ho is known to have bought $6.5 million worth of narcotics from four Chiu Chow syndicates in Thailand. From 1967 to 1974 he deposited $10 million in his four personal bank accounts; opened four new restaurants; purchased 23 real estate properties, including a large industrial park; and set up the Hong Kong Precious Stone Co, in whose accounts he deposited an additional $13 million. Wealth brought notoriety and social status. The Crippled Man was chosen holder of the "White Fan Office" in the colony's most powerful Chiu Chow Triad and became a major target of police investigations.

The rise of this former street pusher to wealth and prominence did not go unnoticed, but police were unable and, some say, unwilling to move against him. Although Ng Sik-ho was importing tonnes of Thai narcotics, he never handled the drugs personally and concealed his financial dealings with the Bangkok syndicates in an impenetrable maze of codes and clandestine money transfers.

Rather than risk exposure by making payment to the Bangkok syndicate by courier or bank-to-bank telegraphic transfer, Ng Sik-ho used a Hong Kong import-export firm to conceal his contacts with Bangkok. After a Thai trawler arrived with a narcotics shipment, Ng Sik-ho would send a courier to the offices of the Hang Choeng Yuen Co in Hong Kong's central business district with, for example, $60,000 in cash and a card which read:

Sister-in-Law pay Cow brother
$60,000. Tel. 744-921

After giving the courier a receipt, the company's cashier gave the message to the despatch clerk who translated Ng Sik-ho's private code into the company's commercial code and addressed the message to the firm's legitimate trading partners in Bangkok, the Hang Loon Co. The despatch clerk then called a small message centre in a low-rent apartment building at Aberdeen on the other side of Hong Kong Island. There the commercial code was again translated — this time into a transmittal code. For a fraction of the price of a regular telegram, the Aberdeen "message centre" placed a long distance call to its correspondent in Bangkok at a pre-arranged time and read him, rapid-fire, Ng Sik-ho's message along with dozens of other legitimate commercial transactions for rice, teak, gems, etc.

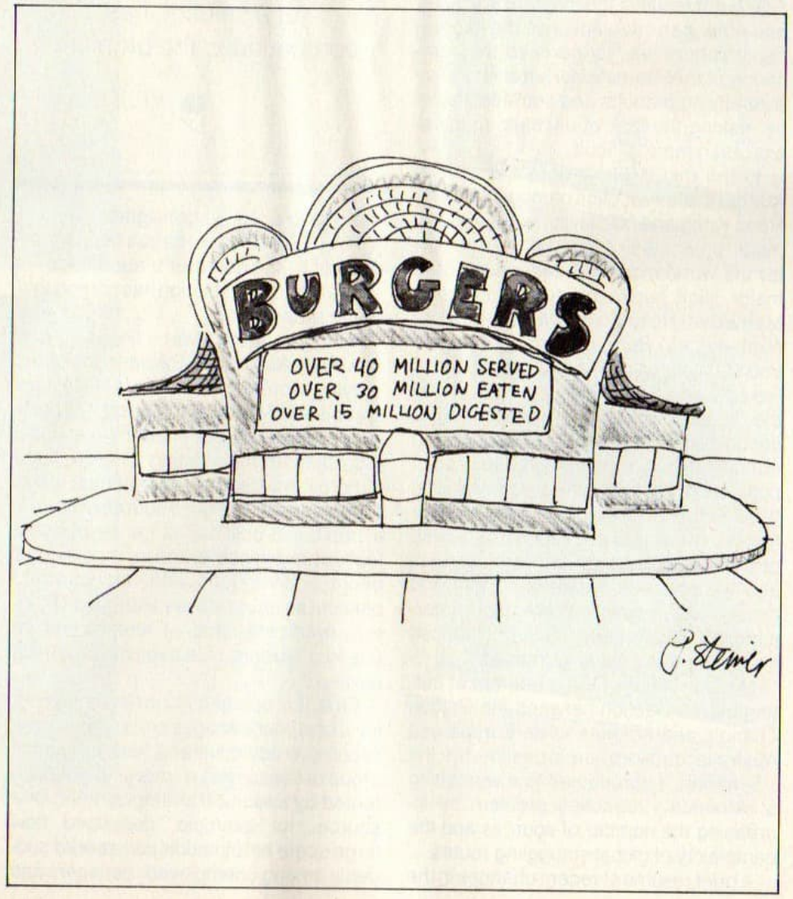
After decoding the transmission, the Bangkok message centre called the Hang Loon Co, who translated the commercial code and dialed the telephone number in the message to inform "Cow Brother" — Sukree Sukreepirom, discussed above — to pick up $60,000 at their offices. When "Cow Brother's" messenger arrived, Hang Loon's cashier paid him the $60,000 and debited the account of their Hong Kong trading partner for the amount.

Using this triple-code method, Ng Sik-ho had paid "Cow Brother", his main Bangkok connection, almost $2 million between May 13, 1970 and September 9, 1973.

Not only was Ng Sik-ho extremely circumspect in his dealings, but it was rumored that he, like most syndicate leaders, was able to fix the police. By the time they were ready to raid Ng Sik-ho's operations, Hong Kong Police were apparently sensitive to rumors of his immunity to arrest. "Well," said the chief of the Narcotics Bureau when Ng Sik-ho was booked, "after today's events we ought to have dealt with that rumor." Convicted in a precedent-setting interpretation of the colony's conspiracy laws, Ng Sik-ho was sentenced to 30 years in prison in May 1975 and his former partner, Ng Chun-kwan was given 25 years.

A third major Chiu Chow importer, Kong Sum-chuen, fled to Taiwan where he was arrested in November 1974, and another alleged broker, Ng Kam-chueng, was arrested in August 1975. Of the so-called "Big Five" Chiu Chow importers, only one remains at large.

Perhaps the wealthiest and most sophisticated of them all, the perennial Ma Sik-yu, known in the colony as "White Powder Man", has protected his dominant role in the colony's narcotics trade behind a facade of legitimate business activities and philanthropic works that have won his father an award for service to the Boy Scouts. Although



Ma has the resources to fill the void left by the arrest of his four colleagues, police feel he may have become more cautious and temporarily withdrawn from the market, leaving the importation of narcotics to smaller syndicates.

The events of the 1970s seem to have tested and proved what might be called the *iron law of the international heroin trade*: "If an established heroin market is denied access to a source, it will find an alternative source; and an established heroin exporter will develop a new market if denied access to an established market." The failure to understand and apply this basic principle in the narcotics repression effort of the Seventies has transformed putative anti-narcotics successes into serious failures, with disastrous consequences for Europe and Australia.

The marked increase of US anti-narcotics spending in international and domestic spheres — amounting to about $744 million in the financial year 1976-1977 — had no palpable impact on America's domestic drug problem. While there were occasional street shortages and heroin purity was generally low, the US still had a record number of domestic addicts in 1977 — an estimated 560,000 outside treatment and some 150,000 in various treatment programs.

The net result of the massive spending and American intervention in the international sphere was to increase the complexity of the international heroin trade by diversifying markets and sources, thereby making the task of ultimate suppression even more difficult.

In the mid-1960s, before the accelerated US anti-narcotics campaign began, Hong Kong and Marseilles were the only major producers of No 3 or No 4 heroin for the world market. A decade later the major illicit heroin producers included Marseilles, Hong Kong, western Mexico, north-eastern Burma, northern Thailand and Malaya. In the mid-1960s the US had the only significant heroin market among the wealthy, industrial nations, but a decade later major consumers included not only the US with an increased addict population, but also Australia and several Western European nations. With a larger number of markets and suppliers, the web of trafficking became far more complex and the ability of heroin exporters and distributors to survive domestic or international suppression without serious disruption was greatly increased.

Not only did the DEA's attempt at cutting the connection between the Golden Triangle and America force Europe and Australia to absorb heroin destined for the US market, it contributed to a worsening of America's narcotics problem by increasing the number of sources and the complexity of global smuggling routes.

A brief resume of recent changes in the patterns of the global heroin trade will explain this ironic outcome and demonstrate, moreover, that the iron law of the international heroin trade has been operating as posited.

Denied access to Turkey by the 1971 diplomatic agreements which ended its opium production, and effectively cut off from the Golden Triangle by the DEA's Bangkok shield, American heroin dealers turned to Mexico for their supplies in the mid-1970s. S-E Asia's Chiu Chow syndicates, denied access to the US, created a large new market in Western Europe and Australia.

As narcotics enforcement in Mexico strengthened in 1976-77, US importers began to turn again to S-E Asia, using a more complex pattern of smuggling routes. In the early 1970s S-E Asian heroin had been shipped into the US directly across the Pacific, but by 1976 it was moving through Western Europe as a part of that region's regular consignments.

> The DEA's experience has been rather like that of the sorcerer's apprentice — each attempt at a solution has compounded the problem.

The DEA's experience has been rather like that of the sorcerer's apprentice — each attempt at a solution has compounded the problem.

Although there were financial and security risks for the S-E Asian syndicates in trying to create new markets in Western Europe and Australia, the effort has been successful since both had the five basic requisites for maintaining a high volume of heroin marketing — a potential group of consumers, a reliable source of heroin, a traditional political tolerance of some form of organised crime, a modicum of police corruption, and an informal political alliance between heroin distribution syndicates and at least some influential leaders of established political parties.

First, Europe and Australia enjoyed a level of affluence capable of sustaining an expensive addiction and had a potential group of consumers — marginal youth affected by structural unemployment. One source, for example, described how large-scale heroin addiction spread suddenly among unemployed teenagers and young adults in a small Sydney suburb in the mid-1970s: "In 1974 it seemed overnight that everone was getting into smack. It started as experimentation, became a party habit to have a snort, and then everyone was doing it. Everyone started ripping everybody else off, gunnies (gangsters) were coming down from Sydney to rough up the local dealers — the whole scene reatly turned ugly. There were a few bouts of hepatitis, and then one tragic overdose death. After that the peripheral users dropped out, and now the hard core alone are doing it."

The second requisite is a reliable source of narcotics, which was not a problem for Europe or Australia since both are regularly supplied with large quantities of S-E Asian heroin. Australian society has long had a widespread attitude of social acceptance toward illegal casinos, prostitution and illegal bookmaking which has been reflected in a purely nominal enforcement of these types of victimless crimes. Police syndicates have allegedly collected regular payments for their tolerance, and the result has been a close co-operation between organised crime and police elements. A local trend towards syndication of crime and related corruption has apparently been compounded by recent penetrations of American Mafia, particularly in the field of heroin distribution.

The implications of these linkages for the rapid growth of heroin addiction in Sydney were revealed when three Australians, including a Sydney Rugby League player, were arrested in Bangkok allegedly in possession of 8.4kg of No 4 heroin worth about $2.5 million. During a radio interview, the wife of the footballer stated in an offhand manner that her husband was regularly employed as an illegal racing bookmaker, a traditional form of syndicated crime. In testimony before the NSW Royal Commission into Drugs, the commission's Senior Counsel, Mr W. K. Fisher, QC, (now Mr Justice Fisher of the NSW Supreme Court) gave testimony alleging that the three Australians arrested in Bangkok were major importers of heroin into Australia and were in the employ of the American Mafia.

A modicum of police and political protection are therefore the final two requisites for a heroin distribution network which hopes to operate for any significant period of time. By the very nature of heroin's price structure and addictive properties, a heroin distribution network is an exposed system and as such is highly vulnerable to an uncompromised enforcement effort.

Unlike marijuana users, heroin consumers often have a strong physical addiction which, in an industrial nation remote from the sources, is an exceptionally expensive habit to maintain. Most often without the income to acquire more than several days' dosage and often

employed in illegal activities which have an irregular income, serious addicts require access to a distribution system which operates most hours of the week. An expanding heroin distribution system which often features impersonal relations between sellers and consumers, further exposing distributors to police investigation.

In short, a heroin marketing network is, by virtue of its prolonged public exposure and impersonal relations with its clientele, usually quite vulnerable to suppression. None could survive for long if police with responsibility for patrol of the distribution centres were not compromised and if members of the political elite with authority over police performance were not similarly neutralised. Such services are usually costly, but an effective heroin distribution network yields the highest profit margin of any economic activity known to man — a 5000 percent profit between Bangkok and affluent urban centres — leaving adequate sums to buy requisite police-political protection.

Given the iron law of the international heroin trade as it operated in the 1968-1978 period, and as it is likely to in the future, it would appear that there is no viable solution to the narcotics problems of the affluent nations at the international level.

With the multiplicity and close relationship of markets and sources as they now exist, the eradication of a single source can have little impact on world traffic or the long term availability of heroin in any of the four major affluent markets. Since it seems international suppression efforts cannot realistically aspire to absolute suppression, those efforts should aim at more modest goals — such as the interception of major shipments to avoid excess heroin supplies seeking new consumers.

In light of the DEA's impact in Bangkok and unfortunate consequences for Europe and Australia, one might wonder if Europe and Australia should not begin to question the wisdom of allowing the DEA to dominate narcotics suppression policy in S-E Asia.

While dedicated and relatively efficient, the DEA is an agency of the US Government employed to reduce the amount of heroin entering the United States, regardless of consequences elsewhere. Narcotics suppression is becoming a matter of national self-interest, with each nation in effect competing with its nominal allies to deflect the syndicates in the direction of its nominal allies. If long-term eradication of the Golden Triangle narcotics industry were the aim of the DEA and other foreign enforcement agencies in Bangkok, then co-operation would reflect mutual interest.

But since the DEA and others are involved primarily in short-term efforts to reduce the flow of Asia heroin to their homelands, the foreign agencies are in reality competing with each other to raise the relative cost of entry to their markets. So unfortunately, over the short-term, it will be in the interests of Europe and Australia to compete with the DEA and the future of international enforcement may not be an altogether harmonious one.

If the tantalisingly simple solution of cutting heroin supply at its source in the Golden Triangle is not an immediate possibility, then the affluent consuming nations will be forced to turn inward and seek a domestic answer. Given the social complexity of the affected societies and their common constitutional restraints, a genuinely draconian enforcement effort is not a possibility.

Consequently, indiscriminate campaigns for a total suppression of narcotics use have often worsened the situation by

> Narcotics suppression campaigns have often worsened the situation by driving softer drugs off the market in favor of increased heroin consumption.

ultimately expanding the number of users or driving "softer" drugs off the market in favor of increased heroin consumption.

A major interdiction of heroin usually raises prices of existing stocks and can compell addict-dealers to expand their addict clientele to recover the increased cost of their own consumption. Similarly, generalised police suppression of all drugs forced Thai and Hong Kong opium addicts to the more potent and physically-damaging No 3 heroin in the 1960s, and seems to have driven marijuana off the market in favor of heroin in Australia during the late 1970s.

The Australian case is one of the more recent and revealing instances of this phenomenon. Until the mid-1970s the major drugs of abuse were marijuana, domestic and S-E Asian, and hashish, south Asian and Lebanese.

The sudden increase of heroin addiction, combined with a high level of cannabis use, sparked widespread public concern over the drug problem which manifested itself in increased police enforcement, the formation of three separate governmental investigative commissions and a politicisation of heroin suppression policy, most notably in the 1978 NSW elections. Although heroin was probably of greater public concern than marijuana, enforcement efforts greatly reduced the supply and quality of cannabis on the market without affecting the total supply of heroin.

Between mid-1977 and late 1978, Sydney prices of imported hashish more than doubled while the retailers' bulk price for marijuana went up more than five times in response to stricter Customs enforcements, arrests of dealers, and destruction of large domestic plantations. Heroin, in contrast, maintained an even price and a purity of 13 percent — relatively high when compared with the American average of less than 6 percent.

While there can be no definite explanation of the reasons for this market response without further study, one factor is the relative political protection the two drugs command. With its fragmented distribution structure, lower profit margins and variety of sources, the cannabis traffic did not allow the same degree of profit accumulation as the more centralised heroin commerce.

Cannabis entrepreneurs consequently had less capital to invest in police and political protection and less incentive to do so because of the more secure nature of their enterprise. Since marijuana is cheaper per dose, physically non-addictive and most often traded among established personal associations, its users require relatively few transactions to acquire enough for several weeks or months and its dealers therefore represent a more elusive police target.

In contrast, heroin distribution networks are constantly exposed to police surveillance in order to meet the daily needs of heroin addicts. They are further exposed by servicing an impersonal group of consumers who are not restrained from testimony by personal ties. Without the element of political/police protection that highly profitable heroin networks can afford to secure, they should present a relatively simple police enforcement problem in comparison to the far less vulnerable cannabis trade.

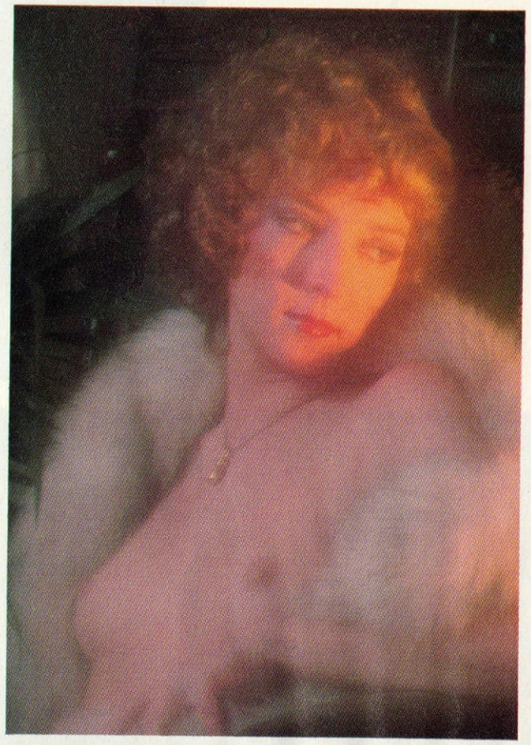
That heroin syndicates have expanded in Sydney as cannabis supplies have dwindled in the face of accelerated suppression efforts is, at least in part, a testimony to the political and police protection heroin syndicates have been able to secure and is but another example of the consequences of a generalised attempt at total eradication.

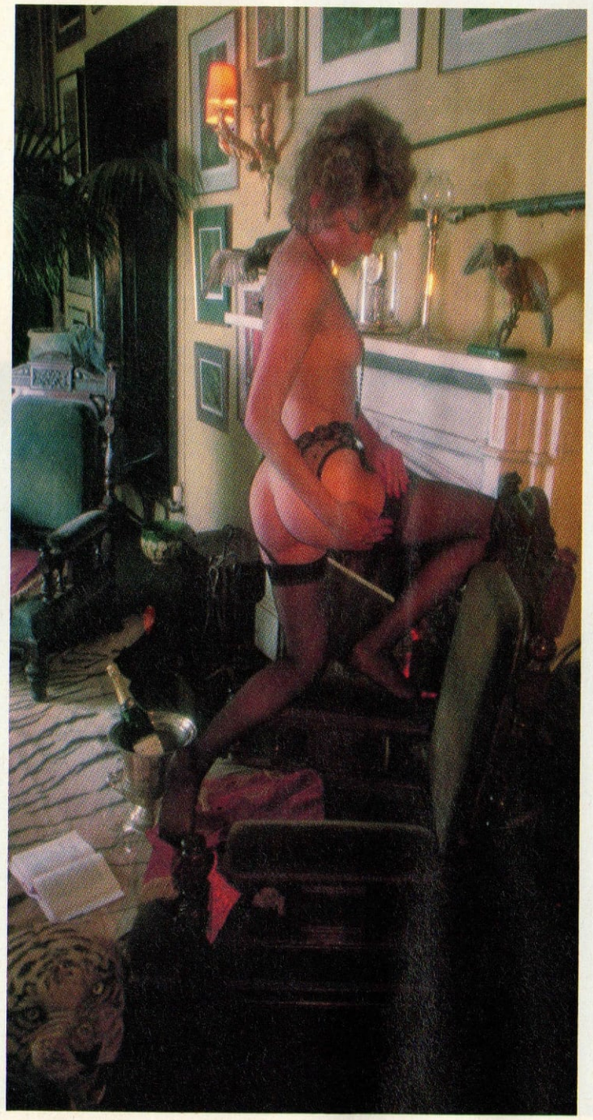
To say that the Australian public, if given the choice, would not have exchanged decreased cannabis consumption for increased heroin addition is to state the obvious. ○

Copyright © 1979 by Alfred W. McCoy. To be published by Harper & Row (Australasia) Pty. Ltd. in March 1980.

"I am attracted to tall, dark, shy, European men, but they must let me be the boss sometimes and put up with my whims."

Maruschka

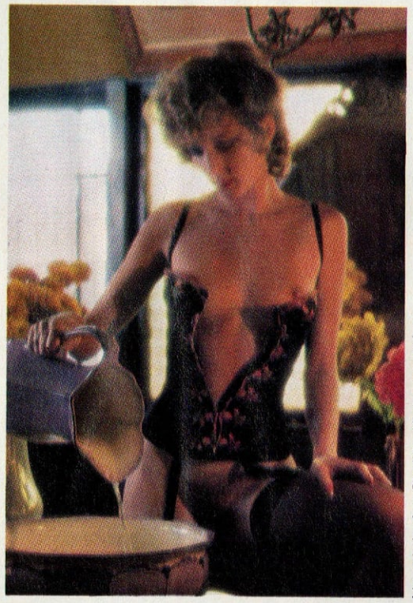




Scene stealer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CAINE

"I go where life, and my whims, take me," says lovely Maruschka, who came to Australia from Munich four years ago. "I change my life-style and my location constantly because variety excites me. Perhaps that's why I love the theatre and want to be an actress — so many roles to play, so many ways of expressing myself."

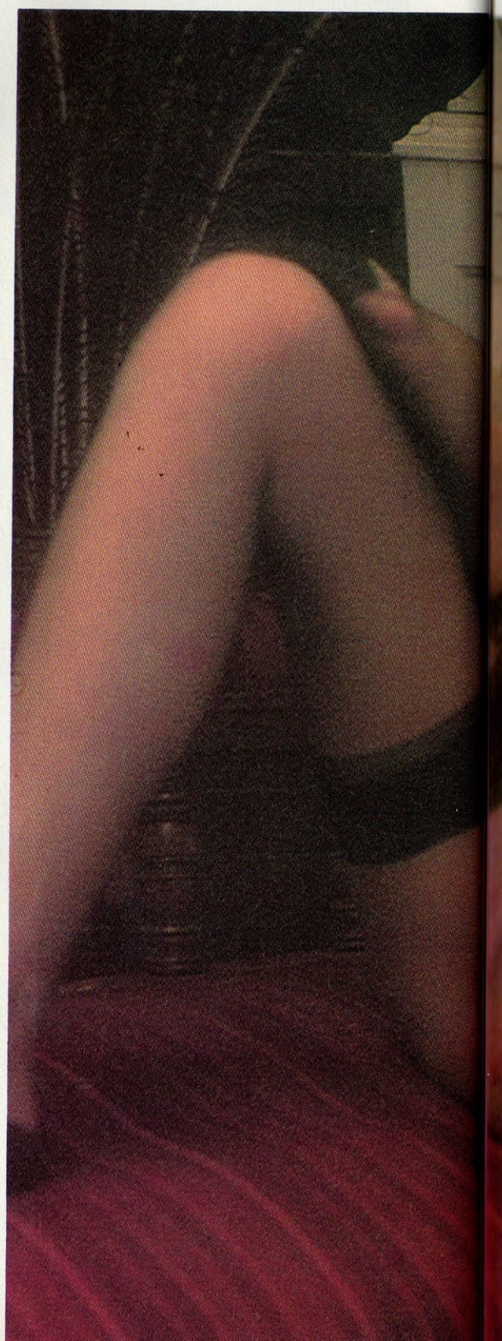


Lingerie by Ann Sterling, Hickory and Viva

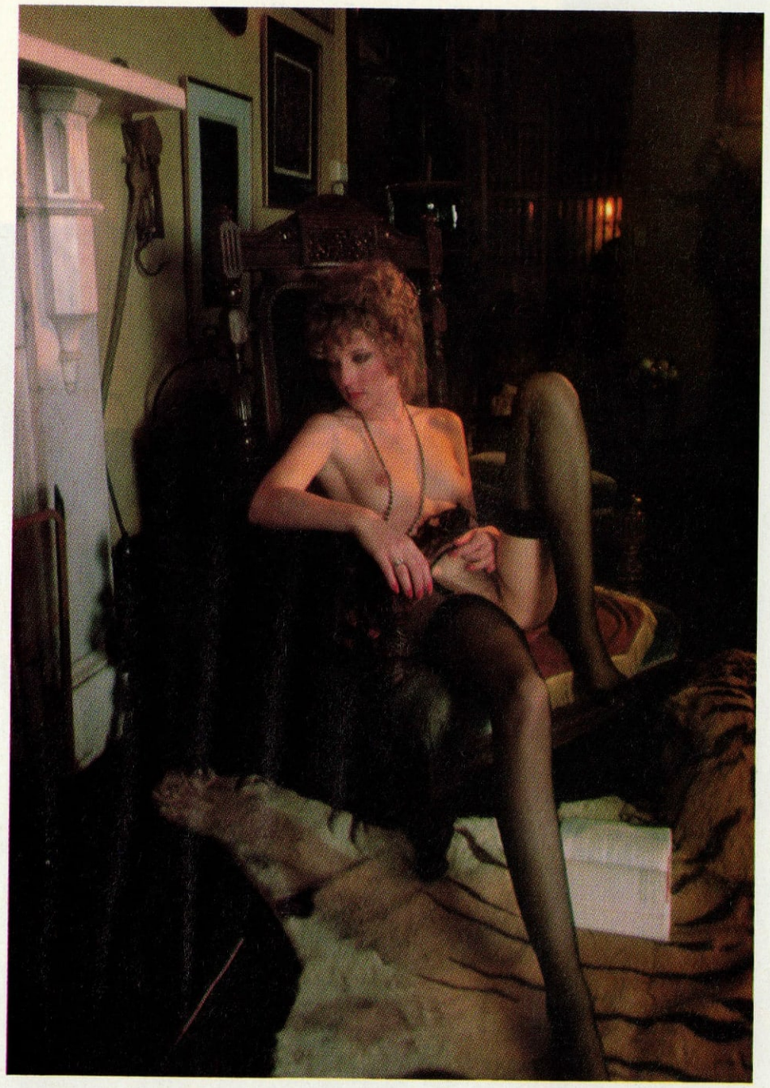
Maruschka is very serious about the stage. "I love drama and I've appeared in some amateur productions, but I want to be famous. Because I'm a Libra, I'll fight for what I want, and any man in my life must know that I'm talented as well as appreciating how I look." When it comes to men, she has very definite ideas. "I am attracted to tall, dark, shy, European men," she says, "but they must let me be the boss sometimes and put up with my whims. There has to be a lot going for me to go to bed with someone — and a lot of that is love and understanding."

"There has to be a lot going for me to go to bed with someone — and a lot of that is love."

"Any man in my life must know that I'm talented as well as appreciating how I look."



Although she's a very determined young lady, Maruschka is also a romantic. Moonlight and roses, poetry and the waltz are very much her style. Her ideal evening would start with dinner at a small restaurant in Arles, in the south of France. "My man and I would have a table on the terrace overlooking the gardens," she says. "There would be candelight, exquisite food, vintage champagne and dancing. Later in the evening we would walk barefoot along the riverside — and let what happens happen."



Maruschka was miles away from
the south of France when
we found her — in Melbourne. Although
she lives in Sydney with her
special man, she suddenly decided
to visit Melbourne "because it is there
and because I felt like it", which is
enough reason for her. And for us.

They are polite, cheerful, and considerably dangerous, and they give their millionaire customers a fighting chance to stay alive.

THE VICTIMS OF TERRORISM STRIKE BACK

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

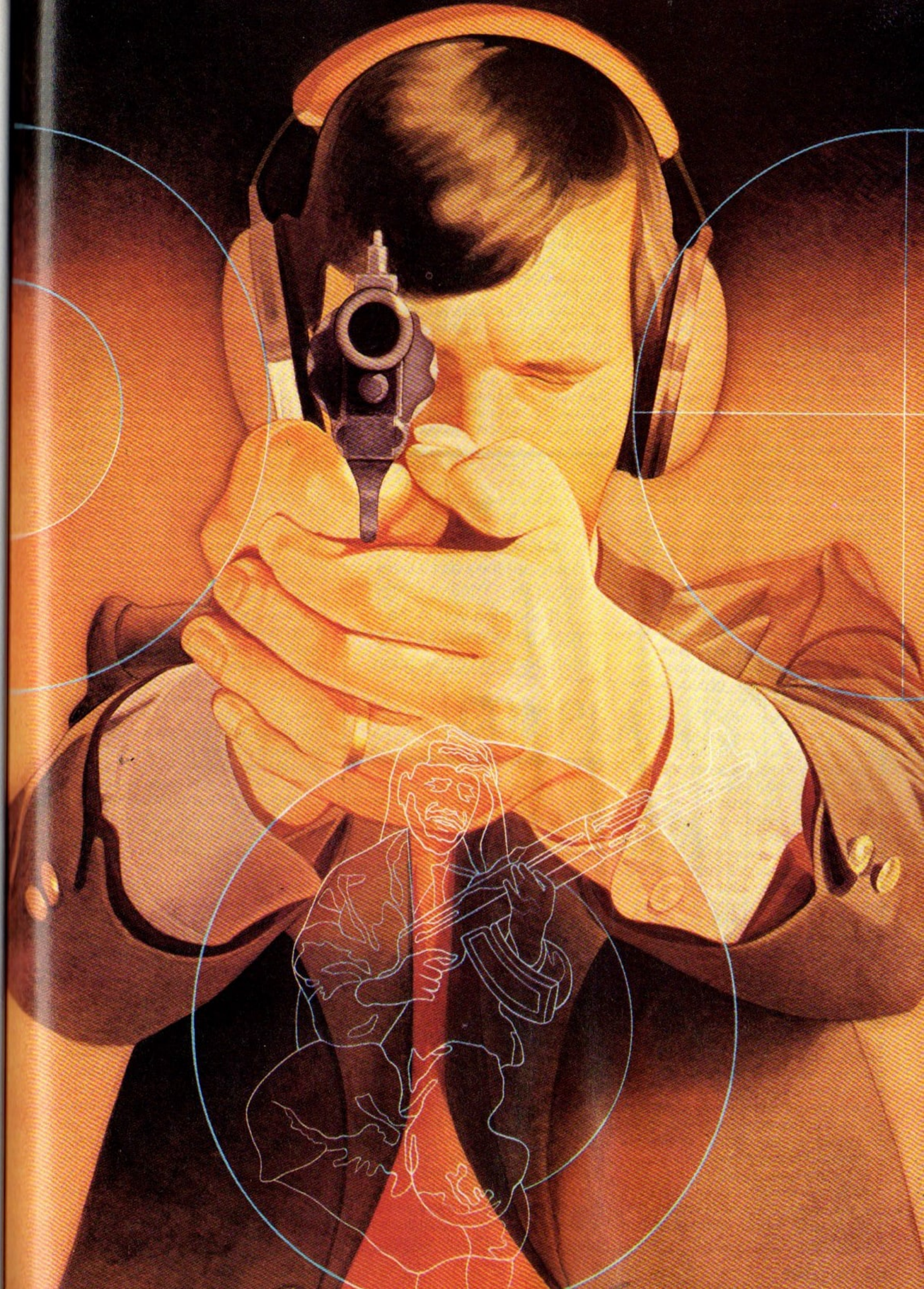
There is an ism abroad in the world today that supersedes all previous isms. It's not communism, fascism, nihilism, nationalism, or neo-archo-syndicalism. This one is called terrorism, and do not be confused by the claims of its perpetrators or apologists that it is not an end but a means. Terrorism is the newest ideology. It is grounded in the perception that the likelihood of replacing the current system with a better one is less than zero. Rather than aspiring to be programmatic revolutionaries or commissars, radicals settle for the adrenal rush of extracting plutocrats from their Mercedes-Benzes, ordering them about at the point of a Kalashnikov for several fortnights, during which they are forced to sit for unflattering portraits, liberating as many million dollars as possible from their relatives, and then putting a 9mm slug through their heads and leaving their remains in the back seat of a stolen car, ready for the *paparazzi*. If you can't make an omelet, get your rocks off by breaking eggs.

The effectiveness of governments in dealing with the present blight of assassinations and kidnappings is demonstrated by Italy's deft handling of the Aldo Moro case. Moro's car was waylaid on a Rome street, his five bodyguards given a dose of people's justice; the political leader hauled off, subjected to a succession of indignities as the government dickered over the value of his life, and eventually shot and dumped.

The situation in such emerging terror centers as El Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Colombia is even uglier. In the summer of 1978, El Salvador's three warring Marxist guerrilla factions started kidnapping foreign executives to draw international attention to this crowded country, where the literacy rate is 44 percent, 80 percent of those employed earn less than $225 a year, and most wealth is concentrated among a few rich families. In the last three months of last year, there were 10 kidnappings of local and foreign businessmen, with an average ransom of $4 million; for example, the amount handed over in a utility truck loaded with duffel bags full of old small bills by the family of the local Coca-Cola bottler, who was abducted by 10 armed men and held in a plywood box for 29 days. It is good thinking for the kidnapping bands to give themselves names like "Armed Forces of National Liberation," since otherwise one might imagine that they were primarily after the money.

In such places one hesitates to call the authorities when one's astronomically wealthy husband has been kidnapped on the way to his coffee plantation, because it is entirely possible that the abduction was planned and financed by the agency whose help is being solicited — the government, the army, the police — or perhaps the owner of the coffee plantation across the road. The result has been a demand for private security services provided by foreigners — and the rise of a company known as International Security Group, Inc.

International Security Group offers a complete package of security services to individuals who do not wish to be the next Hanns-Martin Schleyer, a package built around bullet-resistant cars that ISG manufactures. Its headquarters are located near the San Antonio, Texas airport, convenient to clients arriving in private aircraft from points south. Office walls are decorated with blowups of photographs of picturesque assassinations involving unarmored cars. The company was founded two years ago by Richard Medlin and Ronald Kimball, both in their mid-thirties. Medlin began by spending three months building one car, working alone until five in the morning. "After years of working for other people, I wanted something I could do all by myself. It didn't turn out that way," he says, with a smile that does not reach his eyes and suggests the wariness



with which he is sniffing for the first time the sweet smell of success. Medlin and Kimball started ISG with $40,000. In 1978 it grossed $4.7 million, with 184 employees and plants and offices in San Salvador, Guatemala City, Bogota, and Madrid. Medlin and Kimball do not wish to publicise their background in local and federal law enforcement within the US and in Latin America, because they believe too many security firms coast on their agency backgrounds and connections. They prefer that ISG be judged by the quality of the product and services it provides. They invite me to visit their operation as if I were a prospective "principal" — an individual to be protected — and draw my own conclusion. I agree and suggest that when I write my article, I will present case histories with minor alterations. I introduce no such changes when I report that the paper-towel dispenser in ISG's executive washroom has been meticulously covered by ISG's upholstery shop with wallpaper the color of the good earth of West Texas. If they have this covered, I note, chances are that they have everything covered.

It is explained to me that 90 percent of all kidnap and assassination attempts are made while the principal is travelling in a car. The attackers intercept the car and encourage the principal to emerge by perforating his driver and bodyguards. The entire incident usually involves five assailants and takes between seven and 15 seconds. If the attackers discover that their bullets do not penetrate the passenger compartment within this time window, the prudent move is for them to find another victim, preferably one who does not have a bullet-resistant car. This is particularly true if the driver is saying crude things about the desperadoes' mothers over the armored vehicle's public-address system while spraying them with tear gas and shooting at them through gunports concealed in the doors.

When you consider the sense of security you feel when you roll up the windows and lock the doors of your mean machine, it is interesting to consider also that it is in the safety of your car that you are most vulnerable to attack. I speculate as to what a different place the world would be if big people would only get into the habit of using armored vehicles. Do any of you remember Gavrilo Princip? If you do, it is only because Francis Ferdinand and Sophie, heirs to the throne of Austria-Hungary, were not riding in a bullet-resistant vehicle on June 28, 1914. If John F. Kennedy had been wearing his bubble top, we might have been spared 16 years of looking at autopsy drawings and photographs of blood-stained shirts.

There are two related reasons why many people would rather be dead than use an armored car. One is weight. The other is price. For an example of the popular image of the bulletproof car, see a *National Enquirer* squib headlined "Car Fit For a King — Only $300,000."

The article described Saudi Arabia's King Khalid's armor-plated Stutz: four feet longer than a standard Cadillac limousine, weighing over 3180kg, and powered by a 7-litre V-8 engine. The car is equipped with a revolving throne chair, covered in crushed velvet. The article continues: "Along with standard features, such as [bulletproof] electric windows and stereo, the limo's posh interior has mouton lamb carpeting, a phone, recording equipment, a writing desk, and 18kt gold trim."

At ISG such vehicles are the butt of derisive laughter. Tungsten steel armor plate adds between 910kg and 1230kg to the weight of a car. Six figures for a car that handles like a bulldozer and brakes like a supertanker is no bargain, especially since the inordinate wear on its drive train requires that the vehicle either be used only on special occasions or replaced frequently. ISG manufactures an armor plate made of Kevlar, an acrylic fabric, and ballistic nylon, laminated with plastic resin into a rigid sheet. I am shown samples of this material at which superpower ammunition, such as .357 Magnum, has been fired point-blank. None goes through. ISG's armor adds from 270kg to 320kg to the vehicle's weight, no more than the weight of four passengers and well within the design tolerance of the drive train. The cars do not ordinarily have mouton lamb carpeting or throne chairs and sell for a Spartan $23,000, for an International Scout, or $65,000, for a Cadillac or Mercedes limousine. They handle like stock cars and have the same useful life.

> Your boss they'll want alive, but they don't care about you. They're better off shooting you in the head a few times so your memory won't be so good.

ISG will armor any model of car, filling orders within 30 to 45 days. During my visit a Mexican industrialist arrived in a Mexican-made Ford that he'd driven up from Guadalajara for ISG to armor. Another gentleman telephoned from New Orleans to ask whether they would armor his Jaguar XKE. They thought the request rather odd but told him they would. I had expected to see them working mainly on Cadillacs, Mercedes-Benz 450 SELs, and BMW 733i's. As it turned out, most of the cars they were working on were Caprices, Ford LTDs, Chevrolets and "the desire to avoid being noticed", reads an ISG brochure, "will prompt a continuing move from the large limousine to the more common, less conspicuous vehicle". Four-wheel drive vehicles are particularly popular because most Latin American countries classify them as farm vehicles and assess a duty less than half the large import fee one must pay on a passenger car.

The gate of ISG's armored-car factory is opened electrically, and I am given a visitor's badge by an armed guard. The plant is well lit and immaculate. Mexican-American technicians deftly and swiftly remove windshield, windows, headlining, seats, carpeting, and inside door panels from production cars. A bullet-resistant windshield is installed. It is fabricated by Pittsburgh Plate Glass with an outer layer of bullet-resistant glass and an inner layer of polycarbonate resin and costs ISG $3500. I am shown a piece of the windshield and rear window at which a clip of .45 calibre bullets has been fired. The glass is shattered, but nothing penetrates the plastic layer. Side window frames are widened with welded steel strips to accept glazing with "lightweight transparent armor" composed of an inner layer of G.E. Lexgard laminate. Between the glass and the polycarbonate is a space filled with nitrogen to prevent condensation. Because of their thickness, the side windows do not open. Would there be any point in paying 50 big ones for a car with bulletproof windows that are rolled down when the Popular Front for the Liberation of Your Bank Account made its move?

The floorboards, roof, and firewall are lined with nylon ballistic cloth stitched into batts. The doors are armored with sheets of Kevlar/nylon laminate through which gunports are cut to enable the occupants to return the attackers' fire. When the upholstery is replaced, these are covered with panels held on by Velcro. I look to see the gunports from the outside of a finished car, but there is no outer opening. "You just shoot right out through the sheet metal," I am told. "By the time you'd be using the gunports, the outer skin would be shot up already, anyway."

An additional battery is installed. One does not wish to be in the position of having to ask one's attackers for a jump start. Both batteries are surrounded with Kevlar. The engine compartment is not armored. One wall of the showroom is covered with photographs of ordinary cars shot up in terrorist incidents to demonstrate to the prospective purchaser that attackers do not waste bullets on the engine. The batteries are armored, because they may blow up if hit by a stray bullet. Ditto the fuel tank, which is wrapped in 30-ply nylon batting. The Michelin steel-belted radial is recommended because it will stay on the rim if punctured by a stray bullet. Terrorists, it is explained, do not shoot at tyres. They shoot at rich people.

Options include dual reinforced ram bumpers, for use if push comes to shove; holsters for pistols underneath the front seats; a rack for a shotgun concealed by a flap in front of the back seat; a radio-actuated remove starter so that if a bomb has been rigged to the vehicle's electrical system, it goes off at the expense of the principal's car insurance company rather than that of his life insurance company; and a two-way, 35w VHF radio. I have two favorites. One is a combination public address system and siren which, when switched to YELP, pushes the button in attackers' heads that says *policia,* causing them to reconsider the advisability of their mission and, perhaps, lose sphincter control. Last but most, there is a "deterrent system" consisting of canisters of tear gas inside each fender with nozzles covered by what appear to be innocent reflectors. The driver can set them off by using a control panel under the steering wheel. The reflectors blow off, and the attackers begin to weep, if not at their misdeeds, then at their poor judgment — $1900 the four and cheap at the price.

When a door is open, a bystander may be able to tell that the car is armored because of the thickness of its door windows. This is not undesirable since, while the principal is best advised not to attract attention to himself, if he is being closely scrutinised it is perhaps best for the scrutiniser to realise that his intended victim will not be an easy target. ISG sold 200 vehicles in 1978. None of the ISG vehicles has been attacked.

Purchasers of ISG vehicles are advised to take the company's three-day course in "evasive driving." There is no point in buying a $40,000 armored vehicle and then having its beautiful new paint job ruined by driving it right into a terrorist ambush. ISG's chief instructor is Abe Flores. Recently retired as the pursuit driving instructor at the San Antonio police academy, he is well qualified to teach principals and their drivers to evade pursuit. Flores runs me 80km out of San Antonio to a sleepy airfield, where the course is given. By the side of the runway is a collection of World War II military aircraft, P-51s, and P-38s with snarling mouths painted on them, a battered B-26 creaking in the wind. At the other end of the strip a technician is testing tyres for Ford by driving around and around in the tightest of circles. In between is the shop where ISG works on its two training cars with beefed-up suspensions and roll bars and a well-appointed trailer that serves as office, classroom, lavatory, lunchroom, and recuperation centre for principals and chauffeurs suffering from the stress that Flores warns me I am about to experience.

There are two preferred methods of attack. In one the principal's car is overtaken by one of the attackers' vehicles, which passes it, drops in front of it, and blocks its path as a second car pulls alongside the principal's car and opens fire. In the second method the principal's car is confronted by a stationary roadblock — what appears to be, say, a collision between a car and a truck, next to which one attacker masquerades as a distraught housewife and another argues with her in the role of the irate truck driver.

Some principals take the course alone. One came with 18 bodyguards. Others who never drive themselves send their chauffeurs. In the classroom Flores tells them to pick out three routes to each usual destination, to be alternated at random so that attackers will not be able to plan their strike. The driver should analyse each route as if he were an attacker conning the best places for a cutoff or a blockade. He should then plan what action he would take if he were attacked anywhere along each route and practice the manoeuvers on the spot. He is warned against parking so that he would have to back out of a space, against pausing at driveway entrances while gates are opened. "You better be ready if you want to save your own life," Flores tells chauffeurs. "Your boss they'll want alive, but they don't care about you. In fact, you're a witness. They're better off shooting you in the head a few times so your memory won't be so good.

"We do a night problem where we set up a barricade and chase the chauffeur toward it with a pursuit vehicle. It's pitch black out here, and he can't see the barricade until he's almost up to it. I'm sitting in the back. When the driver slows down to see what he's up against, I start yelling at him in Spanish like I'm his boss. 'What are you waiting for, you stupid idiot! We're being followed. Keep on going — you can drive around it. Come on, what are you waiting for? They'll catch us. Get moving, or you're through working for me . . . That's it — you're fired, you moron!' The guy gets so flustered that he stops, and the men who are playing the attackers run out from behind the barricade and hit the car with their hands. I tell the driver that if they touch the car, he's a corpse. I tell him he should have done a 180 and peeled out in the other direction, no matter what I was saying to him. In a situation like that, your boss is going to be screaming orders at you, but you've got to ignore what he's telling you and do what you've been taught."

The course goes from high-speed

"Your boobs are too small"

driving to 180-degree turns to simulate pursuit and blockade in daylight and darkness. I am taught that one-hand and hand-over-hand driving are luxuries I cannot afford if I am too wealthy. Wearing a crash helmet and a harness, I am shown how to negotiate tight figure eights at high speed without ever letting go of the wheel, passing it instead from hand to hand. I am taught to make hairpin turns without drift or skid from 135km/h on the straight.

The goal of the attacker is to force the principal's car to a standstill. "If you stop, you're dead," Flores tells his pupils. There are two ways to avoid having to stop. One is to keep going. I take it on faith when Flores tells me that he shows students how to drive off the pavement at 100km/h across the pasture that surrounds the airport. The other is to turn in the opposite direction. The old three-point turn is likely to land you in a windowless room where you'll be told that it's nothing against you personally; it's just that you're a class enemy.

I am taught two more dramatic methods of going back where I came from. First, the "forward 180," known in the trade as the California Bootleg, named for its originators, the West Coast Cutty Sark distributors of the 1920s. Speedometer to 70km/h, hit the emergency brake, immediate violent quarter-turn of the steering wheel, car fishtails all the way around, smell of burning rubber, 180 degrees, release emergency brake, accelerate. I try it again, again, again, until I get it right. Does it to you in the ribs. Only hurts when I laugh.

Then the "reverse 180." I drive up to the imaginary barricade. The imaginary housewife reaches into her imaginary handbag and pulls out an imaginary Russian-designed Polish Makarov pistol and aims it at my pineal gland. Brake to a skidless stop by palpitating the brake pedal rapidly to keep it from locking. Wait till nose of car stops dipping so that rear-wheel traction is regained. Shift into reverse, left hand at nine o'clock, right hand at three, straight back until it feels like 70km/h (speedometers don't work in reverse.) Cross left hand over to five o'clock, turn violently back to five o'clock, slam the gear selector into drive, floor it. Practice this in (empty!) shopping mall parking lots all day long, and you'll be ready to hit the Dencorub. However, it gives you less of a stiff neck than taking a clip of 7.62mm Nato in the upper thorax. I empathise with upper-class Hispanic females with sensitive busts doing 180s in a harness from dawn to dusk. Ai Pancho! Ai Cisco! As Flores and I head back to San Antonio through the Texas twilight, we agree that it is a pleasure commonly experienced but seldom savored to be able to go to sleep not worrying whether one of your body-guards is scheming to betray you. On the highway Abe Flores drives with one hand.

ISG does not recommend that the principal and his guards try to shoot it out with attackers. The company offers a 4½-day weapons course, in which 1400 rounds are shot so that clients will be prepared should there be no choice. The principal and his wife, family, and bodyguards are trained on a variety of small arms, including the Remington 870 12-gauge shotgun, good because aim is not critical; the Heckler & Koch Models 91 and 93, 7.62mm and 5.56mm, respectively, rifles of German manufacture, which achieve muzzle velocities near 915m/sec — that is, faster than a speeding bullet; the .45 calibre Thompson Model 1928, i.e., the tommy gun, still an effective means of making people fall down; the Colt Government Model automatic pistol in .38 and Commander in .45 cal.; the 9mm Browning Hi-Power Model P-35 automatic pistol; and the 9mm Smith & Wesson Model 59 automatic pistol. My favorite is the Ingram M-10 machine pistol, less than an inch longer than the Colt .38. The nasty gray little Ingram has a pull-out stock, shoots 1000 .45 rounds a minute in 30-round clips. "It gets people to scatter," I am told. Running a close second is the aptly named Universal Enforcer, a cut-down carbine the size of a flintlock pistol that fires the devastating .30 M-1 cartridge.

As the targets present themselves more and more quickly, the shooter has to decide friend/question mark/foe — spare the former and waste the latter.

Clients are given a classroom course in firearms safety and technique by Richard Stengel, a San Antonio Police Department ballistics expert who sounds like a country preacher and looks as if he ought to be on a billboard, lighting a Marlboro. He is one of the few ISG personnel who is not fluent in Spanish; so his instruction to clients receives a simultaneous translation. He emphasises the value of dry firing. "The way to shoot without flinching is to shoot the loaded gun exactly as if it weren't loaded." Check that the cylinder of the Smith & Wesson .38 revolver is empty. Turn the wrists out to lock the elbows. Bend backwards at the waist. Grip the pistol with both hands. Curl the trigger finger so that its tip comes to rest against the rear of the trigger guard as the gun is fired. Lean slightly forward on the balls of the feet. Take a deep breath and let part of it out, lowering the barrel, another part, another, hold. Tell your finger to start pulling the trigger slowly and smoothly. Once the trigger is moving, switch to establishing the correct sight picture. The front sight should be centred on a level with the rear sight. Do not "aim" at the centre of the man-shaped target. Just keep the sights within the vital area. Let the target become blurred. Focus on the sight picture. Finger still moving back . . . moving back . . . moving back. Sight picture. Click. Release trigger. Tell finger to start again. Sight picture . . . sight picture . . . sight picture . . . click. Six times. "You should never know exactly when the gun's going to go off," he says.

I walk into ISG's shooting range and leave the industrial park where it is located — Texas, the planet earth, and the material world — and enter an abstract space, walls, floors, and ceiling painted black. There is an eerie chill in the air, not fully explained by the fact that regulations require exhaust fans to suck the lead vapor out of the air. At the end of the huge echoing room is an Advanced Training Systems movable target array. The targets turn to face the shooter in timed order, controlled from a glassed-in booth above my head. There is a black man with a shotgun, a television reporter with an minicamera, a white woman opening her handbag, a newsman with a tape recorder. There is "Hogan's Alley" at the left, a building out of whose windows and doors malefactors appear to menace Latin American industrialists. The target covers are the most contemporary things I've ever seen. They are executed in a hard-edge style with bold colors, the characters frozen in comic-book poses. As the targets present themselves more and more quickly, the shooter has to decide friend/question mark/foe — spare the former and waste the latter.

I am coached by Arturo Salinas. He has me shoot ball-and-dummy at a stationary target, three bullets placed at random in the cylinder so that I won't know when the .38 is going to go off and will be less likely to flinch. We put on hearing protectors and feel each other talking. I have never fired a pistol before in my life. Here goes.

Lock elbows. Balls of feet. Deep breath. Out. Out. Out. Finger going. Sight picture . . . sight picture . . . sight picture . . . Click. Finger going. Sight picture . . . sight picture . . . sight picture . . . sight — *BOM*. An orange flash. The pistol kicks like an electric mixer hitting the side of the bowl. Finger going. Sight picture . . . sight picture . . . sight pic — *BOM*. Again . . . click. Again . . . click. Again . . . *BOM*. I unload into a plastic pail, and we walk up to examine the target. I am stunned. There are two holes side by side right at the centre of the vital area, another an

inch away. I can't believe it. From 75 feet away. Without aiming. Shades of Zen archery. Salinas says I am a good student. I tell him he is a good teacher. I wonder whether I have missed the target entirely and whether the three holes were put there beforehand to make me feel good. I shoot another load. All within a four-inch circle at the target's centre. Yet another. Ditto. There is really very little point in proceeding with this drill. We are wasting expensive ammunition. I am a killer, and that is all there is to it. When I get to the moving targets, I know what I will do. I will shoot the cameraman in the lens, shoot the newsman in the microphone, and take the other targets home with me in mint condition and have them framed in chrome. As I leave, I am told to practice 15 minutes a day in my head, visualising situations that might arise and how I would respond. It is all very metaphysical. Since that day people who have crossed me have no idea how fortunate they are that my target practice is being conducted only with mental bullets.

Armored cars, evasive driving and weapons training will not permit a kidnapping target "to function", as ISG puts it, "in an atmosphere of caution, not fear", if his homes and offices are not secure. For example, Frank Tossas, ISG's vice-president for security services, tells me that he recommends that principals establish a "safe room" in each of the premises they frequent where, if attacked, they can hide and call for help. The room should have bullet-resistant doors with sturdy dead bolts and steel plates over the windows, a supply of weapons, ammunition, food, water, closed-circuit television so that they can see what is going on outside, a telephone, and a two-way radio. The consequences of not having a safe room are illustrated by a case in which two men dressed as police officers, with a third man in tow, rang a government official's doorbell in a Central American country a couple of months ago. A maid answered and was told that their captive had admitted to being in league with one of the gardeners in stealing from the house. They asked her to summon the gardener and followed her inside. Whereupon the two police officers and their prisoner produced automatic weapons and proceeded to slaughter the servants and search for the owner of the house. The official was taking a shower at the time. When he heard the firing, he jumped out the bathroom window, naked, ran to his (unarmored) car and hid on the floor. He cut his foot as he leapt, however, and the attackers followed the trail of blood to the car, seized their target, and dragged him to the get-away vehicle. A ransom of $4 million was demanded. The family agreed to pay. After that they heard no more from the kidnappers for more than a month.

Finally, on Mother's Day, the official's mother received a telephone call in which the kidnappers told her they were going to give her back her son as a Mother's Day present. The woman was overjoyed. That afternoon a car pulled up to the mother's house and dumped her son's body in the street, in his birthday suit with a bullet through his brain. His surviving family are now clients of ISG. Tossas shakes his head wistfully as he tells this story. "If that guy had had somewhere he could've locked himself into and called for help, he might be alive today. Happy Mother's Day. Can you imagine?" He speaks in an unusual tone, at once sympathetic and detached.

As part of his training in Air Force Intelligence, Tossas spent three months being starved, tortured, and humiliated, stripped naked in a lightless room in a mock-up of a prisoner-of-war camp. "It got so bad we wondered whether the whole thing was a trick, whether someone really was holding us prisoner," he says. "It gives me the ability to understand what a kidnap victim goes through." If a bomb were to go off in the conference room where we are sitting, I wonder whether Tossas would blink.

> A "crisis-management team" is selected from family members and employees to devise and execute security, legal, financial, and medical plans.

Tossas is in charge of the security surveys that ISG conducts for clients. For $375 a day a team of ISG specialists more or less moves in with principals and their families, analysing their homes, offices, recreation facilities, transportation media, and travel schedules for security risk. Polygraph tests and voice-stress analyses are given to family employees to determine loyalty. Paid informants are developed to report on possible disloyalty among fellow servants. Tossas shows me a survey prepared for one of the wealthiest families in a Latin American country, owning seven holding companies and nine operating companies involved in finance and commodities, including vegetable oils, cocoa, and chicle, the main component of chewing gum. It comprises 62 members in four generations ranging from age one month to 89 years, living in 13 households with 37 homes, farms, vacation houses, and offices. The H_____ family bought 16 armored vehicles and retained ISG to do a security survey after the brother-in-law of one member was kidnapped and held for $3 million ransom. During one month of captivity, the chief abductor asked his victim to assist him in revising his doctoral thesis on the economics of sugar. The victim thought his kidnapper's paper very well thought out indeed and complied with the request. He was returned unharmed and $3 million poorer. The ISG survey took three weeks and resulted in a 10-page preliminary report of some essential measures to be taken immediately and a 120-page final report.

Site security plans for each location are drawn up by Juan Ramirez, an electronics expert from Puerto Rico, who then flies down from San Antonio to supervise the installation of fencing, lighting, intrusion alarms, locks, closed-circuit television, and whatever else is necessary, as he puts it, "not just to protect property, like a burglar alarm — to protect lives".

Meanwhile, Tossas' staff draws up a "crisis-management plan" for the family as an alternative to the chaos that might otherwise result if there was an incident or threat. A policy of whether ransom will be paid, and if so, how much, is developed. A "crisis-management team" is selected from among family members and employees to devise and execute security, legal, financial, and medical plans as well as handle public relations and "adversary communications". For example, a financial plan and team member are necessary because, though the principal may be worth $500 million, he may not ordinarily have $5 million in cash readily available. Very often the only one with signature authority over the principal's bank accounts is the principal, who may be, as was the case in a recent kidnapping in South America, incarcerated in a shipping container and therefore unable to sign the necessary documents.

Then there is a businessman whose name ISG found on a captured terrorist kidnap list two weeks before. ISG had approached the man and offered its services. The businessman replied that his wealth was not great enough to interest any self-respecting kidnapper. Evidently, however, kidnappers must need some change for the cigarette machine. The other day the businessman's car was hit in the rear by another vehicle. The gentleman got out to inspect the damage and was escorted by the other vehicle's occupants to an undisclosed location, where he is being held for $8 million. Since the businessman maintains that he doesn't have that kind of money, the kidnappers have thoughtfully provided him with a list of his bank account numbers and balances as well as those of relatives who may, someday, wish to see him again. Meanwhile, an ambassador in a Latin American country has been kidnapped. Tossas asks to be kept informed. Then Tossas, two members of his staff and I go to lunch at a local shopping mall. We all feel good to be eating chicken-fried steak and jalapena-pepper corn bread and not to be trussed, gagged, blindfolded, drugged, and stuffed into the trunk of a car. Over pecan pie I hear the one about the father who spent 39 days negotiating down his son's ransom from $1.5 million to $125,000. I decide to distribute my lands among my peasants and move immediately to a heavily guarded chalet in Switzerland under an assumed name.

ISG's greatest concentration of principals is in Central America. But the company sees kidnapping and assassination as growth areas and is planning for expansion of its activities around the world. I am introduced to Robert Hamilton and William Green, two young former Green Berets, graduates of SEER, the Army's Survival, Escape, Evasion, and Resistance course, who were involved in the planning of Blue Light, the service's elite, 180-man antiterrorist unit. It is Hamilton and Green's job to analyse kidnappings, assassinations, bombings and facility attacks around the world, with a view toward warning ISG principals of emerging patterns of activity that may affect them and developing "threat analyses" that will help ISG plan its services and marketing activities. In their view, the result of skull sessions spent "thinking like terrorists", the coming place for executive kidnappings is an underdeveloped country called *los Estados Unidos de America*.

The United States is the only place that hasn't been hit hard by the worldwide wave of terror, they explain. There is a universal lack of security-consciousness. Conspicuous consumers flaunt license plates announcing their children's names. Celebrities pose for photographs with their families in front of their houses for magazine features that detail their exact earnings and in some cases give their work schedules minute by minute. It is only a matter of time, ISG believes, before the contagion of kidnapping reaches the United States. The perpetrators will be primarily after money, as ISG believes they are in El Salvador, Colombia, and Italy, though they may veil their economic motivation with political demands. They may operate for their own account or as paid contractors for Libya and Algeria, which arm, fund, and train terrorist groups ranging from Spanish Basque separatists to Breton nationalists in France or the Paris-based, Russian/Cuban-financed Junta of Revolutionary Co-ordination, the umbrella group for Latin American ultra-left terrorist organisations.

But we need not wait for indigenous US targets. Already the United States is becoming a terror ground for Latin American turmoil. Chilean leftist Orlando Letelier was blown up on a Washington street by rightist Chilean operatives. A community of wealthy Salvadorans seeking to escape the polarisation of their country has coalesced in a group of condominiums around Miami. One morning a few months ago they woke up and found tacked to each of the 3000 doors 3000 pieces of paper containing their full names and a leftist manifesto, a subtle suggestion that the writ of the Armed Forces of National Liberation runs well beyond the borders of El Salvador, even as far, perhaps, as Fort Lauderdale.

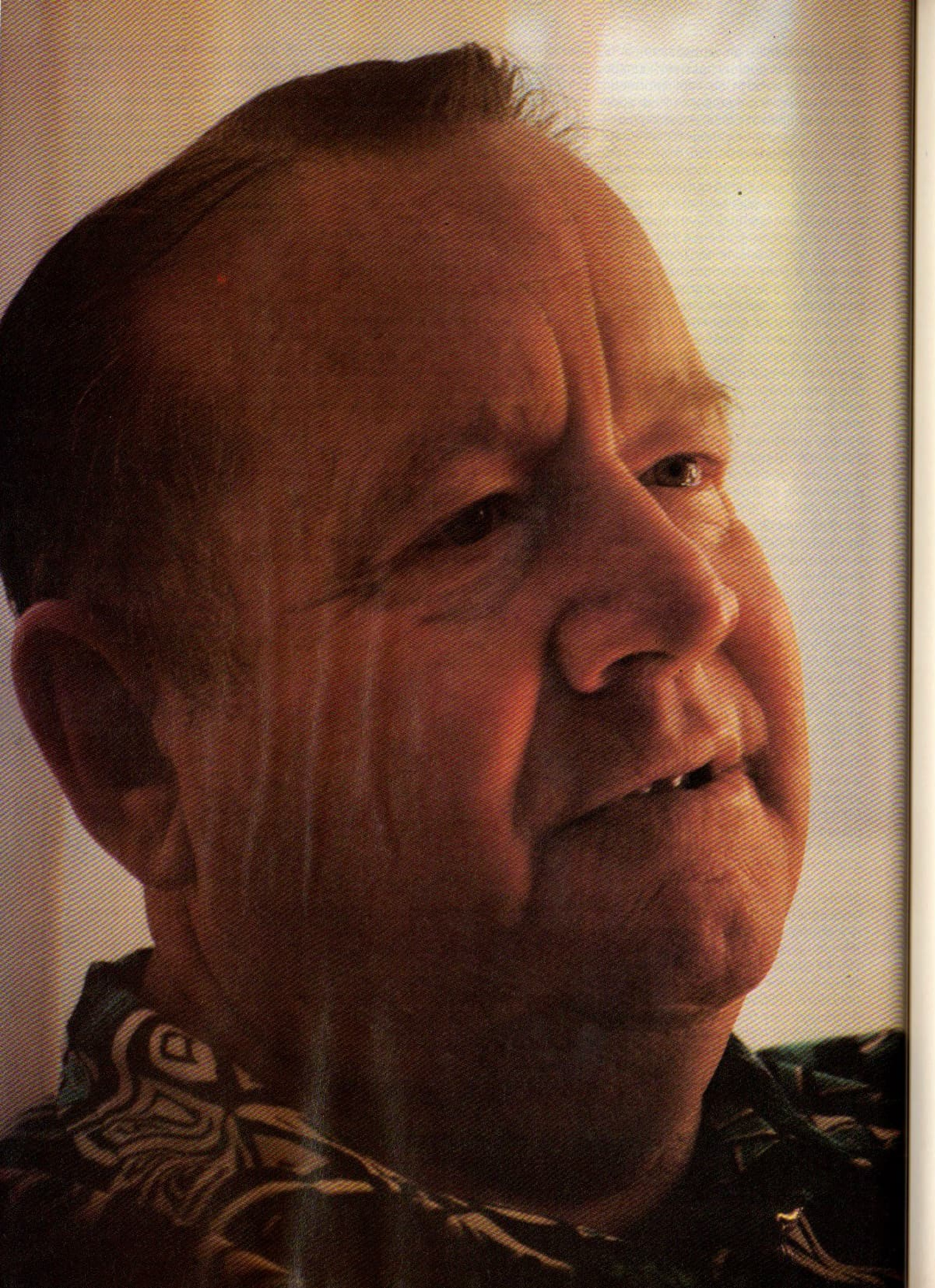
I ask whether it is not within the power of American governmental agencies to keep the personal-security situation north of the border from degenerating to that of a banana republic.

"There has always been terrorism in this country," says Hamilton, who was born in Chile of American parents and has had exposure to intergroup conflict somewhat more vivid than that available from watching television news. "What would you call lynching blacks in the South? So the government created a legal environment in which lynching is no longer tolerated. But in this new environment we find black terrorists assassinating the black school superintendent of Oakland, California. Our system of constitutional restraints makes it impossible to eliminate terrorism. It's just a matter of who's on the anvil at any given moment. To absolutely preclude domestic terrorism, sir, would require a political regime out of George Orwell. The only way to prevent such incidents without totalitarian control of society is for the private sector to provide security services for those individuals most likely to be attacked." Note the "sir". Along with it comes a handshake with a militarily straight elbow that feels like the first move in an Aikido hold.

I leave San Antonio impressed with the *esprit de corps* of International Security Group. I had expected a glorified body shop run by puffed-up franchise hustlers in white belts, cranberry double-knit slacks, and white shoes. Instead, I found a group of dedicated professionals, gentle, sweet, calm, polite, cheerful, armed, and considered dangerous. They seemed personally concerned about the people under their protection. They feel for their principals as if great wealth were a painful disease that makes those who bear it worthy of respect. God is a strange fellow, I reflect, contriving to make the wealthy as miserable as the poor.

I burn my notes so no names of ISG principals can be compromised. I set down, as epilogue, the words of the Athenian orator and security expert Demosthenes (385?—322 B.C.): "Though a man escape every other danger, he can never wholly escape those who do not want such a person as he is to exist."

"I'm ready — pass it on."



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

SIR JOHN EGERTON

‘

At the moment the Left is virtually controlling Australia through the trade union movement. But the more the Left exposes itself, the more likely it is for the masses to accept a right-wing coup.

’

During the Great Telecom Strike (call that work bans if you wish) of July this year, thousands of frustrated people around the nation were muttering phrases like “pack of bastards”, “bring in the army”, “how dare they?” and “bloody unionists”.

Seldom have so few incurred the wrath of so many. Seldom has the cause of unionism, a worker’s right to withdraw his or her services, been held in such low esteem.

Much of that ill-feeling has now passed. A week without strikes is, like politics, a long time in the public memory. But the problems it highlighted remain. Problems like rogue, maverick or freelance unions holding the public (and that includes millions of other unionists) to ransom; and breakdown of the arbitration system; the refusal of some unions to accept the umpires’ decision; governments threatening, waving or using the Big Stick of anti-union legislation. And, in this time of massive technological change, the central question of the relevance of unionism itself in a society where more jobs are being eliminated than being created.

Sir John (call me Jack) Egerton spent 35 years in the union movement before being deposed as president of the Queensland Trades and Labor Council and expelled from the ALP when he accepted his Imperial award — a knighthood. For many years he has also been on the boards of Australian enterprises such as Qantas, Mary Kathleen Uranium Ltd, the SGIO (Queensland) Building Society and the Queensland Rugby League. A Labor man through and through, he has had a foot in both camps. Could he suggest an answer to the industrial problems of the eighties? “Sure”, he replied, “I’ve got some things I want to say”.

The remark is typical of the man. Rough, blunt, generous and compassionate, he is a man who has never shirked from calling a spade a spade. A boy from the Queensland bush, born in 1918, he was the son of a grazier. The Depression forced the family off the land and Jack became an apprentice boilermaker working in shipyards. He became secretary of the shipyard shop committee and his natural progression within the unions took him to the presidency of the Queensland Trades and Labor Council. There he weathered the storm of the Queensland ALP split in 1957 and was the most powerful Labor official in the State.

It was his intervention which saved Gough Whitlam from expulsion after the “twelve witless men” crisis of 1966. The Egerton-Whitlam axis was surprising, given the nature of the men. Whitlam was a smooth idealogue. Egerton knew and understood the basic elements of raw power and believed Whitlam was a man who could lead Labor into Government. Egerton was, of course, quite correct, and his strident criticisms of Whitlam today spring from the fact that Whitlam was too high and mighty to heed Egerton’s pragmatic warnings that the Labor government was on a self-destruct course.

Egerton was one of the most powerful voices in Australian unionism, second only to Bob Hawke, when the June 1976 bombshell came. He was offered, and accepted, a knighthood. Immediately he was expelled from the ALP and stripped of his industrial offices. He moved into a form of restless retirement on Queensland’s Gold Coast — and then ran for local political office. He is now deputy mayor of the Gold Coast and those in the know are prepared to bet he will make a run for the top job.

His main work with the Gold Coast Council involves tourism, planning for the Commonwealth Games tourist explosion next year and serving on the committees which co-ordinate tourist facilities in the area he describes as the “pick of Australia’s coastline”. He is also kept busy on the Qantas board (“although it is 16 months since I had a trip”) and in August was involved with the Royal National Association Exhibition in

Brisbane. His role? Judge of the fruit and vegetable displays and steward of the woodchopping events.

For this interview Mark Day flew to the Gold Coast and was welcomed by Lady Egerton, demure and charming, and Sir Jack, resplendent in a blue-and-white Hawaiian shirt and brown stubbies shorts. He appeared the quintessential Queenslander, and that's where they began their conversation.

But, as Day reports: "I knew Sir Jack had a few things he wanted to say, and I expected the Egerton Plan for Industrial Peace in the Eighties. But as the interview developed I could not believe I was hearing from the lips of a union man the predictions of, and support for, a totalitarian society in Australia".

Penthouse: You give the impression of being a true-blue Queenslander. Is it true that Queenslanders are different?

Egerton: Most definitely. They think differently and they act differently. One thing most Australians don't appreciate — and most certainly Federal politicians — is that Queensland is more agriculturally related than any other State. We are the only State where more than half our people live outside the metropolitan area. Queenslanders have preserved a courtesy — a rough courtesy — you don't find in the South. You still get asked to have a cup of tea in Queensland, which is not so in many States.

The last statistics I saw show that 70 percent of Queenslanders either owned or were in the process of owning their own homes. One of the reasons people in big cities don't take friends home and entertain is that they live in tenements and homes where there is no room for entertainment, whereas in Queensland you have room and back yards in which to entertain.

Another reason we're different is that we have the biggest percentage of British-born inhabitants. We had no great migrant influx as they had in the southern cities, for better or for worse, so there is a tendency up here to run things as British-born people run them and that has led to claims of racism, but it's not really. There is no racism.

Penthouse: The southerners tend to believe the typical Queenslander is a conservative. Do you agree with that?

Egerton: Yeah. I think the average Queenslander realises there is not anything much wrong with the system and they would rather improve it than wreck it, whereas in the big cities people live under appalling conditions. They are just automatons. They travel 30 to 40 miles to work in NSW and 20 to 30 miles to work in Victoria and they become automats and all they want to do is wreck the system, which they believe they are not getting enough out of. Here we know the system is rich enough to be capable of supplying all the needs of the average person.

Penthouse: Where does the difference lie in the distance you travel to work?

Egerton: In the main people would travel no more than 10 or 12 miles. The inner city is not residentially dead, either.

Penthouse: Are you saying Sydney and Melbourne are too big?

Egerton: They are residentially dead. Sydney's a morgue. Melbourne's a morgue.

Penthouse: You obviously don't like them.

Egerton: I do! They're nice places when you want a bit of relaxation. I like Sydney very much, it's a big city with great restaurants, but it's a hell of a pace. Of course I'm a fierce Queenslander. You mustn't forget only Queensland and West Australia show a profit for the Commonwealth. The rest of the states are a debit.

Penthouse: You sound as if you might be ready to heap praise on Mr Bjelke-Petersen for what he has done here.

> We have all the natural resources. If we had a bloke like Lee Kuan Yew with Australia to work on, what a great country it would be.

Egerton: Well, Joh's got a great State to work on. We have all the natural resources. If we had a bloke like Lee Kuan Yew with Australia to work on, what a great country it would be.

Penthouse: He's hardly your ultimate democrat, though, is he?

Egerton: Well, I don't know why he's not, really. He jailed a few editors once when they were preaching violence. I don't know what he was supposed to do.

Penthouse: What about freedom?

Egerton: Well, what's freedom?

Penthouse: He allows no opposition from other political parties, he's outlawed them; he doesn't even let you wear long hair!

Egerton: Well, I suppose 20 years ago I wouldn't have employed a fella with long hair, either. I wouldn't have thought he was a fella. But if you want to enter an argument on Lee Kuan Yew, Singapore is one of the cleanest eastern cities, where people are decently houses, where the crime rate has been drastically reduced.

Penthouse: But surely you must ask how's he's achieved these things.

Egerton: Well, he's achieved it by getting down to the basic necessities.

Penthouse: Like throwing you into jail . . .

Egerton: I don't know if he did that or not. Maybe there were occasions when that happened. It's alleged that happens here, too, and when you talk about one political party, gerrymanders achieve the same thing as Lee Kuan Yew is achieving, don't they? If a government can manipulate boundaries so an opponent can't possibly win, the end result is the same. Look, quite candidly, Lee Kuan Yew lives in a place not much bigger than Brisbane without a single resource of its own: it buys its water, it buys its food, it imports everything, yet the standard of living has gone up and up. If you went to Singapore you wouldn't be conscious there were any restrictions on freedoms. The average Singaporean is not aware there are restrictions on freedom except you can't throw rubbish on the footpaths, you can't leave untidy cars littering the streets, or your back yard.

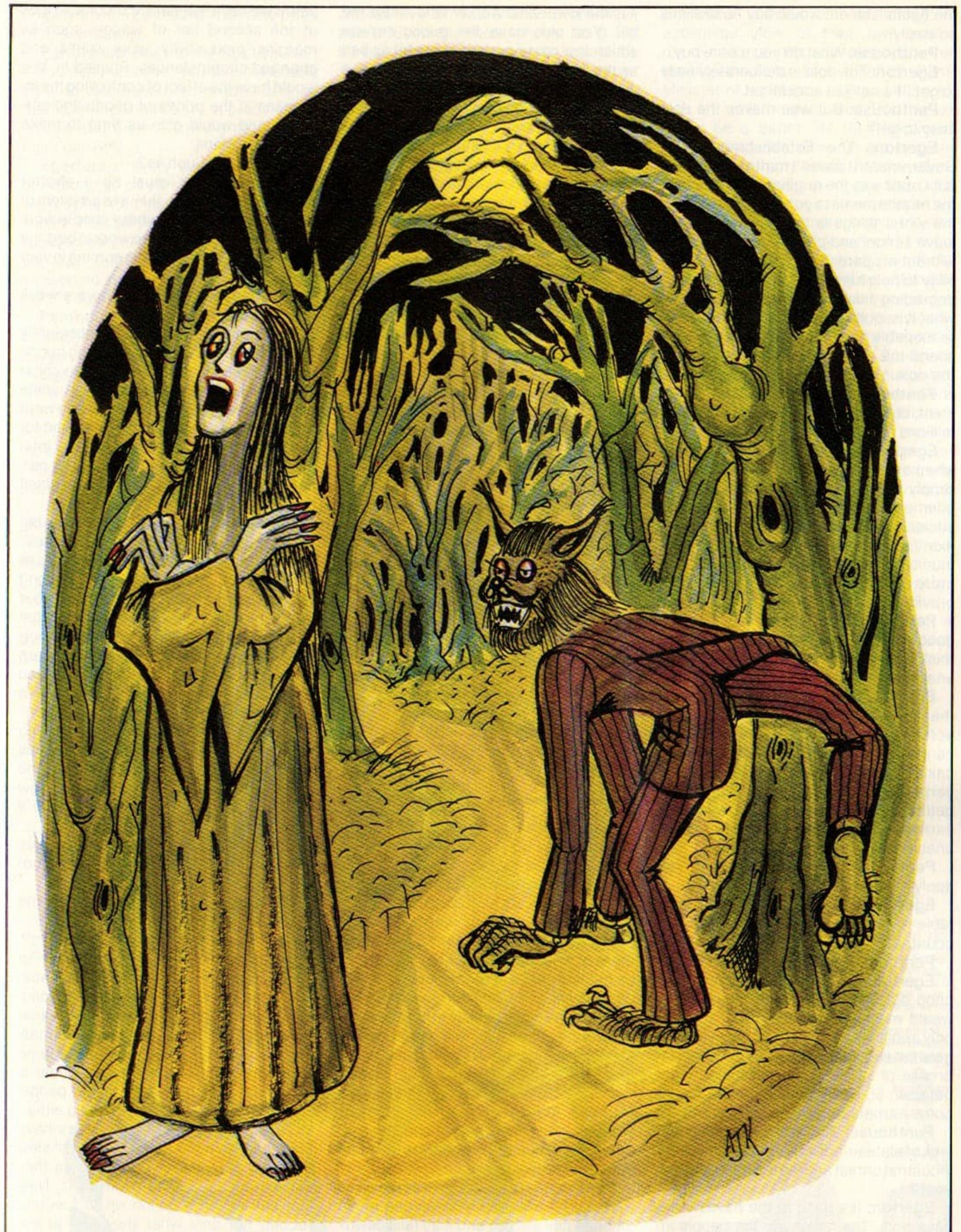
It's a great thing to be a democrat if you live in a country which can afford it. Australia has luxuries which allow it to afford democratic ideas far in excess of what true democracy is. But if you live in a small place they are ideals you can't support — just as Australia can't support some of its ideals over the last decade.

Penthouse: That has been a decade of great change. Do you agree we are at the moment going through a period of technological change which rivals the Industrial Revolution in terms of social disruption?

Egerton: Much worse. It's important to have here a regard for the lessons of history. In the fifties unionists were worried about the effects of automation. But in fact automation — technological change was a jargon which hadn't hit the press — *created* employment by enabling us to produce competitively with the rest of the world and it allowed us to support a larger work force, including a large number of migrants. By the start of the sixties we were all wondering why we were ever worried about automation and by the mid-sixties we had forgotten all about it. But at the same time, more insidiously, change started to affect white-collar workers. No one regarded an electric typewriter or a photocopier or a Telex as a "technological change", but all of a sudden these things became word processors, computers and so on and just took off. This led to far greater efficiencies, and while there were no fewer people working, fewer new jobs were created.

Penthouse: So efficiency creates unemployment?

Egerton: It takes away new job opportunities. Unemployment is a shocking thing. I never thought Australians would accept unemployment of the levels we now have. I was wrong. But I never realised



"I knew there was something about moonlight walks with you I didn't like!!!"

the Establishment would buy Australians so easily.

Penthouse: What do you mean, buy?

Egerton: The dole is deliberately easy to get. It's not just accidental.

Penthouse: But who makes the dole easy to get?

Egerton: The Establishment. The Government. It doesn't matter which one, but Labor was the originator of lessening the requirements to go on the dole. One of the worst things is that a kid of 16 can leave school and go straight on the dole without his parents having any responsibility to help him get a job. I think that is a degrading thing, and the system being what it is, quite a number of children with reasonable prospects of getting a job still spend the start of their working lives on the dole.

Penthouse: You blame the Establishment, but why would they want to pay out millions for no good reason?

Egerton: Politics, and it doesn't matter whether it's Labor or Liberal. Politicians simply wanted to take the heat off the unemployment issue by providing good social welfare payments because if they didn't there would be mayhem in the community and people would be demanding more and more strongly that they be provided with employment.

Penthouse: This year has not been a good one for industrial peace. Why do you think that has been so in a period of high unemployment?

Egerton: This is the age of the *haves* v the *have nots*. Every time there is an across-the-board increase in pay 30 percent of Australians get 70 percent of the cake. The gap between the low income earners and the higher income earners is getting wider and wider. The low income earners are the masses, and if it is not checked, it will lead to a revolution.

Penthouse: What checks can you apply?

Egerton: You can have a more equitable distribution of the wealth of the country.

Penthouse: How would you do that?

Egerton: The first thing you would do is chop out across-the-board indexation. I would maintain indexation, but make it only applicable on a plateau, so everyone gets the same amount. Take the latest increase of 3.2%. The great majority get between $5 or $6 a week but the top income earners receive as high as $40.

Penthouse: Are you suggesting the lack of plateau indexation has sparked the industrial unrest around the middle of this year?

Egerton: It's back to the *haves* v the *have nots*. The haves are the people in, say, electricity, oil transport, waterside workers, seamen — people with strong industrial strength and economic bargaining power. They have forgotten the plight of the lower-paid workers. They just grab, grab, grab, and every time they grab it is the lower-paid worker who meets the bill. You also have the public service which is a caste system every bit as bad as the Indian caste system and they are a very powerful section of the community. They're about one in four of the community, you know.

Penthouse: You think that is too high?

Egerton: Yes, far too high. And they demand full indexation which means the gap between each public service grade gets greater and the fat cats get fatter and the poor cats get poorer. For the love of me I can't understand trade unions supporting an indexation policy which allows this to happen.

Penthouse: Is plateau indexation simply a first step? Is the system as it has been working or struggling along for most of this century strong enough to withstand the current problems? Or does the system need to be changed?

Egerton: The system has to take a step backwards. We can't go on year after year pushing up prices simply because the CPI index shows movement. And when that index does go up I can't accept that Qantas pilots should get $40, politicians get $30, university professors and public servants should get $30 while the mass of workers who we are supposed to be helping get $5. It is obvious all this has gone haywire. The first thing we should do is to turn the clock back to 1953 and introduce a basic, or minimum wage, which should be indexed automatically every three or six months. The minimum wage is not for the purpose of preserving a worker's margin or relativity to other workers — it simply says it should go up by whatever number of dollars to maintain your standard of living.

> Some people say penalties or big sticks never solve anything. How else can you act unless you introduce a big stick?

Penthouse: But even if we agree on all that, isn't it true it only takes one rogue union to call a strike and it all falls down?

Egerton: We should give it a chance to fall down. It's falling down right now without it, isn't it? To me there are three obvious steps: we introduce a minimum wage, we index that minimum wage on a plateau, as we explained, and each three years we have a separate tribunal to look at the second tier of wages, such as margins, productivity, work values, and changed circumstances. Phased in, this would have the effect of controlling the increases in the prices of goods and services, and would give us time to make alternative plans.

Penthouse: Such as?

Egerton: There must be a shorter working week. We might have a system of sharing employment, where people work shorter hours, sharing the work to be done with more people. I see this coming in very few years.

Penthouse: How many hours a week do you foresee?

Egerton: Thirty-five. It is absolutely essential that we equalise working hours. I think it shocking that the blue-collar worker is on 40 hours while the white collar worker is on 36¼. If everyone went on to 35 hours there would be a need for more people to work the same total number of hours — a rise of, say 10 percent employment — and this in itself creates greater consumer demand.

Penthouse: Do you believe the big stick can be used to solve union disputes?

Egerton: Some people say penalties or big sticks never solve anything. I don't altogether agree with that. As a kid if your father brought out the big stick it often stopped you doing things you might otherwise have done. Many unions today are irresponsible — they ask for consultation but practice confrontation. They have a jargon, like "meaningful negotiation" which means only that the boss is giving them what they want. I'm at a loss to know how Fraser could solve disputes when the union won't accept an arbitrator. How else can you act unless you introduce a big stick?

Penthouse: But the arbitrator, or as Fraser puts it, the umpire's decision is not being adhered to.

Egerton: The people don't respect the umpires.

Penthouse: What do you do about it?

Egerton: Change the umpires. Put someone more practical in their place. The ones we have are political appointments and they all go to the same colleges, read the same books and talk the same jargon so disputes become academic exercises where no longer is the welfare of the nation or the people considered. Employers don't help either. In recent times the oil employers have been bad from the nation's point of view because they just give in knowing they can extract the cost from the public. They just put a cent a gallon on to fuel and recoup not only what they pay to the workers but extra profits for themselves. They have sweetheart deals where the unions would appear to be putting pressure on but they know, the employers know and the government knows that after a display of resistance by the employers, they will cave in and the price of fuel will go up.

Penthouse: Back to the big stick. Isn't it true that the worker has the inalienable right to withdraw his services and no matter what penalties are applied he may do this and there's nothing the government can do?

Egerton: If every doctor in Australia decided to go on strike today and people were dying, do they have the right not to supply their services? If the people who supplied water to a city decided to turn off the taps is the whole of the city to be allowed to perish? Is it an inalienable right? I don't think so.

Penthouse: Do you see any validity in claims for worker participation? Can it buy peace?

Egerton: Sure it can. That's why the left-wing unions are so strongly opposed to it. They talk about worker control but not participation because participation means the worker learns that if he pushes his industry too far, he runs the risk of being put out of work. Participation leads to a much more responsible state of affairs in the community.

Penthouse: We've touched on quite a few things here, but how would you summarise the Egerton Plan for Industrial Peace?

Egerton: There should be a minimum wage, and that should be automatically indexed every three or six months on a *plateau* system rather than across-the-board. Secondly there should be a tribunal at three-yearly intervals to look at serious irregularities in relativities caused by improved methods, technological change, or work values. This should act each three years—no more often. Thirdly, unions should be forced to adopt more responsibility toward the general public, and should have to carry out genuine discussions and follow proper grievance procedures before they strike. And if these rules are not adhered to you must have penalties. However much you say penalties solve nothing, well, they do. If you don't pay your rates they sell your house up, if you don't pay your registration they put your car off the road, if you drink and drive or create a nuisance there are all sorts of penalties. If a unionist doesn't pay his union fees he gets forced out of his employment. Penalties are a fact of life and no civilised community can exist without them.

Penthouse: Isn't all that relatively short term? Will it really solve the problems facing us in the Eighties?

Egerton: My plan would solve things long term. It would remove the inequitable distribution of this country's wealth.

Penthouse: You have frequently made no secret of the fact you don't think too highly of politicians.

Egerton: I think they are the lowest. I think they're shocking. They are spoiled, privileged, overfed, with an altogether egotistical view of their own performance. Take the question whether Hawke should or should not be Prime Minister of Australia — I doubt if there's one MP who believes that Bob Hawke would be a better PM then he would. They've had their bums on red or green seats for so many years that they don't know what's really going on. Our politicians must be at their lowest ebb today. I'm a reader and I read about old-time politicians, and when you read how our one-time leaders did really work for Australia — Curtin, Chifley, Menzies, Deakin and Fisher — when you read of the planning they put into developing Australia you must wonder why there's no such planning going on today. Politicians are completely in the hands of public servants, and the same public servants who buggered up McMahon, Holt and Whitlam will bugger up Fraser. There's no risk about that. People no longer sit down and really plan which way the nation is going and how it should be going. They no longer tell people the sacrifices that have to be made if you want the nation to develop. They're all imbued with the same force of get it and get it quick.

Penthouse: But isn't sacrifice Fraser's hallmark?

Egerton: But he's not sacrificing, is he? It's 'do as I say, not as I do'. I don't see him making any great sacrifices. Have

LICK
SIP
SUCK
That's El Toro exotic and straight. But El Toro turns on almost any mixture you like to name. Get a kick out of El Toro with coke, tonic, soda, fruit juices, bitter lemon or vermouth, to name but a few! Go wild with your imagination and El Toro. Or lick, sip, suck.
El Toro Tequila.
Imported from Mexico.
And that's no bull.
Sunrise
(El Toro, Grenadine & Orange.) Pour 1½ oz El Toro into a tall glass over ice cubes. Add a dash of Grenadine. Fill with orange juice and stir.
Margarita
Moisten rim of cocktail glass with fruit rind then spin moistened rim in bed of salt. Shake with cracked ice, 1½ oz El Toro, ½ oz Continental Triple Sec, 1 oz lemon or lime juice. Strain into glass and sip over salted edge.
El Toro the best of Mexico
EL TORO
El Toro Tequila – another fine product imported by Continental Distillers
CD6648

a look how many people accompany a PM on an overseas trip. It's an alarming number and it's absolutely ridiculous that a PM can't visit Africa or Timbuctoo or wherever he might go without 20 or 30 hangers-on. Of course, Gough Whitlam was worse. Whitlam was the daddy of them all.

Gough Whitlam would have put Marco Polo to shame. I'm sure that his antecedents went back to Marco Polo. It is a shocking situation. And there is so much hypocrisy.

I'm not opposed to them travelling — if travel broadens the mind we would have the broadest-minded politicians in the history of the Federation.

They're so self-centred, so selfish, so puffed up with their own importance. If you look at it — and I don't want to pick Fraser because Whitlam was worse — you've got the richest country in the world in resources, the best-educated and the most literate workforce, you've got the climate and you've got the land with no neighbors breathing over the borders . . . there are so many things Australia has going for it but the standard of living is going down and down and there can be only one reason — bad management. Bad management allows bad trade unionism and irresponsibility.

Penthouse: You have been critical of the amount politicians are paid. But how do we get the best people if we don't pay the top money for the top talent?

Egerton: They've been saying that for 50 years. You've got to pay them more. But politicians get more now than they got three years ago and considerably more than they got six or nine years ago. Have we got any better people? I think the more money you pay the more the standard goes down because it encourages people who see political life as a means of financial freedom. People no longer have to justify their election to Parliament because they know plenty about life, poverty, unemployment or economics.

Penthouse: Have you ever wanted to be a politician?

Egerton: No, never. I'd be frightened to be a politician because I know too much. I can honestly say I have known a lot of very good blokes go into politics but I don't remember any of them in recent years coming out with their good name. Even though many might regard themselves as being decent, honorable, hardworking, in the eyes of the general public the fact they're a politician puts them a cog down. I've got little or no respect for the majority of politicians gracing the Treasury or the Opposition benches today.

Penthouse: Who would you like to see in power?

Egerton: It's Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

"You won't believe this — she teaches French!"

Penthouse: I mean outside politics. Rod Carnegie, Rupert Murdoch, Kerry Packer. That kind of top-notch businessman?

Egerton: I'd need somebody with a great love of country, somebody with a great love of people, somebody who is prepared to set an example.

Penthouse: No name comes to mind?

Egerton: Not really. You couldn't say our current crop of politicians is setting a good example, and that's what's needed.

Penthouse: Surely it's an empty criticism to say they're all bad without promoting an alternative.

Egerton: We haven't bred them yet, have we?

Penthouse: That means it's going to be a long time before we get a leader.

Egerton: It's a long while to go, it surely is. What it probably does mean is that the system will collapse. The current group of politicians and the way they're carrying on means there will be a different system.

Penthouse: What kind of time frame are you looking at? In your lifetime?

Egerton: Oh, my lifetime, for sure. It will be a sharp collapse, and I think it will come within 10 years in the form of a complete breakdown of our political system.

Penthouse: Do you think an American Presidential-style system, with an elected President and appointed, non-parliamentary "ministers" might work?

Egerton: That wouldn't work. You can't win the presidency unless you've got millions of dollars to spend.

Penthouse: If you're saying the system is about to break down, you therefore reject the Westminster concept, and in the next breath you reject the American concept. It seems to me the only alternative is . . .

Egerton: Totalitarian.

Penthouse: . . . totalitarian. Do you see control by the Right or the Left?

Egerton: At the moment the Left wing is virtually controlling Australia through the Trade union movement, aren't they? They're in the process of bringing Australia to its knees. They've had us there just recently on Telecom. They can do it on oil, on transport, a whole host of ways, and all the time of course they believe they are strengthening their situation. But the more the Left exposes itself the more likely it is for the masses to accept a Right wing coup. You must accept Right or Left. You can no longer pursue middle courses.

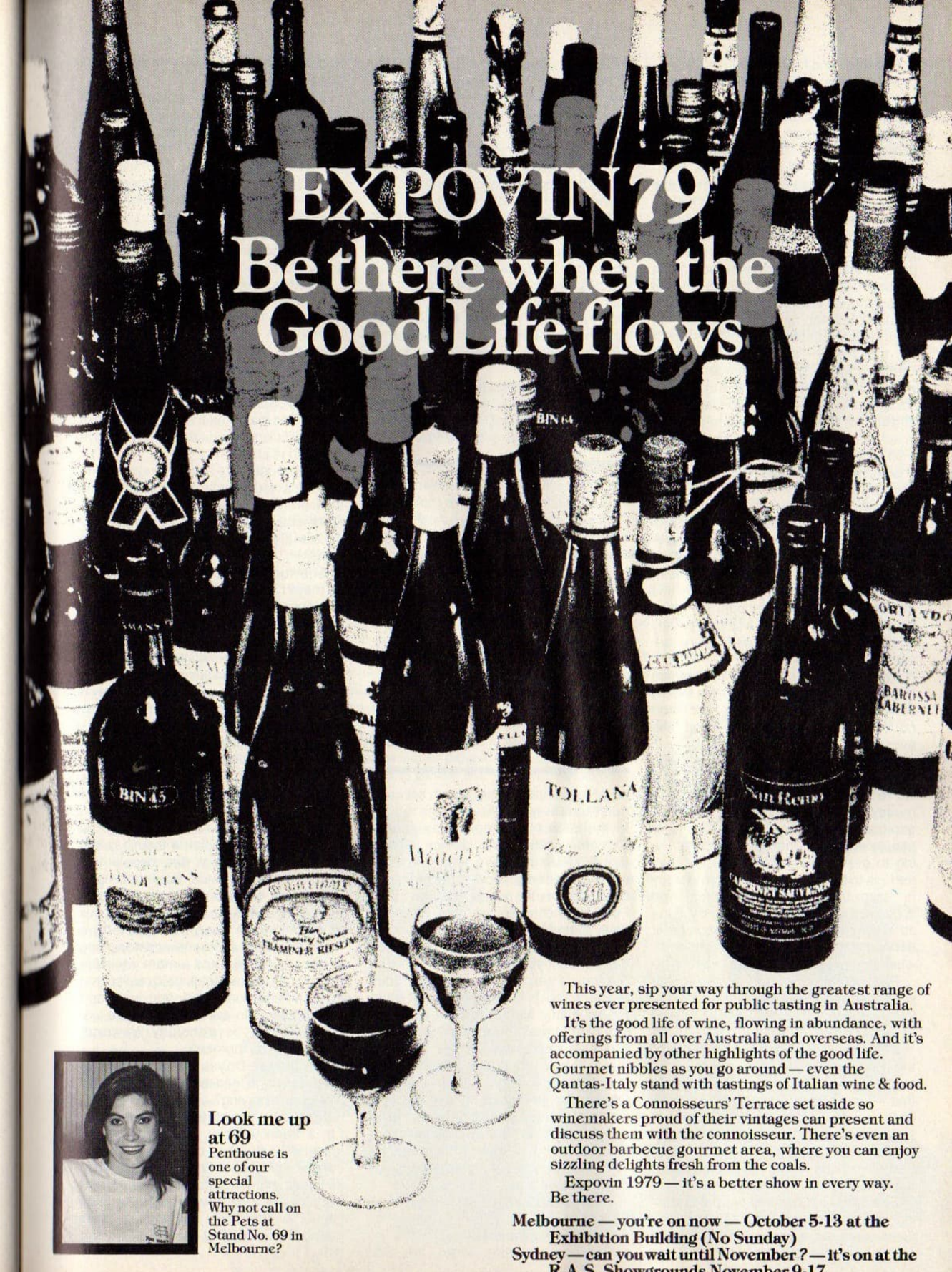
Penthouse: This relates to your comments on Lee Kuan Yew. You don't necessarily think this would be a bad thing?

Egerton: Lee is a very great leader.

Penthouse: If we had his style of Government in Australia would you support it?

Egerton: Oh yes, as a matter of fact I would swap Hayden, Fraser and Anthony for Lee Kuan Yew.

Penthouse: And his forms of control?



Look me up at 69
Penthouse is one of our special attractions. Why not call on the Pets at Stand No. 69 in Melbourne?

This year, sip your way through the greatest range of wines ever presented for public tasting in Australia.

It's the good life of wine, flowing in abundance, with offerings from all over Australia and overseas. And it's accompanied by other highlights of the good life. Gourmet nibbles as you go around — even the Qantas-Italy stand with tastings of Italian wine & food.

There's a Connoisseurs' Terrace set aside so winemakers proud of their vintages can present and discuss them with the connoisseur. There's even an outdoor barbecue gourmet area, where you can enjoy sizzling delights fresh from the coals.

Expovin 1979 — it's a better show in every way. Be there.

Melbourne — you're on now — October 5-13 at the Exhibition Building (No Sunday)
Sydney — can you wait until November? — it's on at the R.A.S. Showgrounds November 9-17.

Egerton: And his forms of control.

Penthouse: In other words, a one-party Parliament?

Egerton: I don't accept that. I think that has been forced on Lee. I think he is a democrat. All his training suggests so. He's a member of the Socialist International, but it was forced on him. I have talked to him about it. We were told by aides he was very upset because of the criticism about his jailing of some newspaper editors who were calling on the people of Singapore to resist encroachments on their freedoms even to the point of assassinating Lee. We were asked if we wouldn't talk too much about it, so that night dining with Lee he asked me which hat I had on — as a trade unionist, a Qantas director or a labor leader, and he made a little bit of small talk and asked if we liked the food. I said it was very good and added: "I bet those poor bastards you jailed yesterday wished they were getting a bit of it!" He set out then to justify his position and he justified it as far as I was concerned.

Penthouse: In what terms?

Egerton: In the papers they were provoking violence. They were urging people to protest, and protest in many parts of the world doesn't mean what it used to mean here — printing a couple of slogans and having a couple of meetings. It means violence, murder. There wouldn't be any doubt that the newspapers were advocating violent protest.

Penthouse: But surely it worries you that if the current system became even a benign dictatorship, some day someone not so benign would come in and take over.

Egerton: It must equally worry you to think that under the democratic system we're supposed to have, the whole community can be held to ransom, trade and commerce disrupted, while so many people engage in industrial disputes trying to get more out of the basket than there is to be given. It means democracy is something for academics and dreamers to play with. Democracy in the strictest sense cannot exist because it depends on goodwill and common sense, which the populace no longer has.

Penthouse: What do you see as the scenario for the next few years? Continuing disruption and violence which will lead to revolution?

Egerton: I think we must be nearly at the stage where the government of the day — and it's not the first time I've said this — must have a tremendous showdown with the unions. If Labor had won in 1975 it would have come in 1976 and I would have been leading the Labor Party's industrial wing, not Bob Hawke.

Penthouse: In what sense?

Egerton: I would have been demanding unions accept responsibility. The great mass of union officials want to be responsible and they know they can only get out of the basket what's in the basket.

Penthouse: I'm sure a great many of our readers will find the shift of Australia into a totalitarian society a frightening concept.

Egerton: But I think it's inevitable. Left or Right. Because democracy is not working. It's being destroyed by people who parade as democrats.

Penthouse: Will we see other countries go before we do?

Egerton: No. There are not that many, you know. There are less than 10 democracies even by your interpretation. How many countries are really democratic? Once you talk of America, Canada, Great Britain, the Nordic countries, Australia and New Zealand, you run out of fingers, don't you.

Penthouse: West Germany?

Egerton: They don't stand the nonsense we stand. There have been big rows there recently over the surveillance of people entering the public service. I don't know if you realise that the radicals of the Sixties have now gone into the Commonwealth public service, particularly the Foreign Affairs department. The same people who followed the radicals of the Sixties are the people who now advise Peacock and the Government. While they have taken off their red robes and thrown away their red hankerchiefs the frustrations of their younger days still come up. Australia's policy on Vietnam and South Africa is much further to the left under Fraser than it was under Whitlam. Whitlam didn't break off relations with South Africa or encourage Qantas not to fly there. Peacock says he doesn't know about it but Foreign Affairs instructed Qantas not to indulge in any activities which could lead anyone anywhere in the world to think for one moment that Australia supported the South African regime. We had to cancel our flights because we coudn't advertise.

> I think . . . the shift of Australia into a totalitarian society . . . is inevitable. Democracy is not working. It's being destroyed by people who parade as democrats.

Penthouse: What's your view of Mr Peacock?

Egerton: A peacock.

Penthouse: What about the next Federal election. Do you think Hayden has a chance?

Egerton: Fraser's going so bad anything could happen, but it's a fair time before there's an election. But I don't think Hayden can win. I don't think he's got leadership qualities. He must have some or he couldn't have got where he is, but they were qualities carefully concealed for a long, long time.

Penthouse: No one springs to mind for the forthcoming totalitarian takeover you've foreshadowed?

Egerton: Yeah. Hawkie. If it's a left-wing coup. Hawke would be a compromise by the far left because he could win an election whereas their own representatives couldn't. They'd be hoping to get enough representatives inside Parliament to control Hawke. If Hawke were the PM he would have a showdown with the unions and that in itself would be a form of totalitarianism because it would remove the right to strike.

Penthouse: But are you now saying elections would continue? You don't think a government would decide the issue was sufficiently important to suspend elections until they got the country's problems right?

Egerton: They don't have to any more, do they? I've heard prominent trade union leaders say "Win by the ballot box, but make sure you don't lose by it". That's what happens. What's the difference between saying there will be no elections and rigging boundaries so that it is impossible for your opponent to win? They'd have control of the media — particularly TV and radio.

Penthouse: You're now raising the spectre of Orwellian thought control.

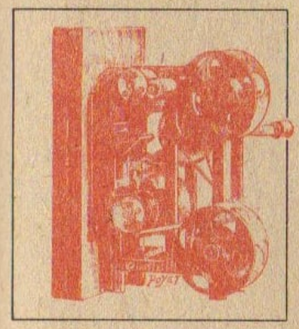
Egerton: That will happen. It happens now, only you have the right to turn it off. Probably they'll make it so you can't turn the set off, like in China where every little village has a loudspeaker without a switch and for hours every day people just absorb the propaganda. But for all that, I don't think the average worker would worry about having restrictions on his right to strike. He'd be quite happy to have those restrictions if he knew he was going to get a fairer deal and a more equitable share of the cake. I think he'd realise that in a civilised community you just can't have licence to take irresponsible actions, you can't have anarchy. We've got anarchy at the moment.

Penthouse: Do you realise that most of the people who read this will be amazed at what you're saying?

Egerton: I think they'll agree with me. I'm a trade unionist. I believe in trade unionism with every bone in my body. I believe in the Labor Party and I believe in its ideals, but I don't believe the current trade unions are carrying out trade union ideals in the best interests of their members, or that the Labor Party is doing that.

REVIEWS

FILMS



BRILLIANT WORK

The years 1975 and 1977 were what some people in the motion picture industry here called the renaissance of Australian filmmaking. The re-birth, if you like, of the local industry after its long hiatus. And what did they produce in those two "memorable" years? Masterpieces? No. Only pap. And not just any pap . . . but period pap that dwelt on our glorious, and at times infamous, past.

Most of the films released upon the unsuspecting cinema-going audiences then were period epics that generally did little to inspire the minds of the people who ventured into darkened theatres across the continent. Films like John Power's *The Picture Show Man* ('77), Donald Crombie's *The Irishman* ('77) and Tim Burstall's *Eliza Fraser* ('75) filled the silver screen with beautiful vistas and mindless dialogue that went on to prove little, if nothing at all. They didn't even entertain in the true sense of the word. Boring, that's the word which sums them up. But there were exceptions, of course. Many good period films did indeed nourish and flourish at the time, principally Bruce Beresford's excellent set piece *The Getting Of Wisdom* ('77), Don Crombie's *Caddie* ('75) and, possibly the most important, Peter Weir's *Picnic At Hanging Rock* ('75).

Next came the celluloid period dealing with the present, be it in the thriller mould (Richard Franklin's *Patrick* and Colin Eggleston's *The Long Weekend*), or the hard-hitting drama of John Duigan's award-winning *Mouth To Mouth* and Don Crombie's *Cathy's Child*. So, one wondered when the cycle would turn from these contemporary themes and turn inwards to the past again.

Not long, for now we're presented with Margaret Fink's production of Gillian Armstrong's *My Brilliant Career*. With most period features proving to be failures at playing the very competitive box office game, I wondered at the wisdom of making another film that might, like so many of its period predecessors, lose the battle of getting bums on seats. I was wrong to even wonder.

My Brilliant Career is just that . . . brilliant. There's no other word that would do the film and its makers justice. You find yourself liking it, no matter what your feelings about period films may be, no matter what your feelings about viewing home-grown product. The film has already distinguished itself as being the official Australian entrant in the prestigious Cannes Film Festival this year.

Eleanor Witcombe's screenplay is based on Miles Franklin's novel of the same name, published in 1901. Written at the age of 16, *Career* was the product of Miles' struggle to be herself, and not just another female member of early 1900 society, that expected her, like all women of that period, to take her rightful place in society — as a wife and mother. Yes, I know that this may sound a bit like Women's Lib propaganda, but no matter what it may sound like to the ear . . . it simply isn't. The film is about an individual's efforts to find out who she is, what she wants from life, and the fight to be what she is and must be.

Central figure is Sybylla Melvyn (played by Judy Davis, gravel-voiced, poised actress to watch . . . she instils life, warmth and feeling into each frame). Sybylla's an untamed, spirited teenage girl living on a bush farm in the wilds of NSW. Time . . . the 1890s. She is trapped — locked in her family's ongoing struggle to stave off drought and poverty. Sybylla knows there must be more to life than that, more to explore, more to be. Relief comes when her maternal grandma sends for her. And it's not just to another farm —

Judy Davis and Sam Neill in My Brilliant Career.

her mother's side of the family are members of the landed gentry. And life at Caddagat with Grandma Bossier (Aileen Britain in a heart-warming exercise) is a revelation.

As Sybylla's eyes perceive the life that she has missed, she blossoms from an ugly duckling into an attractive young woman, now, more than ever, determined to be an individual. Sybylla grows each day, developing her interest in music, in books, in life. And although Grandma Bossier and Aunt Helen (the beautiful, and very talented Wendy Hughes) try to tame the devilish Sybylla, who always goes against convention (at a stately dinner party, as the men discuss the purchase of a new bull, she quips "That'll make a few cows happy", to the horror of all seated there), neither manage to change the rebellious young woman who wants to escape the drudgery of what her family, and fate, have in store for her, and pursue a career — an idea quite unheard of in those primitive pre-feminist days.

Sybylla's rebelliousness is what attracts both pompous Frank Hawdon (Robert Grubb being suitably stuffy), the jackeroo out from Britain, working for Mrs Bossier while he waits for his inheritance to come through; and neighboring landowner, Harry Beecham (Sam Neill, exhibiting that great talent he disguised so well in Mike Thornhill's debacle, *The Journalist*).

It is Beecham to whom Sybylla is attracted, and though the film may seem to proceed to what looks like its natural conclusion (love and happiness, and of course marriage), with long, lingering looks and shy smiles marking the 1890's version of courtship, Sybylla continues to spurn the expected conventions and expectations of a young woman of that period.

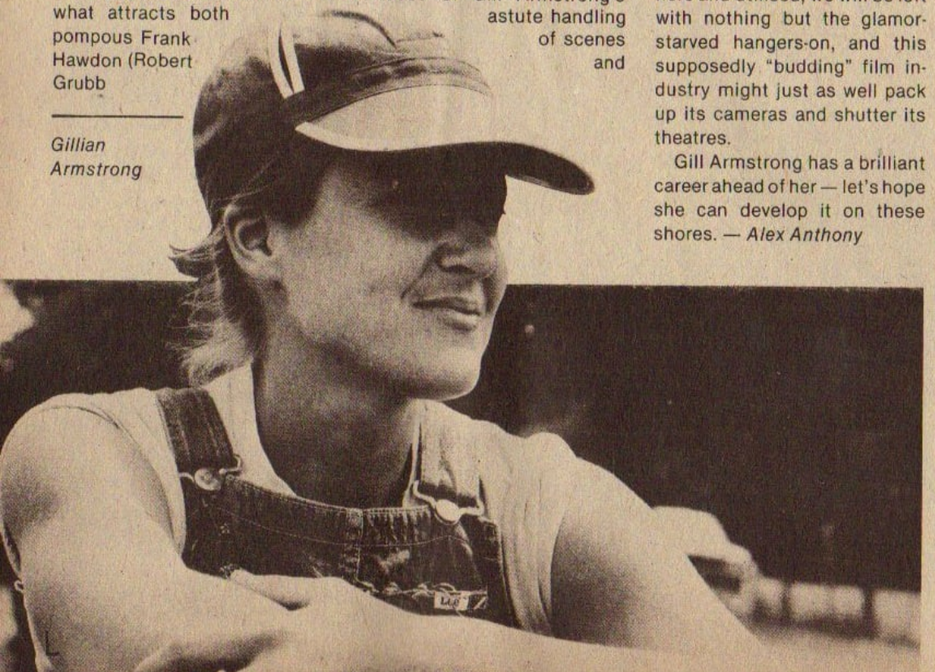
Sybylla wants only one thing from life — to be allowed to be herself, to write, to find her place in the world . . . and "I must do it alone" she says. She's not a hypocrite . . . she knows what she wants and goes after it, fighting her family and society all the way.

Conventional, this may all sound, but it isn't. Principally because of Gill Armstrong's astute handling of scenes and actors. Each is left to develop naturally, but the control she exerts shows her sensitivity in knowing just how long to hold each poignant scene. She's shown much promise with this, her first feature-length film. Her previous film work, however, is vast, culminating in winning the Greater Union Award for best fiction film in the 1976 Sydney Film Festival with her 54-minute featurette, the highly acclaimed *The Singer And The Dancer*.

Let's hope this Down Under film industry knows how to nurture this talent and not lose it, as it seems to do so well. The tally of the talent brain drain siphoned off to both American and British film industries is, by now, incalculable, with the likes of directors Peter Weir and Fred Schepisi already working for overseas interests.

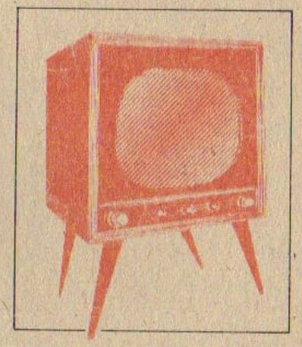
Many highly skilled technicians are being lured to greener pastures, like film editor Max Lemmon (*The Last Wave*), and stuntman Grant Page (*Man From Hong Kong, Deathcheaters*). Unless these talented individuals are nurtured here and utilised, we will be left with nothing but the glamor-starved hangers-on, and this supposedly "budding" film industry might just as well pack up its cameras and shutter its theatres.

Gill Armstrong has a brilliant career ahead of her — let's hope she can develop it on these shores. — *Alex Anthony*



Gillian Armstrong

TV



HEALTH HAZARD

I have long held the theory that television is a dangerous drug. And like all dangerous drugs it causes the user to become addicted and debilitated, the mind to become passive and as dry as a pommy's towel. It sets up a craving and causes extreme anxiety, especially if the viewer misses an episode of, say, *The Restless Years* and begins to fret over what happened — and probably did — to Raeleen and Joyce.

All these are the classic symptoms of a heavy drug user. The only difference is that a heavy drug user gets holes in the arm whereas a heavy television user gets holes in the head.

Oh, yes, there is one other significant difference. A pusher of drugs is likely to receive 10 years while a pusher of television will probably get a knighthood.

Arise, Sir Kerry!

(This raises the niggling point that the title Sir Kerry does not have about it a truly heraldic ring, unlike Sir Warwick, or possibly Sir Rupert. If you say Sir Kerry quickly a dozen times it begins to sound like the war chant of the dreaded Ubanji. Or maybe a punk rock band.)

I am not, of course, alone in my theory of television addiction. One of the problems is that the television drug does not satisfy the craving of the addict, mainly because it is of such inferior quality.

Lawrence Kubie in his work, *Neurotic Distortion and the Creative Process*, points out: "The measure of health is flexibility . . . and especially the freedom to cease when sated."

A television addict never ceases. A television addict starts with, say, the news, then stuffs himself (and herself) with *The Sullivans, Mork and Mindy, Laverne and Shirley, Prisoner, Dallas*, a decaying episode of the long-deceased *Division 4*, an even older movie, until he (and she) is left staring at a blank, crackling screen.

Still unsated!

And in all that time, in those long nightly hours, the viewer has not really experienced anything, except possibly a sore backside.

"Not unlike drugs or alcohol," writes Marie Winn in her book, *The Plug-in Drug*, "the television experience allows the participant to blot out the real world and enter into a pleasurable and passive mental state.

"The worries and anxieties of reality are as effectively deferred by becoming absorbed in a television program as by going on a 'trip' induced by drugs or alcohol.

"And just as alcoholics are only inchoately aware of their addiction, feeling that they control their drinking more than they really do . . . people similarly overestimate their control over television watching.

"Even as they put off other activities to spend hour after hour watching television, they feel they could easily resume living in a different, less passive style. But somehow or other while the television set is present in their homes, the click doesn't sound. With television pleasures available, those other experiences seem less attractive, more difficult somehow."

Some people believe that their evening is worthwhile if they include in their night's consumption the program, *Willesee at Seven* (or 7.30 or 8 as the case may be in various centres).

And that includes a lot of people throughout Australia, because Michael Willesee spreads himself across the land in most generous fashion. He is seen on 21 stations, including such diverse places as Perth and Mt Gambier, even though the City of Swans (and Parochialism) does not feature largely in the Willesee show, nor can I recall many tales of the Blue Lake or the oatmeal mill, which is all there is to know about Mt Gambier.

Mike Willesee: spreading across the land.

So television addicts take their daily shot of Willesee, convinced they have learned all there is to learn, that the world is all right, and God is in His heaven, probably asking for Malcolm's advice.

Willesee's show, of course, has little to do with current affairs. Apart from the man himself, who is one of the best interviewers in the country and can make a politician squirm as though he is sitting on a sack full of sharp practices, there is little else in the show.

I can recall only a youngish reporter who forever reminds me of a tired budgie, and a fellow who smirks a lot at the cameras, convinced he is:

(a) Funny (b) A reporter

and he is neither, although Willesee, for reasons that escape me, seems to think he is the funniest act since Billy McMahon was Prime Minister.

The program is hardly seething with talent. And it shows, good Lord, it shows. To counter this, and because it's inexpensive and requires little imagination, Willesee is turning more and more to interviews with The Man in the Street.

Scarcely a night goes by without The Man in the Street being called upon to express his infinite wisdom on a vast variety of subjects.

Now The Man in the Street is not happy about this, as he told me the other day when I talked to him at his usual station outside Sydney's GPO in Martin Place.

He was standing there waiting for his daily cue to start speaking for Willesee's cameras, his mind fresh and vital after listening to the morning's talk-back radio and reading last week's *Melbourne Truth*.

"The trouble with Willesee," said The Man in the Street, "is that he's at me day after day. Not like the old days when I was contracted as well to *A Current Affair* and *This Day Tonight*, with a special retainer from *Four Corners*.

"The questions then were more selective and they needed me only a couple of times a week.

"Now it's, 'What would you do if you were Treasurer?' and 'Do you think politicians get paid too much?' Boring stuff like that.

"When *This Day Tonight* was going they used to ask me about the political situation in Upper Chad, which was interesting although I'd never heard of the place."

The Man in the Street sighed. "At least I could use my imagination. But what in the hell can you do when some galah asks who would make the best Prime Minister. Or are there too many strikes. Any fool can answer those.

"Now you'll have to excuse me. I can see the Willesee crew coming up the street. They probably want to ask something stupid like, 'Are we paying too much tax?' "

The Woman in the Street was no happier. She was in her usual position outside a shopping centre and about her there was the glumness of a winter Sunday in Melbourne.

"Look," said The Woman in the Street, "the only things I get asked about are budgets and food prices and is Bob Hawke a good sort.

"It's not as though I'm not well informed. This week I've read *New Idea* and listened to Bob Rogers and I know what's going on."

She leaned forward and said confidentially: "You know what I would like 'em to ask? I'd like 'em to ask about the best naughty I ever had and I can tell you it was when I was 18 and holidaying at Lakes Entrance and . . ."

It was indeed a remarkable tale. I recommend that Willesee asks about it one day.

And then all those addicted television viewers might have their numbed brains jolted, their dulled senses alerted, their passiveness blasted to the extent of leaping to their feet and switching off the set. And then racing to bed to have the best naughty they ever had. — *Neal Akerman.*

SOUNDS

ALL OR NOTHING

It's hard to escape the feeling that ***Led Zeppelin*** has tarried too long in one tax haven or another. Three years is a long time off the shelves, and *In Through The Out Door* (WEA), despite the cockiness of its title, may not be a powerful enough album to reverse the traffic.

However, *In-Out* is an intriguing rag-bag of influences, bad jokes, indulgences and virtuoso musicianship. The return of the Jimmy Page/Robert Plant power axis is spelled out on the album's first cut, In The Evening. Page's pounding lead (sounding very much like an echo through the decades) is locked in mortal combat with Plant's unmistakable vocal for a rivetting five or six minutes.

Gone are the acoustic subtleties of the band's middle period, replaced by the raw edges of earlier work. But two tracks on, Plant and keyboardist John Paul Jones suddenly dump us in pre-reggae Jamaica with a steel band romp that would make Harry Belafonte wince.

Things pick up briefly with Hot Dog, a fairly convincing parody of the Jerry Lee Lewis rock-a-boogie style, but bog down again on the second side with a boring dirge called Carouselambra, which seems to go on forever but, in fact, only lasts 10 minutes. Ten minutes? In 1979? Well, maybe when you're a living legend you don't have to abide by the rules of airplay.

I'm Gonna Crawl is the climactic big finish, this year's Stairway To Heaven, but again it is less than satisfying. Moody and powerful, yes, but a rock classic, no. And for Led Zeppelin it's always been all or nothing. The great days, it appears, have gone.

In-Out has its moments, but for all its concessions to a new musical age it is rather like slapping brick veneer around the Houses of the Holy.

Sherbet, the mystery bag of Australian pop music, ties up all its loose ends with *Track Record* (Festival) and clears the way for a fresh start as ***Highway.*** So it's an historical album of sorts, I suppose. It's also a rather patchy collection of the band's recent, fairly recent and not so fairly recent work.

Included here are some real dogs, like the live version of Winwood and Spencer's classic Gimme Some Lovin' and the truly atrocious live slaughter of Lennon and McCartney's Nowhere Man. Ah, but your reviewer's prejudices are showing. He, too, has been tainted by the musical snobbery which has denied Sherbet a place in the record collection of quote serious unquote rock buffs.

Also included here are some gems from the AM playlists like Magazine Madonna and Another Night On The Road, arguably the band's best song if you can find anyone other than Glenn A. Baker who'll argue about it with you. But the thing is that Daryl Braithwaite can sing, Garth Porter can tinkle the keys with dexterity, and Harvey James can pick out a riff or three. If, together, they have managed to churn out a string of hit records that all sound the same, well, that's showbiz folks.

This is the sort of music that made Sherbet a commercial success, and now that they've made and, apparently, lost a packet, it seems the boys are ready to make some real music. Heart Get Ready, which opens this compilation, is also being released as the first Highway single. It's a promising second start.

Led Zeppelin: intriguing rag-bag of influences.

The Atlanta Rhythm Section, one of the very best bands to come out of the American South, seems destined for only limited success in this country. *Underdog* (Polydor), the band's latest but by no means best album, will therefore be ignored by all but the faithful. This reviewer, addicted since *Cuban Crisis*, gives it a seven out of 10.

The originals feature ARS's signature velvet vocals, heavy bass and tasty lead, but basically no new ground. It is on the two reworks that the band shines. Spooky becomes a haunting (oh excuse me, unintended) riff that builds and builds, while Let's Go Get Stoned sounds as good an idea as it did when Ted Nugent suggested it out in front of the Amboy Dukes all those years ago.

Also out of the Deep South, musically not in the same league and destined for giant sales and cult adulation in spite or perhaps because of it, are the ***B-52s*** (WEA). Named after a kind of bouffant hairdo, not the bomber of the same name, this band of weirdos from Athens, Georgia reveals a penchant for obscure lyrics unobstructed by the most basic rock and roll playing since the heyday of the Ventures.

Planet Claire (which was known as The Theme From Peter Gunn when I did guitar lessons) has already become a car cassette classic with the shaggin' wagon set, and what with summer upon us, worse is sure to come.

The perfect album for everyone who thought The Purple People Eater was socially significant.

Planet Claire has no air and no one has a head, indeed.

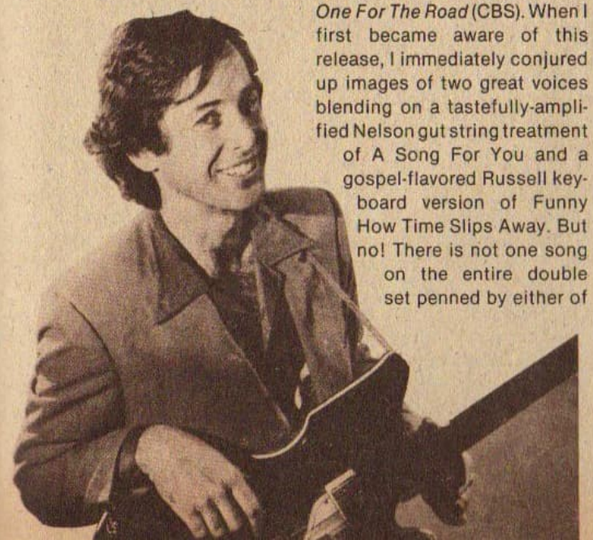
Bop Till You Drop (WEA) is yet another understated masterpiece from ***Ry Cooder,*** who hasn't put a foot wrong since *Boomer's Story*. Here Ry backtracks a little to the kind of music we first loved him for — sweet rhythm and blues played with great style and sensitivity.

From the opening rendition of Presley's Little Sister, through the instrumental remake of Ike and Tina Turner's I Think It's Going To Work Out Fine, to the soaring gospel fervor of I Can't Win, the album's finale, Cooder emphasises the melodies which have been pivotal to all the great songs written in the past 20 years. He seems to be reminding us it's the song, not the singer or the hype.

Cooder, of course, is modern music's best practical historian, as he proved with his exploration of seminal jazz on *Jazz*, and Tex-Mex and Hawaiian slack key on *Chicken Skin Music*.

Here he puts the microscope on himself and his most worthy contemporaries, and with the aid of such luminaries as David Lindley (guitar) and Chaka Khan (vocals), makes it an entertainment as well as a study. — *Phil Jarratt.*

Ry Cooder



B-52s: a penchant for obscure lyrics.

Willie Nelson had never heard of ***Leon Russell*** until his daughter played him one of the now near-legendary showman's albums. Nelson, impressed, went to a concert by Russell — they became friends and it was discovered that Leon was the keyboard player on Willie's first album for Liberty. They're together again on *Willie and Leon, One For The Road* (CBS). When I first became aware of this release, I immediately conjured up images of two great voices blending on a tastefully-amplified Nelson gut string treatment of A Song For You and a gospel-flavored Russell keyboard version of Funny How Time Slips Away. But no! There is not one song on the entire double set penned by either of them. The reason for this is known only to them, but I think it's a pity that at least a few of their respective excellent songs weren't included. So with this in mind, let's look at the album.

Side one opens with a country-swing Bob Wills treatment of the old song, Detour (I first heard of this by Duanne Eddy). Russell opens the vocal without this usual twang and there is some nice harmonica by Mickey Raphael. Hank Williams' I Saw The Light follows, and this features the Russell piano. All through side one is a happy, relaxed blending of both voices — even in the old ballad my aunt used to hum out of tune, Let The Rest Of The World Go By.

Russell fans get a treat with Trouble in Mind, which brings side one to a rocking close. This has the added bonus of Maria Muldaur on vocals and Bonnie Raitt on slide guitar, plus Marty Grebb's wailing sax.

You can almost smell the sage brush and see the tumbleweeds on most of side two, which opens with don't Fence Me In, sounding like the Sons of the Pioneers. There is a doubtful rendition of Gene Autrey's Ridin' Down The Canyon, Sioux City Sue, etc., and we ride into the sunset asking: "Who were those masked men?"

Sides three and four comprise amaranthene airs written by the likes of Mercer, Gershwin and Berlin. Am I Blue, Danny Boy, Always, Stormy Weather and Tenderly (no, it's not one of those TV specials featuring songs for young lovers) are all sung with the clipped Nelson roughness, and it's only a good deal of understanding and empathy with the songs by Nelson that saves it from disaster.

Russell plays everything and arranges these two sides and leaves the vocals to Willie. The treatment of the Sinatra classic, One For My Baby, would have been better with just a solo piano by Russell to try to complement the beautiful haunting blues lines by Bill Miller on the original. There are many albums

of standards around, and these last two sides remind one of Ray Charles's departure into the abyss of lush country.

With two such talents together, much more could have been unleashed in the shape of some good old rock and roll. It's more of a Nelson album, and not bad at that, but I think I'll send a copy to my earlier mentioned aunt — she'd like it.

Trying to review ***Bob Dylan's*** *Slow Train Coming* (CBS) is like trying to review the Bible — they're both complex and they're both the Good Book — *Carol Ashdown.*

Willie Nelson and Leon Russell: much more could have been unleashed.

You could listen to a number of ***Art Ensemble Of Chicago*** recordings in a particular frame of mind and come to the conclusion that they are intent on creating weirdness and disorientation. This music was one of the big influences on psychedelic rock, but it is a mistake to hear it in those terms.

Psychedelic rock is a dead subject now, but the avant garde of jazz — which acquired that misleading label in the early Sixties — is still energetically functioning and even finding large audiences, particularly in Europe. The Art Ensemble is still touring and recording, and has had no personnel changes since its formation in 1965.

Psychedelic rock was partly the result of white kids being exposed to drugs which jazz musicians had been using and abusing for decades. It grabbed at any sounds which promised to create novel states of mind — anything that might give you a buzz — without understanding the traditions from which those sounds emerged. The Beatles and The Beach Boys created eclectic masterpieces, but pursued the idiom no further. Musical curiosity seemed, as the song has it, to vanish in the haze.

Avant garde jazz, on the other hand, is an extension of a tradition that is as old as the century — though it, too, has absorbed some Eastern and modern classical influences. The jazz of each decade was avant garde in its own time.

The phase of jazz from which the Art Ensemble emerged was concerned with bringing back collective as opposed to solo improvisation. Their squeeling, honking, tinkling, humming and buzzing webs of sound are the expression of an anarchic ideal, in which the individual's contribution, however eccentric, is absorbed in an organic whole.

However, the Art Ensemble is also a living museum of jazz, blues and gospel styles. They are constantly showing the links between African music and jazz (or black classical music), and between the traditional and the avant garde.

Some readers will have the opportunity to experience the Art Ensemble of Chicago in person when they perform at the Sydney Festival in January (with additional concerts in Melbourne and Adelaide).

The current album, *Nice Guys* thanks to ECM's superlative recording techniques, allows the record buyer to hear what the Ensemble does in more precise detail than ever before. Listeners who are unfamiliar with the Art Ensemble's work are advised to hear the first track — which incorporates a wonderful parody of calypso, reggae and gunja music — and then the last, Dreaming Of The Master, which is a three-part tribute to Miles Davis.

On that last track you will hear them play straight ahead jazz (which, as we've said, was avant garde in its time) with a mystical intensity and understanding: powerful, gliding, undulating like a great serpent. Bassist Malachi Favors and drummer Don Moyes are undoubtedly among the best, on any terms. Trumpeter Lester Bowie bows gracefully to Miles Davis here, while retaining all the unique characteristics of his own style.

If you are at all interested in developing an understanding of contemporary jazz, and of contemporary classical music, then the Art Ensemble Of Chicago may open the doors for you.

Now it can be told. I was so excited at the prospect of seeing the ***Count Basie*** band (in London, a long time ago) that I wet my pants.

This is what really happened. We were in the endless queue outside the Hammersmith Odeon. Inside, the band had already started. I was beside myself with excitement and agitation and desperately desirous of splashing the boots. I could not fight my way into the theatre, so while my friend kept my place I raced around the building looking for a spot of relief. I found it between parked cars. Oh, shame. Then some people strolled by, and I swivelled around to get my back to them and, in a manner of speaking, I wet my pants.

Excitement is Count Basie's business, but so is mellowness and relaxation. Once inside the hall the fever dropped away. The band was playing so softly it was hardly more than chanting whisper. I could see hundreds of heads before me gently bobbing to the elastic tread of the rhythm section, and over that sea of bobbing buoys the black veterans of the band looked out so calmly they seemed to tell me: "Easy, boy. It's coming. Keep your shirt on."

The brass players leaned back and lifted their horns, as though drawing in tranquil air. Then the whole band erupted with one full throated POW! All the bobbing buoys lifted as in the first wave of a cyclone, and I nearly did it again.

The Basie band has been creating this kind of excitement since the Thirties, and as those who saw them in Australia last year will agree, they show no signs of letting up. If, however, they were a mere excitement machine, they would have disappeared long ago. The sound of the band in full voice is not only electrifying, it is rich and glorious. With a minimum of means, and relying to a large extent on the classic blues form, they evoke all of black culture in this century.

Milt Jackson, the featured soloist on *Milt Jackson + Count Basie + The Big Band,* Vols 1 and 2 (Pablo), was always a blues' oriented player, even within the context of the classically influenced Modern Jazz Quartet. He was one of the first to play modern jazz on the vibraphone, and is probably still the best known. This is the first time he has played with the Basie band.

The tunes are all familiar to Basie fans — Shiny Stockings, Every Tub, Lil Darlin', 9.20 Special, Corner Pocket, etc. The band is the excellent one which last visited Australia, and the results are predictable and satisfying, or predictably satisfying. Jackson creates a veritable mist of the blues and the band blasts great golden rents in it.

The interplay between Jackson's vibes and Basie's timeless piano is a constant delight, and several tracks have sensibly been set aside for just Milt, the Count, and the drums and bass of Butch Miles and John Clayton. Plus, of course the sometimes subliminal presence of guitarist Freddie Green. On the band tracks, Jackson resists the temptation to play continuously through the arrangements and leaves the spaces that are such an important part of the band's dynamics.

The more exciting tracks are on Vol 1, but both are well worth having. The only thing I missed was the presence of at least one other solo voice. Except for a brief solo by Eric Dixon on The Comeback, it's vibes and piano throughout.

Turned up, the recorded sound gives a sometimes remarkably realistic illusion of a live band right in front of you. Played softly, the sound tends to be a bit brittle and thin. What the hell, pick your times so that you won't annoy the neighbors unduly, and let it blast. You'll feel almost as good as I did when I finally got into the Hammersmith Odeon. — *John Clare*

WORDS

GOOD, LOCAL SF

One of the great traps to be dodged when reviewing Australian science fiction is that of being overwhelmed by contrasts.

When something good comes along, it tends to stand so high out of the ruck it starts to assume blockbuster proportions. Keith Antill's novel ***Moon in the Ground*** (Norstrilia, $11.95) is not a blockbuster, but it's a good book.

Antill has two very important things going for him with *Moon in the Ground*: a cohesive and entertaining storyline; and a total lack of that curious self-consciousness which afflicts so many local writers when they are required to produce an Australian setting. This trait seems particularly to affect our SF and screen writers.

True, Antill avoids the issue to some extent by placing the events near Alice Springs, then putting all the action inside a secret US base. But that's what professional writing is all about; while not suggesting for a moment that Mr Antill could not easily depict a totally Australian setting, what he has achieved is an almost perfect solution for those who feel impelled to locate events in this country and yet feel ill at ease trying to depict Australian characters.

The basic premise of *Moon in the Ground* is sound (although the alien artefact plot is not new, Antill gives us a fresh concept) and only slightly flawed in the execution, mainly by clumsy and sometimes unbelievably ingenuous dialogue, and by the repeated bludgeoning with philosophical viewpoints one suspects are dear to the author's heart.

While talking about clumsy, the lads at Norstrilia do themselves and Antill a disservice with blurb lines like "And how do we know that the events in *Moon in the Ground* are not happening right now?" Really, chaps.

There is one aspect of the story which lends a smidgen of credence to that improbable blurb: the Americans haven't told the Australians what's going on, something sure to strike a chord among those suspicious of America's real-life presence in this country.

Essentially the story concerns the reaction of US scientists, politicians and the military to a machine from the stars with almost supernatural powers to affect men's minds. Rather too aptly named Pandora, the machine initially appears utterly beneficent and a treasure store of advanced knowledge.

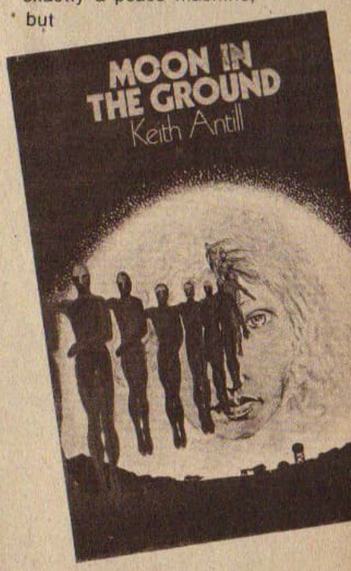
Yet the science element at the station knows something more is involved, and jack up at asking the banal questions supplied by the Pentagon for fear that Pandora is something more than a fancy computer, and could well decide the human race is still in the philosophical Stone Age.

The high emotional conflict between the men on the spot, between their sense of duty and the emotions aroused by Pandora, is deftly handled, despite occasional relapses into unsubtle definitions of attitude:

"It all fits! Pandora is a peace machine."

"Is that so? Then what use is she to us?"

As it turns out, Pandora is not exactly a peace machine, but



something more devastating to the human pride. Antill's skill is in keeping us entertained while treating us to the unlovely spectacle of humanity stripped of all pretensions.

If it's an exercise in pretension you seek, you'll get your fill in ***The House of God*** (Bodley Head, $15.95).

Since the plethora of print and television stories about medicine have made us all culturally conscious of every twinge, in case it's cancer, or beri-beri, or halitosis, it is inevitable that the practitioners and their arcane rituals should come under intense scrutiny.

Samuel Shem makes a valiant attempt to make his apprenticeship as a body mechanic as interesting as possible, but the history of yet another intern going through hell as he learns his trade in a big hospital, as the protege of yet another world-weary and cynical resident, hasn't got anything terribly unusual to recommend it.

At least it is adequately written. No doubt we should be grateful for that, balancing it against the number of excruciating books of the same ilk. And since the apprenticeships of a panelbeater, or oscilloscope calibrator, are unlikely to excite the morbid fears of the book-buying public, those of the ilk yet to be thrust upon us.

The female form has inspired countless flights of romantic and erotic fantasy since males first managed to string two grunts together to make a sentence.

So it's only reasonable that the way women cover their bodies should excite some interest. In the days when a flash of ankle could leave a man with bruised ribs from all the nudging, a good look at some well-filled intimate frillies made strong men weak and invited stern warnings from the moralists about a plague of febrile rapists, men maddened beyond endurance.

Indeed, so elaborate did these frillies become, and so (supposedly) inaccessible were the goodies they enclosed, that the unmentionables themselves became objects of erotic fancy. If there are any such fetishists reading this now, you'll find a feast in Michael Colmer's book ***Whalebone to Seethrough:*** a history of body packaging (Cassell, $3.95).

Colmer covers the pudenda-packaging business in enough entertaining detail to delight the most demanding transvestite, but he also illustrates the metal monstrosities into which women have, from time to time, stuffed their delicate forms. Any contraption more unlikely to evoke erotic sensations is inconceivable, but while we get a good laugh we also get an absorbing account of the politics of fashion that dictate each era's concept of the shape of quintessential femininity. — *John Hampshire*

Wolf Mankowitz, the multi-talented author, screenwriter and director is obviously a closet fan of Ms Enid Blyton. There can be no other explanation for his ill-fated foray into the *Girls' Own* world of *Famous Fives* and *Secret Sevens* in ***Raspberry Reich*** (Macmillan). The novel, for all its flowing language and topical references to anarcho-punk pop politics, is bloody awful. Briefly, the hideously wealthy and blue-blooded inmates of a Swiss girls' finishing school sabotage the end-of-term concert and go on to discover the joys of schizophrenia, culminating in a sticky end for some and the revelation that Nazism lives in the oak-panelled studies of the European aristocracy. Perhaps there was a story here somewhere — a Grimms fairy tale of the decadent seventies — but Mankowitz has managed to lose it amid endless patches of the most syrupy prose to slide across this reviewer's bedside table in many a long night. Recommended for insomniacs only. — *Phil Jarratt*

THE LOUIS XV. STAY FOR THE NEW FIGURE

IN presenting this stay to the readers of VOGUE, I am introducing an article of dress which is much ahead of any corset now made. This stay positively gives the new figure which so many other corsets are supposed to impart to their wearers.

H. C. WATSON,
21 West 30th Street, - New York

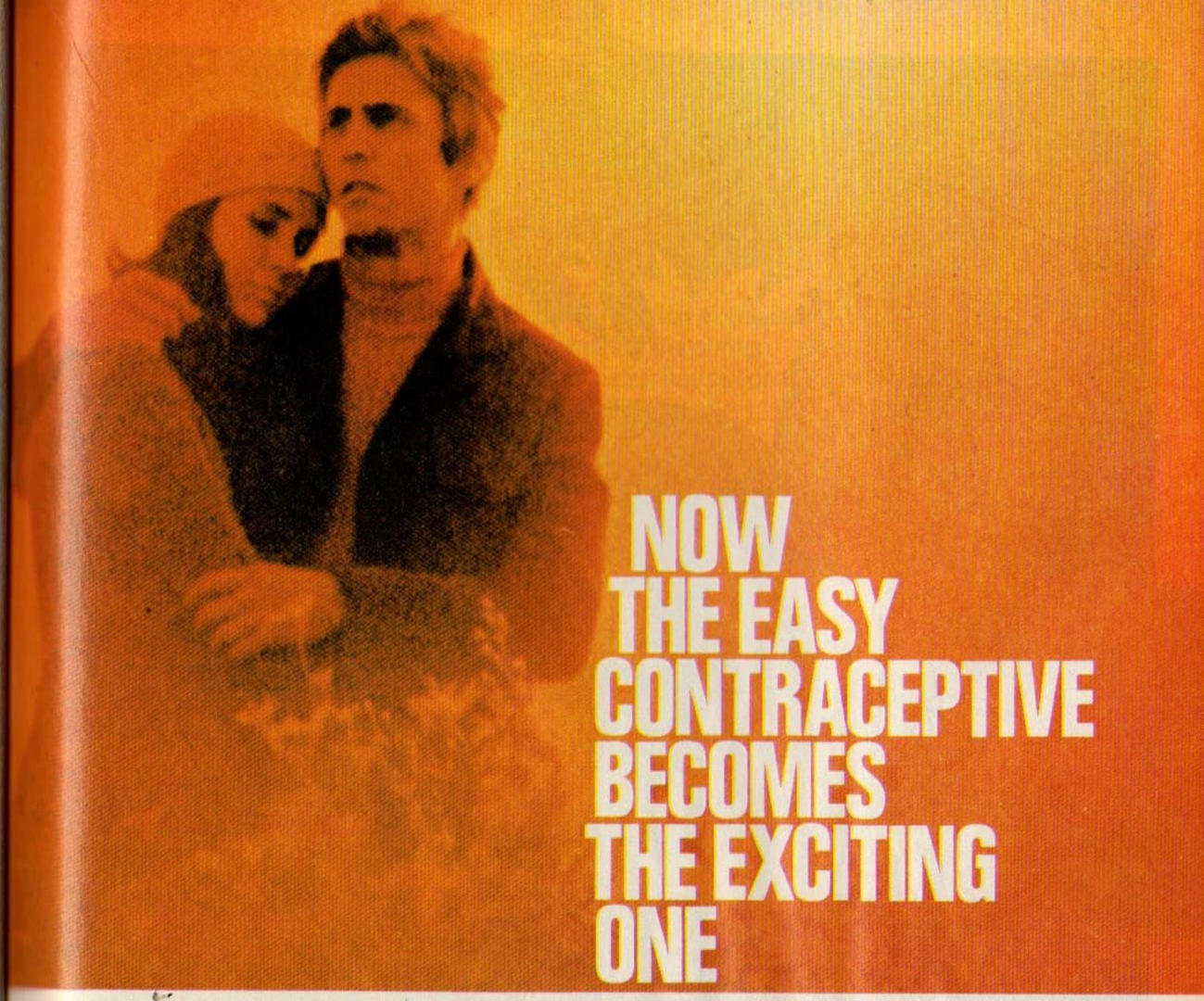
Unmentionables through the ages — a good illustrated laugh at under-fashions.

DR. SCOTT'S
Electric Corset.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

For Ladies who desire vigorous health and a graceful figure. They always do good, cannot harm, and should be worn in place of the ordinary Corset. They are Elegant in Shape, and are made of Exquisite Material.

"It is the Queen of all Corsets, and wonderful in effect. All should adopt them."
—London Health Advocate.



NOW THE EASY CONTRACEPTIVE BECOMES THE EXCITING ONE

The male condom has always been the easy contraceptive method: easy to carry, easy to use, spontaneous, and free from side effects. Now the easy method has become the exciting one, with Horizon male contraceptives. Each of our thin, sensitive condoms is designed to yield an extra dividend of pleasure.

Four kinds of Horizon condoms. Four kinds of Pleasure. Choose from Prime... thin, transparent. Conture...perfectly fitting, extra-sensitive, shaped.

Tahiti...exotically coloured and shaped. Or ones with a textured surface called Stimula, specially designed for her pleasure. All have our exclusive satiny SK-70 lubricant, specially formulated to make the experience easy and natural.

Horizon condoms serve one overriding principle – to make the act of love as easy, exciting, and satisfying as possible.

Discover new Horizon condoms!

HORIZON

Exciting, shaped, coloured, textured male contraceptive condoms.

Available at pharmacies everywhere.

SEAU 0059

Australia's press has long exceeded the overkill limits in the puritan, hypocritical emphasis it has put on the virtues of fuel economy.

SQUEEZING THE ENERGY BONANZA

BY DAMIEN PHILLIPS

If one were to seek to place the blame for what is popularly called Australia's energy crisis, it would be at the fingertips of Australia's motoring writers. It borders on the fatuous to write a road test of the new LTD Fairlane on the basis of criticising its fuel consumption. Yet almost to a man, that is what the newspaper motoring journalists did — conveniently ignoring the fact that in its limited life the new big Ford will sell no more than 4000 units a year — and every one of those to people who (a) don't pay for their own petrol and (b) don't own the car anyway.

The popular justification for that stance is that everyone must do their little bit to eke out the last few precious drops of crude oil. That is platitudinous, gratuitous, opportunist nonsense. It ignores the simple fact that the big Ford, like all big cars, will soon die the death provided for it by the natural forces of demand and supply.

The damage done to the Australian motoring industry by many journalists in the last year is only now beginning to be felt. In August, an Adelaide Ford dealer was offering a free Ford Escort — about $5000 retail — for every new LTD bought. The used car market has collapsed, broken down under the weight of thousands of V8 and six-cylinder Falcons, Holdens and Valiants that owe the dealer perhaps $4000 on the basis of trade-in values of three months before, yet now bring less than $3000.

This is all due to the way the media has homed in on the rising price and decreasing availability of petrol. The press has long exceeded the overkill limits in the puritan, hypocritical emphasis it has put on fuel economy.

The nature of the popular press is that once it has found a populist theme it will squeeze it till it squeaks. In the process it loses the things that should be most dear to it — a sense of balance, responsibility, the need for humor, and the principle that the press should lead, not follow, popular opinion. Hence the unrelenting media focus on such trivia as normal bickering among government back-benchers, Bob Hawke's low flash point, Jackie Onassis' 50th birthday, and Princess Anne's unrepentant sourness (which in itself may have been bred from a long association with the Australian press).

It is easy to satisfy the hunger of one's readers by a series of reminders that Australia's crude oil resources are declining, that the slightest hint of industrial trouble can, within days, put Sydney into petrol rationing, that the evil Arabs hold in their filthy-lucred-hands the quality of the Australian lifestyle, that the most important thing in life is a full tank of petrol.

The paradox is nowhere better seen than in Melbourne. While both *The Age* and *The Australian* newspapers were running long and expert analyses of the future of Australia's energy resources, stories were still appearing espousing Sir Laurence Hartnett's 25-year-old German designed Lloyd as the answer to today's problems (conveniently ignoring the fact that to get such a car into production you first need an engine), and even resurrecting the poor misbegotten Zeta, that gormless child of Adelaide fibreglass washing machine manufacturer Lightburn. The Zeta sold less than 50 cars in the mid-1960s, and is Australia's only true motoring joke, along with the American Tucker Torpedo and Ford Edsel and England's Triumph Herald.

The best measure of the responsibility of Australia's media towards the fuel problem is seen in *Willesee at Seven,* when its man-in-the-street interviews produce reactions ranging from "Nah, petrol shortages don't bother me — there'll be plenty of petrol when the price is high enough" to "They should castrate those Commos".

The truth is less exciting, less dramatic, less popular. In fact, it's probably boring.

For the moment, let us put aside the role of the multinational resource companies, who would find it difficult to defend themselves against charges of profiteering by manipulating crude supplies — particularly in Australia where the crude is delivered to the refineries. Let us also refuse to consider the international politico-economic situation, with all its complexities of OPEC manoeuvring,

American tightrope-walking over the pit of indulgent consumerism, and Japanese trade-balancing.

Let us just assume that the main aim of Australia is to achieve as much self-sufficiency in fuel supplies as possible, to balance out the fall in the graph that will begin next year when the line begins to descend from its present position of 70 percent of our crude oil needs coming from local wells.

There are some absolute facts that must be remembered.

- In terms of natural resources of fossil materials that can produce crude oil which will make petrol — coal and oil shale — Australia is the Saudi-Arabia of the world.
- Any program to develop those resources will take a minimum of 10 years before they augment our fuel supplies by even 15 percent;
- While current estimates say that Australia's crude oil resources would last only another seven years at the current rate of use, the fact is that we can't get the stuff out of the ground fast enough to use it at that rate;
- And in any case, private industry is well down the road towards vehicles powered by liquid petroleum gas (LPG), alcohol blends, diesel oil, and electricity — all of which will extend our crude oil resources by using less gasoline.

Therein lies the answer. It was emphasised in July by a detailed and exhaustive report presented to the Australian Transport Advisory Council — the concert of Federal and State Transport Ministers which has established a remarkable record of picking a path through the minefield of State jealousies and Federal possessiveness.

That report carefully defined the responsibilities of both private industry and governments to conserve existing crude oil resources and develop new vehicle technology and new fuel material. It didn't shirk the awkward questions, running them through a series of graphs and honest evaluation of the hard options.

The report has been released to the press, but has had little attention except in the weightier articles in newspapers like *The Australian* and *The Age*. This is certainly because the truth is boring, and it's much more popular and exciting to suggest that back in the late 1940s an evil General Motors and an indifferent government killed a car — the Hartnett — that today represents the answer to all our problems.

The report is a measured, calm, reflective, objective, honest, realistic assessment of our next 30 years of fuel resources.

But you have learned the first lesson in grasping the complexities of the problem when you realise that this is only one report, that while encompassing the opinions of all State Transport Ministers, issues from one Federal Government department — the Department of Transport. There are probably three other Federal departments with a voice and a vote in the matter, plus as many State departments again.

There are also giant multinational resources companies that in the final analysis are concerned — rightly in the commercial sense — more with profit that in the ultimate national well-being . . . no pun intended.

To put that into perspective, examine only the current financial results of the oil companies. In the second quarter of this year — the (then) peak of OPEC supply short-falls, top barrel prices, and long US fuel queues — Texaco's earnings went up by 132 percent to $US365 million, Exxon went up 20 percent to $US830 million, and Mobil by 38 percent to $US404 million. For the first half of the year the combined profits of Texaco, Exxon, Mobil, Socal and Gulf went up by 49 percent over the first half of 1978 — $US4.6 billion.

> Now, suddenly, diesel is touted as the answer. Wrong. It is still a component of crude oil.

The third major partner in the future of transportation is, of course, the car manufacturer. Given that most of them work on a 10-year model planning cycle, they have a strong interest in propping up sales of their current product while warning that too rapid a change to an alternate fuel or power source must be considered in the light of how it affects the current vehicle population — the "car park", as motorspeak puts it.

This is difficult to deny. You can talk as much as you like about alternative fuels like methane or ethane or hydrogen; the fact remains that not only the car park (around 6.2 million in Australia at the moment) but also the next three to five years of models in the pipeline are designed to run only on petrol from crude oil, or diesel or LPG.

Legislation can't change that reality. The level of investment is too high.

Take LPG, for instance. There is a long waiting list of Australian car owners for LPG conversions. Chrysler, Nissan and GM-H have all extended their warranties to cover their new vehicles converted to run on LPG and are working on production line gas-powered cars — even though that is a problem because to charge the LPG tank you must take the vehicle off the production line partway down the process and remove it to a safe area where the thing won't blow up in your face.

Apart from the danger of backyard LPG converters (all authoritative sources say present government safety regulations on the conversion are lacking), liquid petroleum gas can never support more than 10 percent of the total vehicle population. A by-product of the present refinery or wellhead processes, it has a natural zero vehicle population growth limit because you can't store it — you must use it or export it, and you get it at the same rate as you recover or refine crude oil. The economic realities are that Australia can export much of its LPG — most of it butane — to countries like Japan, in return for export earnings to buy more crude.

Diesel has similar limitations. There is a great emotional groundswell towards diesel at the moment, regardless of the fact that the diesel engine is as old as the Otto cycle engine but has, until now, been unfashionable (except in heavy transport), because diesel engines are noisy, smoky and lethargic.

Now, suddenly, diesel is touted as the answer. Wrong. It is still a component of crude oil. You get diesel fractions as you draw crude at the wellhead. Certainly, you can get a better diesel percentage (or "cut"). The Americans currently get about 20 percent distillate and 45 percent petrol from a barrel of crude, compared with about 19-39 percent in Australia.

If you could increase the diesel cut to its theoretical maximum of 50 percent, you would increase by about five percent the total kilometres available from a barrel of crude. But to increase the diesel cut you must modify the refinery equipment — and most Australian refineries, now ageing, are set up to produce the current proportion of petrol.

Diesel engines also give better fuel consumption in urban running, but the economy advantage diminishes over long distances. And no diesel engines are made in Australia. A mass move to diesel would joggle the balance of local content that has so bedevilled government after government. Add to that the fact that the diesel engine costs about eight percent more than the petrol engine to make — which means adding about $1000 to the price of an $8000 car — and you start to put diesel in its proper place.

So where do we go from here? If you accept, as the Federal Government seems to, that the right way to go is to encourage the resources and vehicle manufacturing industries to supply product that will extend crude oil supplies up to the time when a replacement petrol becomes available, then you must also look at things like alcohol (methane and ethane), electric cars, gas turbines and hydrogen power.

It is in these areas that the most awful nonsense is talked. On June 29, a Queensland Liberal MHR, John Moore, said: "If the unharvested cane from this year's sugar crop were converted to ethanol, it could reduce Queensland's annual fuel bill by 10 percent."

The only way to use ethanol today is as a 15 percent blend with petrol — and even then it corrodes engine components like aluminium, copper, plastics, lead and magnesium. To use it in Australia you must first build a plant that will produce ethanol from the biomass base of sugar cane, and that costs around $300 million. If you stopped producing sugar and put all the suitable arable land in Australia under cultivation to produce ethanol, you would still extend Australia's crude oil resources by little more than one year, given no droughts, floods, or a sudden mortality rate among the southern-migrating cane toads.

Certainly, Brazil is working hard at producing enough ethanol to replace imported crude oil, and seem to be succeeding. But it is still only a supplement — and you can't run today's "car park" on ethanol blends.

And then we have electric cars.

The first world's land speed record was established in an electric car — "Le Jamais Contente", driven by one Camille Jenatzy. Little has changed since then. You need a great wad of batteries to power an electric car, and the batteries discharge so quickly that the vehicle needs to go back into the holding area every night, either for re-charging or replacement of the entire battery module.

You can charge the batteries as you run by using a small petrol-fuelled engine as a charger, but within all the current parameters the successful electric vehicle must be a short-run urban delivery unit or a commuter vehicle, like a bus, that can go back to its base each night for refurbishing. Prototypes of these kinds of electric cars and buses are running in Australia. Flinders University in Adelaide is building electric-powered Bedford vans, a Sydney inventor has a beautiful electric bus that no government seems to want, and there are hundreds of converted private electric people-movers running around the suburbs of Sydney and Melbourne.

Of course, the final qualifier is that any electricity used by these vehicles has to be coal-generated — not the oil-fired electricity from most of today's power stations.

The world has already had one lash at gas turbine cars. Chrysler Corporation developed one to the stage of putting 500 into consumers' hands for long-range testing in the 1960s. But the project petered out, not because it wasn't a good idea at the time, but because engineering technology then wasn't able to overcome the problems of turbine lag and a long over-run that put great demands on the then-insubstantial braking systems.

Now the US Energy Department is about to award one or two developmental contracts for a gas turbine that has 20 percent better fuel economy than conventional engines, yet meet the toughest emission standards and cost no more. Divisions of Chrysler, Ford, GM and American Motors all have engines — GM's in a 1980 front-wheel-drive Pontiac Phoenix "X-car".

Hydrogen can be used in three forms — liquid, gaseous and in hydrides. In liquid and gaseous forms it is very dense, leaking through almost anything, and is frighteningly volatile. However, an energetic American company — Billings Energy Corporation — has 16 active experimental hydrogen programs going right now, including a two-year-old 25-room house which is heated and cooled by hydrogen and uses the gas to run the outdoor barbecue and the tractor.

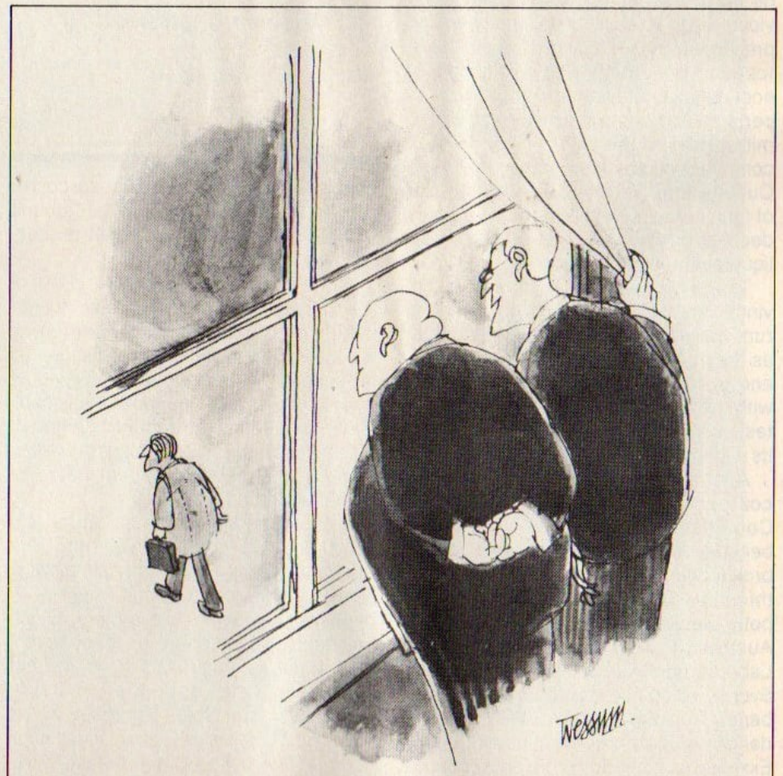
The corporation is also about to market a $5000 generator, using solid state circuitry, that sits in your garage and produces overnight enough gas to run a car for about 160 kilometres. The gas is transferred into the metallic chemical called hydrides, which holds it stable until the hydrides can be heated and allow the hydrogen to be drawn down as fuel.

In Australia, a brilliant inventor called Stephen Horvath has unveiled a modified 1974 Ford Fairlane running on a hydrogen-based energy source using what he calls a "controlled fusion process" in the combustion chambers. Horvath says his changeover would cost around $800 — about the same price differential as for LPG or diesel alternatives. Of course, it has the inherent advantage of hydrogen in that it produces no emissions — just water.

Horvath, 50, developed the MIL Excess Control System, now used world-wide for aircraft instrument landing operations, and is no crazy scientist; however, his "hydrogen car" has been lightly mocked by the press and savaged by some academics. Horvath has offered his system to the Federal Government for evaluation, but now talks darkly about selling it to unnamed "overseas interests".

The steam engine is enjoying a revival in popularity — probably because it offers romantic images of muscular green-and-gold C38 locos hissing through the night from Sydney to Albury, white-coated waiters serving caviar and borscht between murders on the Orient Express. As with so many vehicle propulsion systems, the reality is less attractive.

A steam engine — the Pritchard — has been under development in Melbourne



"One of our most promising young executives; he's developing an ulcer already."

for some time, and has had a few injections of government subsidy money — subsidy that now seems to be drying up as governments realise the problem is larger than can be solved by funding one experimental engine. The Pritchard is certainly an advanced steam engine, with the steam engine's attractions of quiet running, a wide torque band that eliminates the need for complicated transmissions, and able to run on almost any fuel. But like all steam engines, it is inherently fuel-inefficient, bulky and complicated to make.

Given the huge investment that the motor manufacturing and resources industries have in their current production processes, and the enormous number of motor vehicles in the world running around burning good old-fashioned petrol, it is obvious that all these alternative fuels and alternative power plants must be regarded only as supplements that extend the resources of crude oil still left to us. What is needed to keep those millions of vehicles in today's car park running is a substitute petrol.

And what you get from coal and oil shale is exactly that — petrol. No need for new engine technology, no need to scrap half the existing car park, no need to change the vast petrol retail distribution system, no need for new, revolutionary storage facilities.

The Australian Government is further down the road towards producing crude oil from coal than it has admitted. Obviously, it must keep its options open and preserve existing trading relationships in today's delicately-balanced politico-economic circumstance. But German experts should complete next year a $3.6 million feasibility study on oil from coal, commissioned by the Federal, Victorian, Queensland and NSW Governments. Out of that, some reports have it, will come a decision on when and where the first coal liquefaction plant will be built.

The oil companies in Australia are convinced that coal is the way to go in the long run. They are buying up coal leases as fast as they can get their hands on them — and in many cases having to compete with the Japanese to get them. (Mitsui is testing Victorian and Queensland coal in its pilot plant in Japan.)

A lot of other institutions are into the coal act — the Victorian State Electricity Commission, obviously interested because of Victoria's huge deposits of brown coal; the CSIRO, which is halfway through a three-year research project on both black and brown coal; and the Australian Coal Industry Research Laboratories, with a small pilot plant in Sydney. Of course, the oil companies also benefit from the extensive research being done by the parent companies, like Esso's Exxon, which already has a small coal-oil plant in operation.

There's no real trick in producing crude oil from coal. About half the fuel used in Germany's war effort was produced this way. The research that is costing money at the moment is to determine the cheapest way. Estimates of the cost of producing petrol from coal vary widely, but most experts seem to hover around $30 a barrel, compared with $20-$23 a barrel for OPEC or African crude today.

The three basic methods of conversion are synthesis (used by the Germans and now by the South African SASOL plant producing about 5000 barrels of syncrude a day); pyrolisis, roughly the same as producing town gas from coal; and hydrogenation, which suspends powdered coal in an oil solvent and extracts crude with heat and hydrogen catalysts. However, Mobil claims to have perfected a process that re-arranges the hydrocarbons to produce petrol from alcohol derived from a coal feedstock.

Once you have settled on the method, you have to build the plant. There is general agreement that the capital cost of a plant in Australia would be around $2000 million, and it would not be producing until 1990.

> The rush to buy small four-cylinder cars has resulted in a lot of people driving cars too small and too slow for their needs.

As well, this plant would take up half of Australia's current daily production of coal to produce less than 20 percent of our daily motor vehicle fuel usage. To produce all the fuel we need, we would have to mine four times as much coal. There are already signs that environmentalists are preparing to campaign against plants on the basis of the threat they pose to their surroundings.

A lot of experimentation is going on into producing oil from shale, and the Australian stock exchanges are already showing signs of investors' interests in deposits like the Rundle project, which has been said to contain as much potential crude as Australia's total current reserves. One estimate has put Australia's total shale oil reserves as lasting 12,000 years, which must have been an interesting mathematical extrapolation.

Again, the cost of getting oil from shale depends on solving the problems of the recovery process. At the moment, extraction uses up tremendous amounts of water and "fluffs" the base material, so you're left with about 15 percent more than you started with. Research is directed mostly at the method of "retorting" — heating the shale underground and sucking up the thick liquid kerogen.

Most advanced is Canada, where a syndicate of four oil companies and the Federal Government are well under way with a project to produce 125,000 barrels a day by 1982. Cost — $2200 million. The Canadian subsidiaries of Shell and Exxon also have experimental projects.

Australian cost estimates have suggested that a 20,000-barrel-a-day retorting plant would cost about $280 million. The attraction of oil from shale is that it will cost about 40 percent less than coal liquefaction. The drawback seems to be that there is an enormous variation in the quality of the raw material, thus causing widespread fluctuations in the final cost of extraction and refining. The Federal Government has estimated the Rundle average grade as 77 litres a tonne — high by US standards, where there are abundant reserves of oil shale but most of it low grade.

And so it goes on. For Australia, the probable logical step will be for several resources companies to form a joint venture with the Federal Government to build a coal liquefaction plant, and for the oil shale speculators to attempt to do the same, on a smaller scale.

Meanwhile, all the development in the fringe areas of alternative fuels and engines and in supplementary domestic power sources like solar, geo-thermal, hydro and wind-harnessing, will further stretch the available reserves of crude.

That's one reason why the car makers aren't panicking and suddenly abandoning the 80-year-old internal combustion engine in favor of one running on fowl manure. There is a tremendous amount of life in the old kid yet. Things like small-capacity (under two-litre) diesels with turbochargers, higher compression ratios, four-and-five-speed automatic transmissions, advanced aerodynamics, and the extensive use of plastics to save weight will all keep improving what has been demonstrated to be the most efficient people-mover designed.

It is quite feasible that the average Australian production car in 1985 will be a six-cylinder Commodore/Sigma sized car returning more than 11 km/l (30 mpg). The rush to buy small four-cylinder cars has resulted in a lot of people driving cars which are too small and too slow for their needs in a country with vast distances and a fondness for towing caravans and boats.

Certainly, there will be gas-powered cars, and electric vehicles, and diesel taxis, but our love affair with the motor car is not over — not by a long way.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY COLIN SIMPSON, FROM HIS BOOK

PLEASURE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC

How do you make that South Sea island holiday a dream?

It was a blue day in Sydney. It was also mid-wintry July and there was a westerly wind that cut to the bone marrow. A good day to take off for the warming sun under which lay what our European cousins called, as they dreamed of being there, the exotic South Seas. For them it was all so far away. For us — well, a direct flight could have put me in tropical New Caledonia in three hours or Fiji in four.

There are three main Pacific Islands regions: in the east, *Melanesia* (Black Islands); to the north above the Equator, *Micronesia* (Small Islands); and to the west, *Polynesia* (Many Islands).

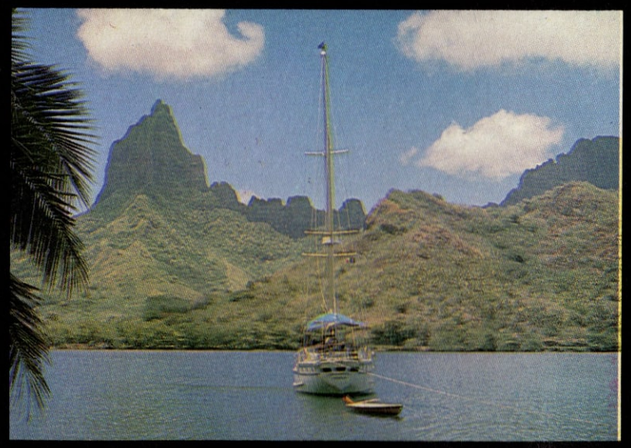
Fiji. I know the name of Fiji's international airport is usually spelt Nadi, but this spelling needlessly confuses travellers and it is high time it was changed to accord with the way it is pronounced, Nandi. Nandi is on the north-east coast of the large island of Viti Levu. The other large island, which is less important, is Vanua Levu. Nandi is 90km from

A coconut crab destined for the dinner table at the Hotel Santo.

Suva, where the terrain is unsuitable for an international airport. As a town Nandi is nothing much, but around it have grown up a clutch of tourist hotels. Most are just for staying overnight before beginning to tour, but one big luxury hotel, the Regent, gets a lot of tourists who stay there and go on excursions to some of the islands.

Lautoka is back there behind the wake of this big launch I am on. The launch is bound for BEACHCOMBER ISLAND, an hour and a half away, through the bluest of tropical seas under a sky without a cloud. This Beachcomber resort is not to be confused with the Beachcomber Hotel we'll come to, farther south at Pacific Harbor. That is a luxury place; this isn't. The Beachcomber has accommodation that the young — and nearly everybody here is early-twenties — can afford. Nowhere else in Fiji did I

Moorea, and the peak named Mou'aroa but called "Shark's Tooth".



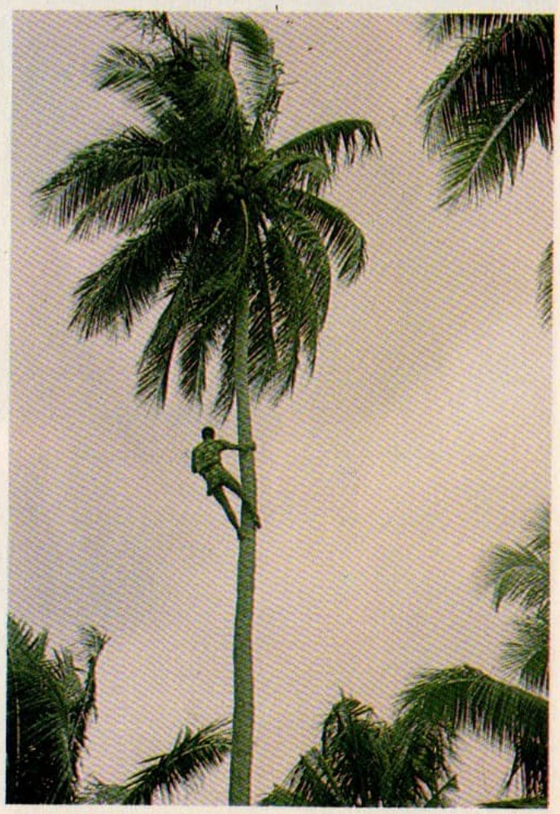
come across a place that offered all Beachcomber did for only $A16 a day, three meals included. That was its cheapest (and most popular) accommodation, in two-decker bunks in a big dormitory with no air-conditioning and no privacy, but with changing rooms at one end. You could do better, in attached small bures and detached larger ones, at up to $A46 for a double, meals included.

TREASURE ISLAND has much better bure accommodation than was to be had at Beachcomber. Duplex "bungalows" that could take 66 people were spread round the beach-fringed island, which had an area of only six hectares (15 acres). Here a room cost as much as accommodation-plus-meals did over at Beachcomber. Treasure Island catered for a different clientele. The two young couples I saw turned out to be honeymooners; and after dinner I found myself in the company of a Melbourne surgeon, a wing-commander and the managing director of a Victorian winery.

MANA is the biggest of the island resorts off the north-west coast. Not that it would take you more than an hour to walk the length of it, but it is 20 times the size of Treasure Island and it has hills. Mana could accom-

Sunset at Rangiroa in the Tuamotu group.

At left, clockwise: These Easter Island figures were quarried, slid down the hillside and tipped upright into holes; Tahitian dance troupes perform at tourist hotels, in spectacular head dresses which predate the arrival of Europeans; Chloe, the proprietor's daughter, at Ile Ouen.



modate 350 people in 120 bure-style bungalows that were spread among palms and cost about the same as at Treasure Island. Each bure had its refrigerator, and hot and cold fresh water coming from the showers, even though water was a problem at Mana and a boat from the mainland had to bring in huge quantities.

In contrast to Treasure Island, which is flat as a plate, CASTAWAY is humped and rock-edged in parts. It took me an hour and a half to walk round it when the tide was coming in, with more wading and rock-hopping than I'd reckoned on. My beachside bure was better than the one I'd had at Mana, and when I went to swim and snorkel I was rewarded with the best coral and fish scene so far. Accommodation costs about the same as at Treasure and Mana, with similar facilities, including a tennis court and croquet lawn. The 49 bures were, more often than not, nearly full. The average stay was longer than at most other resorts — 6½ days.

PLANTATION VILLAGE was on an island a bit farther south called Malolo-lai-lai, which its brochure called "a green jewel of lush tropical palms, ringed by seven miles of golden beaches". The place had ease of access with its own airstrip, only a 10-minute flight from Nandi. The bures were duplexes, with a good casual feel and decor, but thin partitions let in neighbors' noise. It was a Trans Tours operation, which meant it appealed strongly to the young, to whom it offered lively holidaying at lower rates than they would pay at Treasure, Mana, Castaway (but not at Beachcomber).

In SUVA I went to have a nostalgic look at the renowned white-porticoed Grand Pacific Hotel, the Raffles of Suva, with its lofty-ceilinged lounge that had cane chairs which made you feel not just seated, but almost enthroned. These days more tourists go to the TraveLodge. There are plenty of hotels, but the tourist shouldn't spend much time in Suva. This is a city, a place of 70,000 people, and although a city like Honolulu may qualify as a resort, Suva doesn't. There is one main reason why tourists come to Suva: shopping. However, it is unwise to assume that, say, a high-quality radio player-recorder has to be much cheaper in Fiji than it is in Sydney duty-free shops. Fiji offered much better buying in the case of the Minolta camera model SRT 303B with f1.4 lens. The prices it could be bought for, all converted to Australian dollars: Sydney retail, $335; duty-free shop, $296; Hong Kong, model not available; Singapore, $221; Fiji, $216, the lowest price anywhere. Suva Aquarium was worth a visit. The illuminated tanks held examples of the beautifully colored marine life of these tropical waters. Here one could study such extravagantly formed creatures as the butterfly-cod, which is also called the lion-fish.

Indian firewalking has never been put on in Suva as a tourist attraction, as Fijian firewalking has. When I first saw Fijian firewalking nearly 30 years ago, it was performed only by people from the island of Bengga (which is still on most maps as Beqa). Then it spread to the adjacent island of Yanuca (pronounced Yanutha), and in 1978 Fijian firewalking was a tourist attraction at six hotels including the Tradewinds Hotel in Suva and the Beachcomber Hotel at Pacific Harbor where I was to see it. Indian firewalking, on the other hand, has been a part of the Suva scene for nearly a 100 years. I haven't seen it; few tourists have. It takes place in May — before the Australian and New Zealand tourists start escaping their cold weather — at the end of a 10-day festival, fixed by the Tamil calendar and the full moon. The rites, carried out by Hindu people whose forebears came from the south of India, are in honor of the Supreme Mother goddess, who has various names — Maha Devi, Durga, Shakta, Kaali, Maari and Amman.

TOBERUA (pronounced Tomberua) was a palmy patch of an island

At left, clockwise: Early morning scene from a room at the Tradewinds Hotel, Suva; the "Birdman", whose figure is carved in left-side rock, was the symbol of an Easter Island group whose chief was decided by a bird's egg; climbing palms near Suva for milk-laden green coconuts.

marooned off the east coast of Viti Levu, and it was even smaller than Treasure Island. Yet it had become the most stylish of the islands with especially attractive accommodation. I was shown to the best bure-style accommodation I saw anywhere in Fiji. It was spacious and mahogany-floored, with the walls patterned in woven cane. There were only 14 bures: Toberua didn't try to accommodate more than 30 people. One activity was special to Toberua — a Fijian fish drive was held about every six weeks, on a Saturday, when the tide was low. Islanders brought long poles and nets with leafy vines strung through the knots. The nets were laid from punts in a semi-circle about half a kilometre long and, with lots of splashing and shouting, the water was beaten to to drive in the fish. A catch of 50kg was not uncommon, and some of the catch would be cooked lovo-style for the guests' dinner.

NAMALE PLANTATION resort was a plantation house that doubled as a guest-house. It took no more than 18 people, with some accommodated in bures. It was near Savusavu on the south side of the big northern island of Vanua Levu.

The sun didn't always shine up Savusavu way, for the rainfall was 2540mm (100 inches) a year. In the wettest time, beginning around mid November, the resort closed for a month or so, but without that kind of rainfall you couldn't have the tropical luxuriance that flowered round the bungalow-type house.

TAVEUNI, the island that is called the Garden of Fiji, lies south of Savusavu and gets even more rain.

I went back to Suva from Taveuni, dined on the good lobster at the Tradewinds Hotel and sampled the Suva nightlife at a club called Lucky Eddie's. This was evidently the place where a travelling male with a celibacy problem might meet someone willing to take care of it. He was more likely to end up with a Fijian girl than an Indian one, much as he might prefer the slim grace and greater sophistication of a girl in a sari.

PACIFIC HARBOR was in the throes of becoming the biggest resort development in the whole South Pacific. Already, when I was there, 110 villas had been built for sale and/or rental by their owners to tourists, as an alternative to staying at the group-owned Beachcomber Hotel. A couple of families could share one of the luxuriously furnished four-bedroom villas with en-suite bathrooms and swimming pools in their gardened grounds. A Fijian housemaid would come in to clean, make beds and wash up, while the vacationers disported themselves on the nearby beach or on the closer golf course.

I left Pacific Harbor at 11.15am by a Nandi-bound bus that gave a bone-shaking ride to KOROLEVU, the first of the big resort hotels along what is called the Coral Coast. I had a look at some rooms, and their outdated furnishings were in contrast to the decor of the Beachcomber. But Korolevu's rates were about a third lower; and even more moderate were the tariffs at two other resorts in this area, Paradise Point and Man Friday.

After another spell on that road I was glad when the coach crossed a causeway and drew up at the FIJIAN, one of the two top resort hotels in Fiji: the other is the REGENT OF FIJI, claimed to be the finest of all the resorts, and it was undeniably top class. Newest of the big hotels, it opened in 1975 and was a 20 minute drive on a sealed road to Nandi airport. It was on a shore-connected island, Denerau, in Nandi Bay. The beachfront was extensive but, with its brownish sand, not as attractive as the beach at the Fijian. There were six grass tennis courts, the best in Fiji.

New Caledonia

Here we are in a piece of France 20,000km from Paris. It was discovered by the English navigator Cook in 1774 and not by many Australian tourists until 200 years later. Indeed, most Australians — who live in the south-east of Australia — are still waking up to the fact that New Caledonia is their nearest foreign country. It is nearer to Sydney than New Zealand is and nearly 900km closer than Fiji.

In the middle of the year it isn't as warmly tropical as some visitors expect: average temperature in the months of July and August is 20 Celsius. I arrived on the last day of September and for the ensuing fortnight the weather was just about perfect. The wettest months are March and April.

Noumea, a city of some 60,000 people, had nearly half New Caledonia's population.

Relatively few tourists stay in central Noumea. The principal hotels are about 10 minutes away by bus or car, beyond several bays and at the end of the peninsula, at Anse Vata. That was where I was headed now; but a month earlier I had overnighted in Noumea on my way home from the New Hebrides and found the Hotel Sebastapol, which was central yet quiet, moderately priced and well run.

The Chateau Royal was easily the biggest hotel in New Caledonia, and the best. Its building rears seven storeys high beside the beach at Anse Vata — and it is no longer the Chateau Royal. Its new managers spending $A2.9 million to transform the place, with such improvements as new restaurant and kitchens, dance area, auditorium-theatrette for entertainment, and such other facilities as eight new floodlit tennis courts.

It was to reopen in late October 1979 and give vacationers of the south-west Pacific what the operators call a "unique concept for a total holiday". Enter the Club Med: The Club Mediterranee, which is a French creation, is the biggest holiday-providing organisation in the world. Early in 1979 the Club Med, as it is known, moved in on New Caledonia and took over the Chateau Royal Hotel.

Not only had the Club Med secured New Caldonia's one big hotel — 580 beds, and no other hotel had even a third as much accommodation as that — it had also sought to take over the operation of the main away-from-Noumea resort, beautifully situated on the Isle of Pines.

The Club Med has begun offering Australians this kind of inclusive deal, as from October: fly to Noumea from Sydney by UTA or Qantas, spend seven nights at the New Caledonia Club Med, with all meals and even wine provided, and with free use of a wide range of recreational equipment — all for little more than it would cost to holiday at Hayman Island, and actually less than you would pay at Dunk Island, on the Great Barrier Reef.

The Club Med holiday is not for those who can't abide shared accommodation (but, of course, you can share with a friend). It is not for rest-seekers, or non-sociables, or people who don't want to be organised or exercised or shown how to acquire new skills.

The French are said to know most about food, even more than the Chinese — or the Vietnamese, who run some Noumea restaurants. The best-value restaurant I found in Noumea was called L'Eau Vive (Living Water) and it was run by, of all people, nuns.

The most characteristic French restaurant was called La Rustic, at the top end of the Rue Anatole France, where I went one day for lunch. It wasn't at all a tourist place.

ILE OUEN translates as the Isle of Ouen, but you don't hear it called that. While the non-French tourists don't attempt to say that they are going to L'Ile des Pins, but to the Isle of Pines, Ile Ouen they feel they can cope with or they simply call it by the name of the resort they go to on the island, the Turtle Club.

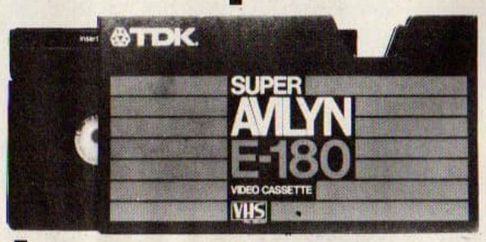
Shared accommodation with meals was a moderate F3000 a day in 1978. The 14 thatched bungalows looked picturesquely adequate, and the atmosphere was very relaxed.

I had flown over for the Wednesday special luncheon, to swim and take photographs — and I described a specially attractive girl I'd seen on the beach, who looked to be about 18.

"That's my daughter, Chloe," said the proprietor, Kolka Muller. "She'll pose for you."

Chloe's mother, I was told, was a Tahitian-Chinese beauty. Chloe's light-brown skin and black hair combined beautifully with the European quality in her features. As to her figure, it proved to be just about perfect, for she did not

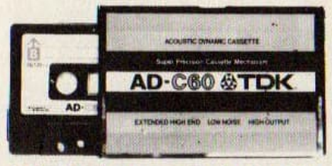
TDK capture it like it is in vision



SUPER AVILYN VIDEO

in sound

SUPER AVILYN — SA



ACOUSTIC DYNAMIC — AD has high MOL

DYNAMIC — D

TDK

TDK (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.
4 DOWLING STREET, WOOLLOOMOOLOO,
N.S.W. 2011. PHONE (02) 3582088.

Would you let her ring a masseur?

It's no longer the ice man and the delivery boy who make extended house calls. From time to time at FORUM we receive letters from women readers asking about male masseurs. We sent investigator Liz Lill out to survey the 'market'. In seven weeks, she uncovered the secret world of the personal classifieds. It is dynamic, and exclusive to FORUM. Read her incredible story in October issue of FORUM.

Vital facts on your blood pressure: what the readings mean; what the drugs do to you; where the doctors still cannot agree. Possibly the most comprehensive, easiest-to-understand article on this subject ever published in Australia.

Also in October FORUM: * Getting what you want in bed. * The men who make her a lesbian. * Is Mary Whitehouse really against the gays? * Drugs made him impotent. * Plus . . . readers letters, Forum Adviser, Soul Mates and more. If it is about life, you'll find it in FORUM — October issue out now.

Smoking and health: We all know that smoking is bad for us but do we know why it is bad? FORUM interprets the medical jargon.

For censorship reasons, some articles may be substituted in Queensland and Victoria editions. However, subscribers receive the unexpurgated national edition at the concessional rate of $18.00 per year — quite a saving over the cover price. We accept Bankcard - coupon is in current issue of FORUM. To subscribe post $18.00 to FORUM, PO Box 256, Paddington, NSW 2021.

FORUM

October issue out now at newsagents and newsstands everywhere.

demur when I asked whether she'd mind taking off her bikini-top.

"HIENGHENE" has the look of one of those formidable French place names our tongues can't get hold of. But this best of all resorts in the north of New Caledonia is pronounced, quite simply, "Yan-gen", with a hard "g".

You fly for an hour from Noumea's Magenta airport to a village about two-thirds of the way up the east coast, Touho. Or, if you're a good driver with a good car, you can drive the 385km from Noumea to Hienghene in six to seven hours.

The 1978 tariff was a very reasonable $A30 a day with all meals included. I went snorkelling and saw a greater variety of live coral than I had seen elsewhere in New Caledonia, or in Fiji.

New Hebrides

When, having flown to the New Hebrides from Fiji, I landed in Vila and a "courtesy coach" took me to the Inter-Continental Hotel, it was like a case of *deja vu* in reverse. I could have sworn that I had never seen Vila before. Yet I'd been there twice.

What had brought about this transformation of a Vila changed out of all recognition from the place I had last seen in 1950? In one word — tourism.

The InterContinental Island Inn was one of two large and luxurious hotels, and there were a number of smaller ones. The Vila where I had overnighted in 1950 had had only the Hotel Rolland, whose manager apologised for the corrugated-iron accommodation he showed me to, saying he didn't get many guests.

Touristically, the New Hebrides had a good deal of potential. As yet only four islands had any tourist accommodation, most of it on Efate, at or near Vila. I prefer the French name of the island, Vate, instead of the English-adopted one, Efate (pronounced "Ay-faa-tay"). Vate ("Vaa-tay") has a better sound, and is less like breaking wind.

Tanna, to the south, was a particularly interesting island tourists could get to; but it was only one of five islands that had active volcanoes.

Santo, in the north, the largest and highest and most heavily jungled island, had a quite extraordinary history. At Pentecost, an island where there was as yet no accommodation, some day-trip visitors saw the spectacle of men diving from high towers in order to prove their manhood.

The two big hotels, the InterContinental and Le Lagon were situated at the two ends of a long, estuary-like lagoon, about 5km from the airport. The Big I, as the InterContinental was called locally, had 166 rooms; Le Lagon had 130. Each was a better resort hotel than most people would have expected to find in the New Hebrides, which was still outside the average vacationist's ken.

When I was there the food and service were better at the InterContinental; but I believe that Le Lagon, under a new, Japanese manager, has improved greatly. Room and meal prices were about the same. Le Lagon had better facilities for golf.

PENTECOST ISLAND you could fly to and, although there was no accommodation, tourists went there on day trips, but only at one time of the year (in late April, May or June), to see the sensational feats called tower-jumping or land-diving. This was how the young men proved their manhood.

A tower is built around a tall tree, as high as 25m. Liana vines were tied round the divers' ankles — vines that had been carefully calculated to arrest a diver's fall so that he wasn't pulled up with too much of a jerk and so that he didn't break his neck.

Serious injury was rare but two

> Rarotonga is like the Tahiti that used to be. Avarua, the capital, is much as Papeete was about 40 years ago.

fatalities were on record. The last one had happened in 1974 when Queen Elizabeth was watching. Vines snapped and so did the man's spine.

What could be more masculine or demonstrate more *machismo* than this land-diving? Yet, as sure as you mentioned Pentecost to old hands in the Hebrides you would be told, "The men up there are all queers." Pentecost had the name of being the island where, more than anywhere else in the group, the men were given to homosexuality.

Rarotonga

This section is headed Rarotonga instead of Cook Islands because, for most tourists, the island of Rarotonga is about what the Cook Islands add up to.

After we land in the evening I go to the Rarotongan, the international-standard hotel that has put Rarotonga on the tourist map. It is jointly owned and operated by the New Zealand Tourist Hotel Corporation (who run what are undoubtedly the best hotels in New Zealand) in conjunction with Air New Zealand and the Cook Islands Government.

Outside the front entrance, reared in totem-pole style, is a set of carvings of the Polynesian god Tangaroa. A striking attribute of Tangaroa is his penis, which isn't erect but appears to be in a state of semi-tumescence, the glans very prominent and fully circumcised. A totem pole with Tangaroas one above the other, to a height of four metres, is quite a feature.

The first-class Rarotongan raised its rates in May 1979 to NZ$38.50 a night for a room for two people. However, there was motel and guesthouse accommodation available at half that rate.

An adventurer and author, Bengt Danielsson, who was with Thor Heyerdahl on the *Kon-Tiki* raft expedition and who now lives in Tahiti, said to me: "Rarotonga is like the Tahiti that used to be. Avarua (the capital) is much as Papeete was about 40 years ago."

Do the Cook Islands have the best dancers in the South Pacific? Some experts say yes; others say no, they're very good but not as good as the Tahitians. It depends not only on what you think constitutes good dancing, but also on how attractive you find the people who are the dancers.

The most memorable individual dancer was a very pretty girl, Mary de Luze, who was Polynesian-French. Mary was a slim beauty, and slim figures are rare in Polynesia, where the Tongans and the Samoans are among the weightiest people in the world.

French Polynesia

TAHITI was discovered in June 1767 by Captain Samuel Wallis in HMS *Dolphin*. In April of the next year came Bougainville, the first Frenchman to circumnavigate the globe. A year later Cook arrived. At the end of 1772 came the Spanish.

Of the island, Bougainville said that he felt he had been "transported into the Garden of Eden". He had difficulty "to keep at their work 400 young French sailors who had seen no woman for six months", and added, "though it was no less difficult to keep the command of ourselves . . ."

How much of that allure is left? Is Tahiti the chief pleasure island of the South Pacific, or has it been superseded?

In Tahiti, the cost of good-standard tourist accommodation runs high. At the Beachcomber an over-the-water bungalow in 1979 cost CFP6000 (French Pacific francs, hereafter just francs or F). In terms of room service $A2 wouldn't quite get you a hot dog or $A5 an eggs-and-bacon breakfast. Out in the islands prices were marginally lower, but you were still in high-cost holiday country, except that the Club Mediterranee at Moorea and Bora Bora offered value that was, relatively, outstanding.

It goes without saying that, if the place is French, there is very good eating to be had. Though, in Papeete, at wallet-slimming prices. Many tourists ate in their hotels, which were out of town in waterside locations that commanded the best views across the water to Moorea. A kilometre beyond the Beachcomber was the Maeva Beach (10km from town), the biggest of the hotels, which had 230 rooms (the Beachcomber had 200) and that Tahiti rarity, a white-sand beach, as well as a pool. On the other side of town was the Tahara'a InterContinental, of admirable built-into-the-landscape design, which had a black-sand beach.

The Tahitian girls, one dinner host said, were often crudely spoken, even the very attractive ones who were in a dance troupe. Take them to the bar for a drink and they were likely to grab. "You got black balls, you got white balls?" He explained this with, "They'll use dirty talk as the only way they know of establishing some sort of rapport. Basically, they're shy."

Diary. Saturday 15 October: Went back to town last night after asking Beachcomber barman best places to go to sample nightlife. Recommended Piano Bar in town and Tiki Room of Holiday Inn.

Got taxi to Matavai, few kilometres out, to Tiki Room. Find floor show doesn't start until 11.30. Returning to town, ask taxi-driver (speaks English) about Piano Bar. Says it's lively, homosexual hangout, 'very popular with military'. F200 to go in, F200 for drink. Decor has Beardsley drawings and wallposter illustrating sexual (hetero) positions. At disco end men dancing together. Not my scene.

Return to Tiki Room at Matavai. That 11.30 show comes on at 12.20. Two South American girls, very attractive, in simulated lesbian act.

MOOREA I'd been looking at for days from Tahiti, loving the outline mounded so alluringly on the skyline. A mini-bus from the Club Mediterranee was there to meet the plane.

Capacity was 580 people, and the place was almost fully booked.

That night when the cabaret was over, most people went to dance in the discotheque or they went to the bar, and some couples took their drinks out on to the edge of the beach where there were plastic recliners. Actually there were two bars. And the smaller of the two, called the Tiki, was where around midnight young men were in earnest discussion along the lines of, "This bird I've got is willing but she'd rather it was her place than my place. Now, Sam, if you can get your bird, Sue, the one my bird is sharing with, to go with you to our place, then I can go to this other bird's place."

About 60 people were taken to a small island for lunch and a swim. A girl whose name can be Imogen and who was from San Francisco, had been to this Moorea Club Med before. She said, "There's a better beach than this on the other side of the island. It's the nude beach." A couple who can be Carla and Mark heard this and said they'd like to go there.

The four of us walked round to this other beach. There, in the very shallow water, were three couples, nude. Then there were four couples because Carla and Mark joined them. I walked into the water with the Pentax and said, "Do you mind?" Nobody minded, but a girl who had just done a handstand said, "Don't show this to mother."

Of BORA BORA James Michener wrote that it is "considered by most judges to be the most beautiful island in the world". Which is somewhat different from what the Bora Bora's Hotel's brochure says: "James Michener called it '. . . the most beautiful island in the world'."

I talked to a couple who had stayed at the luxurious Bora Bora Hotel, both discerning and well travelled. The hotel's expensiveness didn't worry the couple, who ended up chartering a fully-crewed

> One good picture of those long stone heads sticking pillar-tall out of the earth was enough to imprint Easter Island on to any mind.

yacht, but the service, or lack of it, did worry them. A waitress, when asked for orange juice at breakfast, had said, "Go get it." They had left the next day.

The Club Med, being farther from Tahiti than the one at Moorea, was much smaller. It ran on the same lines, except that non-member tourists could book in. Many of the people who came to it had previously been to the Moorea Club Med.

Easter Island

Easter Island. The so-Christian name sends out vibrations of a very un-Christian kind, to do with pagan images and physical mysteries. Also, this island is thought of as remote and inaccessible, so outside the ordinary traveller's orbit that tourists can't really plan to go there — but they can.

Geographically, Easter Island is one of the most isolated habitations on the face of the earth. Chile lies 3790km of Pacific Ocean to the west. For the tourists, though, its isolation was ended in 1971 by Lan-Chile. Easter Island was air-linked with Chile's capital, Santiago, on one side and with Papeete in Tahiti on the other. In late 1977 Lan-Chile extended that service from Tahiti down to Fiji.

About 50 tourists were staying at Easter Island when I was there.

One good picture, particularly of those long stone heads sticking pillar-tall out of the earth, at Rano Raraku, was enough to imprint "Easter Island" on to any mind, for those statues are identified uniquely with Easter Island.

This fascination granted, it may still be asked whether Easter Island fits into this book as one of the Pleasure Islands of the South Pacific. I think it does, because the island is now on the tourist track and has a modern 60-room hotel with swimming pool and scarlet-jacketed waiters serving in an air-conditioned dining-room. True, the tourists have had to get along without such things as self-drive cars, golf, coral-reefing, snorkelling and shopping — except for curio souvenirs, whose ardent vendors displayed their wares along one side of the hotel's reception area. Easter Island was also expensive, particularly at the Hotel Hanga Roa where, some seafood apart, all the food and drink was air-freighted in. The resultant cost of a whisky (US$3) or of even a beer or a Coke restricted, for all but the rich, the pleasures of drinking.

In a shoreline that was nearly all rugged black rock, the sandy cove called Anakena provided a nice swimming beach. But that was on the other side of the island from both the hotel and the township of Hanga Roa, where just about all of the 1800 inhabitants lived.

Horses you could easily hire. There were twice as many horses as people on the island, most of them running wild. Private motor vehicles you could count on your fingers and most of those were four-wheel-drive.

You did your sightseeing in small vans and Land Rovers. Horseback was cheaper but, assuming you could get to the sites this way, how would you know what you were seeing? The only worthwhile guides had wheels.

Tourists on Easter Island did not usually stay for a week, as I did, but for three or four days. The usual thing was either to arrive on Tuesday or Thursday morning.

Not all tourists went to the Hotel Hanga Roa, though most did. The Hanga Roa had rooms with private baths and telephones — but no radio or television or refrigerator or tea/coffee-making facilities, and the air-conditioning, though installed, was not operative except in the public rooms. In 1979 the single-person rate was US$66 a day, including three meals or US$88 double.

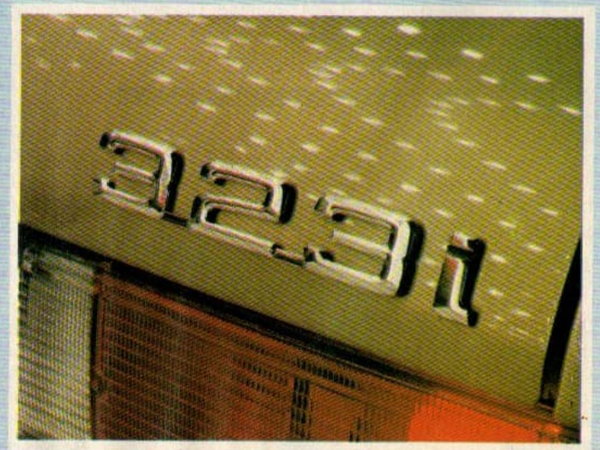
(Colin Simpson's book includes a detailed and intensely interesting account of the origins of the Easter Island people.)

© 1979 Colin Simpson. Pleasure Islands of the South Pacific, to be published at the end of October by Methuen of Australia. Price: $14.95.

COMMANDING PERFORMANCE

Where there's a will, there's a way — BMW's engineers have the will, and the 323i shows the way.

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE



An engineer with Rolls-Royce, a Cambridge graduate, once told me the internal combustion engine was a hopeless concept, a dreadfully inefficient way of moving a tonne or more of wheeled vehicle about the countryside. "Except, of course, that 90 years of enormous development efforts have pushed things along to the point where car makers are quite good at turning up-and-down piston energy into round-and-round power at the rear wheels. If only we could have started with something more mechanically sensible . . ."

Given that all car makers started equally handicapped by this intrinsic inefficiency, patently some car makers are more equal than others. BMW, for instance, has shown through the decades a fine ability to be in touch with, and generally on top of, the power plant requirements of the day.

I say "of the day" because, if the scientifically-minded pedants will allow me, the term "efficiency" means different things at different times. The giant-capacity, long-stroke motors around half a century ago were hardly the epitome of efficiency by today's standards, yet in most cases they did the things required of them very well — and thus, within their context, were efficient.

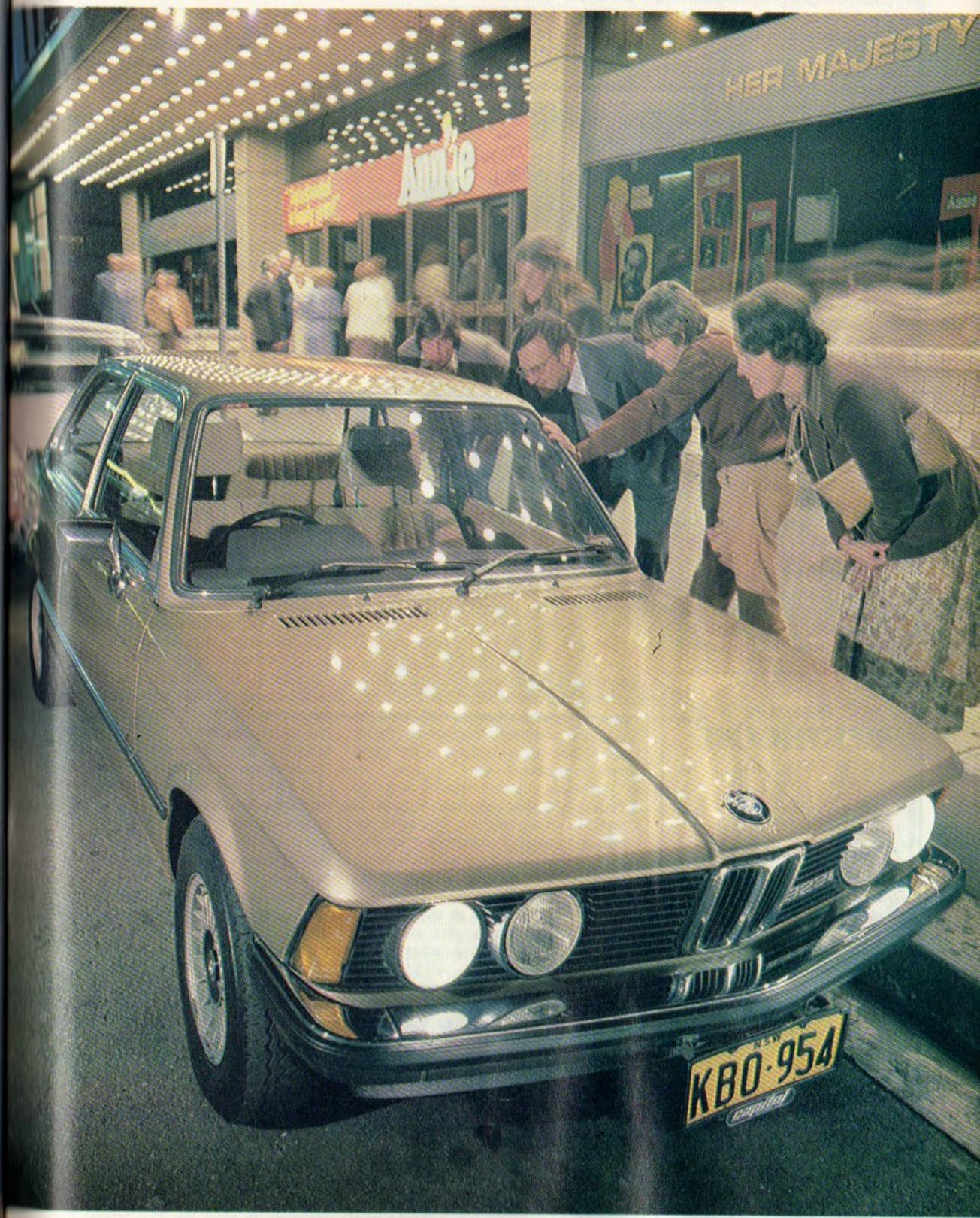
As our understanding of design, metallurgy and the fluid medium called air developed, with a hefty boost from access to computer models, so were car makers better able to meet drivers' demands — basically, to go faster more safely and more quietly with a minimum expenditure of resources.

There's no question that the BMW 323i satisfies these requirements as well as any other car available. Mind you, getting the best out of high technology within the automotive framework is not a cheap exercise. Even in Europe, most of the BMW range is aimed firmly at the top half of the market. Here, where the cheapest of the range (the 320 automatic) is $16,710 and the top model (the 633) is $46,945, an importer simply can't hope to sell a shoddy product.

They're on safe ground, based on the cars I've driven. Which is not to say the vehicles are faultless, rather that the faults are minor and thrust into the background by the swift, smooth and predictable responses which make driving, even in peak-hour traffic, enjoyable and which turn highway driving into a delight.

The 323i's smoothness is derived in large part from the beautifully-engineered six-cylinder motor, which at 2315 cubic centimetres is quite small to have that number of cylinders, at least in a car. There are two six-cylinder motorcycles in production, the bigger of which has a 1300cc engine.

There is an interesting dichotomy at BMW, which of course also makes motorcycles. While making sophisticated, overhead-cam power plants for its four-wheeled



machines, BMW puts into its bikes a flat-twin, pushrod engine of the simplest kind, unchanged in a basic mechanical sense from the models produced not long after World War I.

This apparent anomaly underlines BMW's approach to the type of "efficiency" mentioned earlier: each engine is utterly appropriate to the format in which it must perform.

One facet of the BMW range hammered home over the years is the extent to which their production sedans derive their characteristics from the company's involvement in motor sport.

This is evident in the 323i's sophisticated motor, developed along the lines of the larger BMW power plants and held at six cylinders, despite the smaller size, to retain the smooth-running characteristics inherent in the six-cylinder, in-line engine.

Obviously, the best engine in the world won't turn a lemon into a driver's delight by itself. It has to be dressed in a complex costume of precisely-engineered front end, suspension and drive-train components, carefully co-ordinated with weight distribution and a nice set of matched gear ratios.

The 323i is dressed for any occasion. It's entirely possible that I might be dead now, had I been driving a lesser car. The crunch came in the shape of a black, early-model Valiant without lights, nosing slowly out from a farm gate on to a two-lane highway late at night. Coming over a low rise at perhaps 100km/h barely 400m from the gate, I was nearly on the other car before I saw it.

Thinking back on the desperate series of manoeuvres that took me around the Valiant, I realised that at one stage the BMW actually *steered* while under full emergency braking, and did not slide madly all over the place when I dropped two wheels on to the dirt verge. There were no more than a couple of easily-controlled back-end tweaks before things settled down again.

Of course, it is not a test I apply to every demonstration car, and certainly a test I believe many modern vehicles would have failed.

The key to the car's success in this situation, and the key to its enormous appeal to drivers of all levels of ability, is its balance — in power to weight, weight distribution, steering effort to steering effect (ditto braking) and impeccable road behavior.

To be fair, the 323i (the "i" is for the Bosch mechanical fuel injection) is the top of the 3-series range, with sports-tuned suspension and four-wheel disc brakes — the sort of touches one would expect in a $20,125 car, but does not always get.

The brakes also help to establish the car's racing ancestry. Unlike some systems where the force on the brake pedal is boosted on its way to the discs, there is no sudden grab on the front wheels. Rather, there is a steady and entirely unpredictable force.

Possibly the only criticism one could make of the 323i's brakes is that they operate so well when hot — a desirable characteristic — that one could be taken by surprise when they are cold, because suddenly one needs considerably more effort than usual to achieve the same braking response.

Naturally, attention to safety demands that there be a back-up circuit in the event of failure in a brake line. The same approach to safety is carried through into the body cell, where exceptionally detailed accident-impact and stress testing has given the 323i's driver and passengers at least as much chance as any others of surviving the nasty moments that statistically will claim a proportion of BMWs.

Yet listing things like four-wheel disc brakes and safety factors is only painting in the fringes of the picture. If someone sat down and said: "Let's build a 2.3 litre, two-door sports sedan, with overhead cam six-cylinder engine . . ." etc, etc you could be absolutely certain that however closely they matched the 323i's specifications, they would come up with a different car.

Just as two men together can lift a weight greater than the sum of their individual limits, so is the nature and ambience of a car more than just the sum of the bits bolted into a body.

However much planning assistance can be obtained from computers, you don't have a product until a whole lot of people get their bums on the driver's seat and give it the nod. Sorting out a new model can be a long and difficult process, and no two car makers will approach the task in quite the same way.

Whatever effort was required to produce the 323i was well worth it. It is quick, smooth and precise. The car fits like a glove, both externally and internally: its compact shape and size make it ideal for suburban jousting, while the driving position makes you realise how much easier everything is when you and the controls are correctly placed.

I preferred the 323i's driving position to that of the larger 528i, where the four-door configuration would not allow me to get the seat back quite far enough — always a problem for long-legged drivers.

It was established early on that the 323i manual was a "flier", so it was interesting to drive the automatic version. Unaccustomed as I am to dealing in superlatives, I have to say it was the most responsive automatic transmission I have used.

Even with the anti-pollution devices, which tend to cause engine over-run, there is strong engine braking felt when the accelerator is released. Power take-up is very smooth and there is immediate response to the smallest change in accelerator position.

I found too that the automatic lost very little power at the back wheels when compared with the manual. The people who make the Vane dyno testing gear had obtained figures of 740Nm torque and 72kW power in third gear with a manual 323i; on the same equipment the three-speed automatic returned 730Nm in second and the same maximum power — 72kW.

In terms of fuel consumption, a small six-cylinder should fall into a middle ground between the more economical fours and the thirstier, bigger sixes. Averaged over all types of driving, with a ratio of about 80 percent urban to 20 percent country conditions, it does so. I obtained overall 12.86l/100km (very close to 22mpg).

This was rather better than BMW's own figures of 13.6l/100km (20.8mpg) for the manual version in urban driving — with my test figure going to about 9.5l/100km (very near 30mpg) in the country. A lighter foot than mine could probably return an even better consumption, so it's by no means a greedy car and well ahead of the big sixes.

The 323i is unlikely to suit people with more than two adults and two children in the family, or those who need the load-carrying capacity of a station wagon. The asking price, too, will daunt many. But anyone else in the market for a new car is fortunate to have the 323i among the choices.

AS SEEN IN:
PENTHOUSE
VIVA
LINGERIE
FOR CATALOG
Send 2x20c stamps to:
P.O. Box 233, Lane Cove
NSW 2066

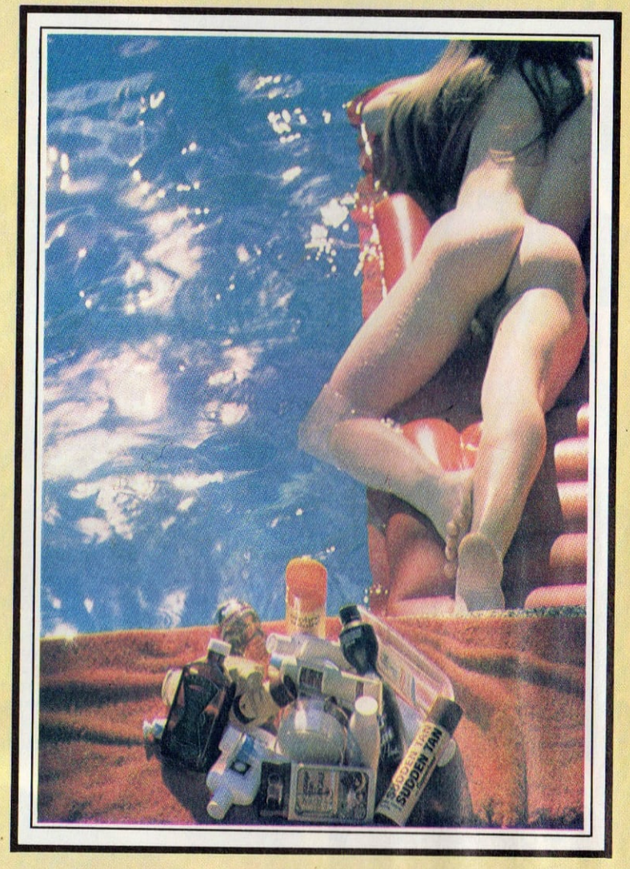
McDONALD RESOURCES PTY. LTD.
We help you to improve your efficiency by providing:-

* Audio-visual software and equipment.
* Films, for hire & sale, on: Motivation, Communication, Management, Leadership etc.
* Training & Development books, programs, guides and aids.
* Microfilm equipment.

For comprehensive catalogue call or write to:-
51 CARDIGAN STREET CARLTON VIC. 3053
TELEPHONE (03) 347 0399

Also trading as:- McDONALD AUDIO VISUAL
McDONALD MICROGRAPHICS

GROOM AT THE TOP



KEEPING OUT OF THE RED

The coming of age of the Australian men's grooming industry this summer will see a flood of lotions and potions to help tan that great body of yours. You might find it a little confusing in deciding which brand is best suited to your skin, but it's very necessary in a nation soaked by one of the highest ultraviolet levels in the world — yes, that's what skin cancer, pigment blemishes and suntan are all about.

The first thing you must consider when choosing your tanning aid is how much sun your skin can take without damage. Obviously if you have red hair, white skin and freckles your tanning lotion should block out as many of the sun's rays as possible. Go for the products with a high lanolin content and some other protective agent. Most cosmetics companies carry a range of protective products, but some of the more readily available good ones would be the Roche Block Out, Juvena Block Out or Piz Buin No 8. If that doesn't keep the sun out try an Ella Bache product called Creame Rousseur, which is claimed to block out all ultraviolet — or else use your towel.

If your skin type is of the other extreme, dark and olive, then you can let the sun shine in — but still use a product that has a lot of moisturiser such as the Alo E or all the After Sun ranges made by Roche, Dior or Elle Bache. Contrary to popular belief a tanning lotion is no less effective if applied to a wet skin. Unfortunately doing so can trap the salt, so no matter what type of skin or hair you have, always wash thoroughly after a day on the oils.

The second most important criterion is whether you have an oily, normal or dry skin. If your skin is already oily you shouldn't use thick oils or greasy creams, bearing in mind that you may have to compromise to ensure adequate UV protection.

Lastly, remember to protect sensitive areas. Your face is exposed all year round and naturally derives a little extra protection from that exposure, but areas like the tops and soles of your feet, the back of your knees and other danger spots well-known to nude bathers need special attention.

OH, WICKED WANDA!™

WELL, WAS THIS EMPLOYEE OF MY DEAR OLD DADDY A NUT CASE—OR DID HE REALLY BUILD HIMSELF A TIME MACHINE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE PAGES OF HISTORY?

I'M HAPPY TO SAY THAT HE WASN'T A NUT CASE! HE REALLY DID BUILD HIMSELF A TIME MACHINE—AND WHAT IS MORE, I'VE GOT IT WORKING AGAIN!

NEEDS SOME MORE DILL... AN' MEBBE SOME CATCHUP... N' MUSTARD.... AN' SOME THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING!

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN EAT AFTER ALL THAT STUFF YOU PUT AWAY AT THE PARTY!

BY FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

WHILE THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS RECOVERS FROM THE PENTHOUSE ANNIVERSARY PARTY, HIGH UP IN THE TOWER OF THE CLOUDS, HOMER SAPIENS HAS BEEN GRAPPLING WITH THE MYSTERIES OF THE TIME MACHINE.....

THERE IT IS! CHOOSE ANY PERIOD IN HISTORY—AND IN LESS THAN A TRICE, THROUGH THE GENIUS OF HOMER SAPIENS.....

...YOU CAN TURN BACK THE CLOCK AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF IF THEY REALLY WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS!

A TIME MACHINE?

THAT OLD BOX?

IT LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF MAIL ORDER BEDROOM FURNITURE!

WHAT IS THIS—SOME KIND OF A JOKE?

NO JOKE, MOSTRESS! I WOULDN'T DARE TO TRIFLE WITH YOUR FEELINGS! TRY IT FOR YOURSELF!

SUPPOSE I DID TRAVEL BACK IN TIME? HOW'D I RETURN TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

A SMALL DEVICE WOULD BE PLACED IN YOUR—UM—PERSON.....

...IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A SITUATION THAT YOU CAN'T HANDLE, YOU WOULD MERELY TRIGGER THE DEVICE, SENDING A NEUTRINO RAY CODE TO ME ACROSS TIME AND SPACE!

AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT?

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT, MOSTRESS!

IF YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES WITH ME, SAPIENS....?!!

DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, MOSTRESS—WHY DON'T YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF!

GROTTO

DAMMIT!! I WILL! SET EVERYTHING UP FOR TOMORROW. SET YOUR DIALS FOR ANCIENT ROME—MAYBE WE'LL FIND THE NUT WHO BUILT THE THING!

NOW—GET LOST!

PRIVATE

KEEP OUT

BUT, BOO'FUL, I DON'T WANNA BE A TIME-SPACE TRAVELLER! COULDN'T SAPIENS GO FIRST, ON A KIND OF RECCE?

DON'T BE A LITTLE NINNY, PUSSCAKE! YOU DON'T BELIEVE ALL THAT RUBBISH, DO YOU?

I DON'T DOUBT THE OLD PHONY HAS CONCOCTED SOME SORT OF ILLUSION FOR US! BUT TIME TRAVEL? RUBBISH!

OH, AS LONG AS IT'S NOT FOR REAL, BOO'FUL! IF IT'S A GAME—THAT'S SUPER!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS, PUSSCAKE—A NEW GAME FOR US TO PLAY! SOME MORE TRICKS FROM THAT OLD CONJUROR—EGO-BONCE!

AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY.....

ALL IS READY, MOSTRESS! IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO STEP INTO THE BOX?

SAPIENS! WHAT'S GOING ON?

HEE-HEE! HEE-HEE!

BON VOYAGE, MOSTRESS!

BOO'FUL! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I DON'T KNOW, PUSSCAKE! I DON'T KNOW!

WHERE THE HELL ARE WE? AND WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR CLOTHES!

DO YOU SUPPOSE WE GOT OURSELVES INTO THE WRONG STRIP CARTOON? IT-IT ISN'T ANCIENT ROME, IS IT, BOOFUL?

OF COURSE IT ISN'T ANCIENT ROME! WE MUST BE SOME-WHERE NEAR THE SCHLOSS!

BOOFUL-I DON'T LIKE THIS GAME! IT'S COLD... AN' MISERABLE... AN' CREEPY!

I DON'T WANNA PLAY ANY MORE — CAN'T WE GO HOME?

WHERE'S YOUR SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE, PUSSCAKE?

LOOK! OVER THERE — IN THE TREES!

THERE'S A LIGHT OVER THERE! C'MON, WE CAN'T LET SAPIENS GET THE BETTER OF US! LET'S FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO!

?

?

?

NOW LOOK HERE, SAPIENS — WHAT TH....?

GIMME A SHOT OF GUNPOWDER, SOMEBUDDY! I'M DREAMIN'!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A RE-RUN OF CENTENNIAL! I HOPE IT AIN'T GONNA TAKE AS LONG!

WHO SAID THERE AIN'T NO SANITY CLAWS!

I'D ADVISE YOU TO TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

OH, YUH WOULD, WOULD YUH?

I MOST CERTAINLY....

....WOULD!

I HOPE OLD EGG-BONCE HAS MADE SURE THAT YOU'RE FULLY INSURED!

OOH! I LIKE THIS GAME NOW!

TWO DOWN— ONE TO GO!

OKAY—NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? HOW MUCH DID SAPIENS PAY YOU FOR THIS LITTLE CHARADE?

SAPPINS? WHO THE HELL IS SAPPINS?

DON'T GET CLEVER WITH ME, SMART ASS — UNLESS YOU WANT SOME MORE?

I LIKE IT! I LIKE IT!

NO-NO MORE! LOOK, LADY— WHAT DOES THIS SAPPINS LOOK LIKE? MEBBE WE'VE SEEN 'IM!

WE MADE FOR FORT PITT BY WAY UV THE OLD BRADDOCK ROAD - BUT THEY WUZ EVERYWHERE! VENANGO WUZ ALL BURNED OUT SO WE WUZ GONNA TRY FER SANDUSKY ALONG THE LAKE! WE THOUGHT WE WUZ SAFE - THAT'S WHY WE LIT THE FIRE!

BUT HONEST— I DON'T RECALL NO SAPPINS!

BOO'FUL - DID YOU NOTICE? THESE GUYS AIN'T GOT A CAR — AN' I DIDN'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF A ROAD!

BOO'FUL, YOU DON'T THINK...?

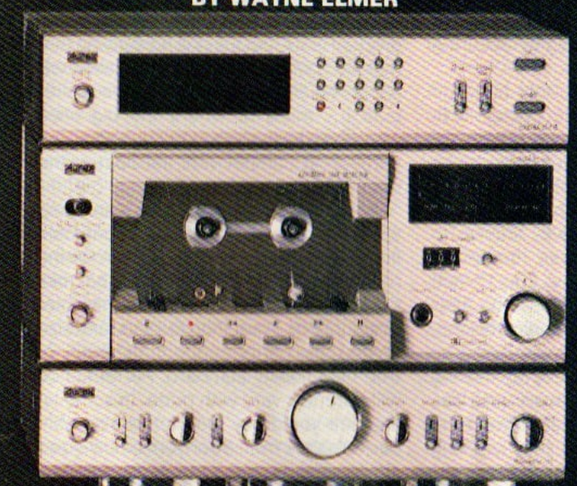
NO BEER OR COCO-COLA CANS IN THE WOODS! NO LITTER! NO FENCED OFF PICNIC AREAS!

IS THIS SOME SORT OF FANTASY FERMENTED BY THE ADDLED BRAIN OF HOMER SAPIENS? OR COULD IT BE....? NO, OF COURSE NOT! AT LEAST— WE DON'T THINK SO!

They're tiny but tough,
and certainly nothing to laugh about.

MINI IS NOT HA-HA

BY WAYNE ELMER



Have you noticed how things are getting smaller lately? Cars are smaller, the dollar is smaller, shirt collars are smaller. Even hi-fi equipment — after years of growing

steadily larger — has joined the small revolution. With the leaps and bounds in semiconductor and circuit design technology in recent years it is now possible to house audio components (amplifiers, tuners, cassette decks) in remarkably small enclosures. Moreover, recent developments in loudspeaker design herald an era of highly accurate mini speaker systems.

As a result, it is possible to buy high quality sound gear compact enough to fit into your average briefcase. There remains one obvious exception to the miniaturising of hi-fi: the turntable. While other components in the audio chain have been successfully scaled down thanks to micro-technology advances, turntables are still required to play the 12-inch record, which tends to limit their shrinkability. Of course, audio makers, being the resourceful fellows they are, have found a partial remedy by making their current crop of turntables ultra low-profile. While the new generation of turntables can't be called mini, they're a long way from the hulking beasts of the past.

If you are in the market for a new sound system, you should look and listen to these marvellously micro components. There is a small but growing number of manufacturers marketing such components, with price and performance ranging from modest to impressive. Four systems are discussed later, but first we should look at the claimed advantages of mini components as well as some of their drawbacks. The obvious advantage — and prime selling point — minis have over their standard-size counterparts is that they are visually unobtrusive, even elegant, and can be used in a wider choice of locations than the larger units. Appearance is largely a matter of individual taste, but there is no denying that makers have gone to pains to make their minis visually impressive; as one maker puts it, "minis fit where the big ones won't" — in the study or bedroom; the caravan or camper van; the boat or the bookcase.

For someone who has only a confined space for his system, or for someone looking for a compact second system for the rumpus room or weekender, the mini sound system would be an attractive proposition. For, in addition to visual and size appeal, the performance is generally of true high fidelity standard. Performance will naturally vary with price. In some instances you'd pay less for comparable performance from a conventionally-sized component; on the other hand, the Aiwa mini cassette deck, for example, is $20 cheaper than the company's similarly performed standard-sized deck, the AD-M200.

On the whole you are losing little, if anything, in terms of performance by making the move to minis. But there are other areas where you will lose.

Depending on your needs, such losses will be either negligible or overriding. One disadvantage is that due to manufacturers' desires to make their systems visually appealing, you will have to buy a complete system from the one maker or suffer glaring mismatches. In some cases, in fact, the maker will only sell his mini components as a complete system.

For the audiophile, a more crucial concern would be the minis' lack of upgrading flexibility. In other words if, after buying a mini system, you want a more powerful amplifier or a better cassette deck, you'll have to revert to conventional componentry. As a consequence of such restrictions, minis will probably take the place of the compact three-in-one units rather than state-of-the-art systems.

And, finally, while the quality of sound being reproduced by mini speaker enclosures is often quite extraordinary, it remains a hi-fi truism that a good big speaker will beat a good little speaker every time.

In weighing up the pros and cons of minis, you'll have to ask yourself one simple question: "What do I want from a stereo system?" If space and cosmetic considerations outweigh the need for flexibility and a big sound, then minis could be your answer; if you want to proceed step-by-step towards a super system, you'll have to be satisfied — for the time being, at least — with equipment of everyday dimensions.

If you have decided that minis are for you, you'll see from the systems below that they present an exciting alternative to your average components.

The **Toshiba Aurex** was the system that first gave the maxi push to the mini and it stands as a classic of the genre. The system features four pieces of imaginatively designed equipment: the SC-M15 power amplifier, the SY-C15 preamplifier, the ST-F15 FM tuner and the PC-D15 cassette deck.

The Aurex amp pumps out 40 watts per channel and boasts the miserly total harmonic distortion figure of 0.02%.

The "Digital Synthesizer" tuner has a measured frequency response of 30-15,000Hz, a signal-to-noise ratio of 68dB (stereo) and a capture ratio of 1.0dB. The unit's quartz synthesizer, fully electronic tuning system gives a digital LED readout of frequency and permits three different tuning modes: manual/auto, pushbutton and 10-station preset.

Among the cassette deck features are an AS (all sendust) head, memory autoplay (automatic switching from rewind to playback at any preselected point), LED peak meters, automatic tape selector and, of course, Dolby noise reduction.

The four components stacked together measure 257mm wide by about 200mm deep and 318mm high. The all-up cost of the Toshiba Aurex in $1795. If you want the accompanying RM-15 remote control unit, you'll have to fork over an extra $49.

"She wouldn't say boo to a goose . . .!"

The **Technics Bonsai** series features the SE-CO1 power amplifier, the SU-CO1 power supply unit. The Bonsai is sold only as a complete system and retails for $1200.

For that you get performance which at some levels is outstanding: a 50 watts per channel output with the minimal distortion figure of 0.03% and a signal-to-noise ratio of 105dB (power amp) and 88dB (preamp). The power output produced by each channel is indicated by rapid-speed LEDs.

While the Technics is a technically-impressive package, it should be noted that it performs only the functions of a stereo receiver, which means that for a complete system you'll still have to buy a turntable, tape deck and speakers.

When stacked together, the four Bonsai components stand a fraction under 200mm and weigh exactly 13kg.

The **Hanimex Microtech** is a departure in design from the other mini components available for, unlike the other systems which stack horizontally, the Microtech system fits together in a vertical configuration.

It includes the HLX-62A integrated stereo amplifier, the HLX-62T tuner and, at the heart of the system, the HLX-25D cassette deck. Paired with these units are the Hanimex HLX-500 mini speakers.

The HLX-62T is an AM/stereo FM tuner which has a frequency response of 50-15,000Hz, a signal-to-noise ratio of 60dB and a distortion figure of 0.3%. The system is driven by a 15 watts per channel amplifier which has a rated signal-to-noise ratio of 50dB. The cassette deck, featuring Dolby noise reduction, has a wow and flutter reading of 0.1% and encorporates a DC servo motor and permalloy heads.

When placed side-by-side, the Microtech measures 255mm high by 190mm deep and 236mm wide. Total cost is $675.

The most extensive range of minis currently available comes from **Aiwa**. The centrepiece system of the Aiwa range is made up of four units, namely: the ST-R22 AM/FM stereo tuner, the SA-C22 preamplifier, the SA-P22 power amplifier and the SD-L22 Dolby cassette deck. Aiwa recommends their SC-57 or SC-E11 compact speakers and their sleek AP-2300 semi-automatic direct-drive turntable for matching with the mini system.

As an alternative to the pre/power amplifier combination, Aiwa markets a mini integrated amp, the SA-A22 (which has an output of 16 watts per channel, compared with the SA-P22's 30 watts per channel).

The ST-R22 (price: $239) features a digital frequency display, a five-point LED signal strength indicator, FM muting and a "hi blend" capability. Distortion is quoted at 0.25% (stereo) and the stated frequency response is 30-15,000Hz. Dimensions are 210mm wide by 71mm high by 173.5mm deep.

Up to five auxiliary audio components can be hooked into the SA-C22 ($175), a dual-powered preamplifier which also features defeat-type tone controls, loudness filter controls and tape dubbing facilities, with dimensions of 210mm wide by 71mm high and 173.5mm deep.

The SA-P22 amplifier ($269) produces 30 watts per channel with attendant distortion of 0.06%. It incorporates self-resetting voltage and current protection circuits to guard against possible speaker damage. Dimensions are 210mm x 72.3mm x 207.2mm.

The SD-L22 is a Dolby cassette deck ($249) with a wow and flutter spec of 0.09% and a frequency response of 25-16,000Hz (CrO_2 tape). Level indicators are of the peak-reading LED variety and the head is of permalloy design. Dimensions are 210mm x 73mm x 200mm.

Of the other components, the SA-A22 is priced at $179 and has dimensions similar to those of the ST-R22. The SC-E11 speakers are 120mm x 187mm x 150mm and the SC-57s 200mm x 285mm x 190mm. They sell for $169 and $299 a pair respectively. The AP-2300 turntable has a recommended retail price of $269.

So there you have it, four mini-systems offering a variety of features and components, selling from below $700 to in excess of $1700. In the cut-throat world of hi-fi, variety's the name of the game. ○+

Next time you want to go out to the movies...

STAY AT HOME.

PROGRAM YOUR OWN HOME VIDEO CASSETTES.

FULL FEATURE ADULT MOVIES FROM THE USA.

When ordering please check the title you want and the format. All cassettes are of broadcast quality, uncut and in quality packaging. If merchandise is ineffective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge otherwise all sales are final. Quantity orders invited. $99.95 each.

PHILLIPS ☐ BETA ☐ GRUNDIG ☐ VHS ☐
U-MATIC ☐ ($139.95)

☐ TONGUE
☐ HOT SUMMER NIGHT
☐ THE VOYEUR
☐ CHERI
☐ 'ERNIES' JOINT
☐ THE MAGIC RING
☐ CANDID CASTING
☐ TURN ME ROUND
☐ S.W.A.P.
☐ I LOVE MY CAR

In order to purchase you must be over 21 years. All orders discreetly packaged and delivered within 7 days of payment clearance. LEASURE TIME HOME VIDEO. 716 GEORGE ST. SYDNEY 2000.

NAME .....
ADDRESS: .....
.....
SIGNATURE .....

Enclosed is my cheque ☐ money order ☐ or charge Bankcard ☐, American Express ☐, Diners Club ☐, Carte Blanche ☐ for $..... plus $1.50 postage and package. Total $.....

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Send coupon to:

LEASURE TIME HOME VIDEO
P.O. BOX 159
NEUTRAL BAY. NSW. 2089.

Harper & Row publish books you should read, about issues you should think about.

White Collar Crime in Australia
by Timothy Hall $11.95*

The Azanian Assignment
by Iain Finlay $3.95*

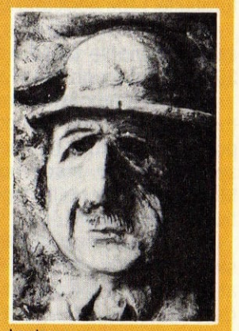
Drug Traffic
Heroin and Organised Crime in Australia
by Dr Alfred W. McCoy
(forthcoming March 1980)

*Recommended prices only

COMING IN DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Christmas Gift Guide

White Collar Crime



Lawlessness

Kids in Jail — This International Year of the Child is a tragic joke for thousands of Australian kids. An exclusive Penthouse investigation reveals conditions behind the bars of children's "training schools" — an Orwellian term politicians use to disguise the real nature of children's jails.

White Collar Crime II — Tomorrow's criminal can leave behind his jemmy bars and glass cutters. The future lies with computers. Timothy Hall continues his expose of professional crooks with a look at computer crime, crooked lawyers and the laundrymen who turn black money into legitimate assets by "washing" it through secret international channels.

The Decade of Lawlessness — Maxwell Newton analyses the industrial and corporate lawlessness of the Seventies and concludes that the nation is — wrongly — set on a course of more and more bureaucracy, more and more repressive legislation, more and more government controls, and less and less individual freedom.

The Great Australian Sleaze — What have we done? Our vast and beautiful nation is becoming a never-ending vista of fast food joints, service stations, car lots and neon signs. It's noisy and it's polluted, and it's getting worse. Colin Talbot muses through the great Australian sleaze and decides what's outside is only a reflection of what's inside.

Christmas Gift Guide — If your problem is getting it together for Christmas, this is your answer. Simply select whichever gift — ranging from a few bucks to $40,000 — you fancy, circle it with a felt pen, and leave it on your lover's/mistress's/girlfriend's/wife's bedside table. With any luck she'll get the message.

Pet of the Year — America's Pet of the Year will be announced soon. Will it be Australia's Cheryl Rixon? Or beautiful Debbie Zullo, who accompanied US editor/publisher Bob Guccione to Australia? These are two of the finalists, and you'll meet the $150,000 winner next month, along with another Australian Pet of the Month.

Of course you can live without Chivas Regal. The question is, how well?

A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT OF CHIVAS BROS. LTD., ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.

Y&R SGM 11

Wherever you go...

PETER STUYVESANT

Glittering nights. Fun. Carnival sights.
This is the festive world of Peter Stuyvesant
– youngest of the world brands.
Rich choice tobaccos. Miracle filter.
King Size – so much more to enjoy.

THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

Setting the Pace ... Getting the Pleasure

AMERICAN CIGARETTE COMPANY (OVERSEAS) PTY. LIMITED

PAPSKS 0491.50
CC 91/79